

S. W. PEAK, 96, SUCCUMBS AT WINCHESTER

Death Leaves Only One Civil
War Veteran in Scott
County

State Register Special Service

WINCHESTER, Nov. 18.—Funeral services for Samuel W. Peak, 96, the oldest of Scott county's Civil war veterans, will be held at 2 p.m. Thursday from the Baptist church with Rev. F. V. Wright officiating. Burial will be in the Winchester cemetery.

Mr. Peak, a school trustee for the past 50 years and known as "Winchester's First Citizen," died at 11:15 a.m. Tuesday at his home.

Local business houses will close from 2 to 4 p.m. Thursday in tribute to him.

Mr. Peak was active almost until his death. He continued his hobby of cabinet making and on November 3 cast his vote in a presidential election. The Armistice day program November 11 was the first he had missed.

He was born Feb. 9, 1840, in a log cabin three and one-half miles southwest of Winchester, the son of pioneer parents who came to this community from Kentucky in a covered wagon in 1830 and later lead development of Scott county.

In 1862 he enlisted at Exeter in the 129th infantry and served with credit throughout the Civil war. He later wrote several articles on the war, citing his experiences. One of his better known selections is the story of Sherman's march to the sea, a movement in which he participated.

He was discharged from the army in 1865 as a corporal and returned to farming. He took an active part in religious, social and political life of the community and in 1886 was elected school trustee. He was re-elected each time, the last one for six years in 1933. He had been a member of the Baptist church for 70 years, treasurer for 40 years and was the congregation's senior deacon when he died.

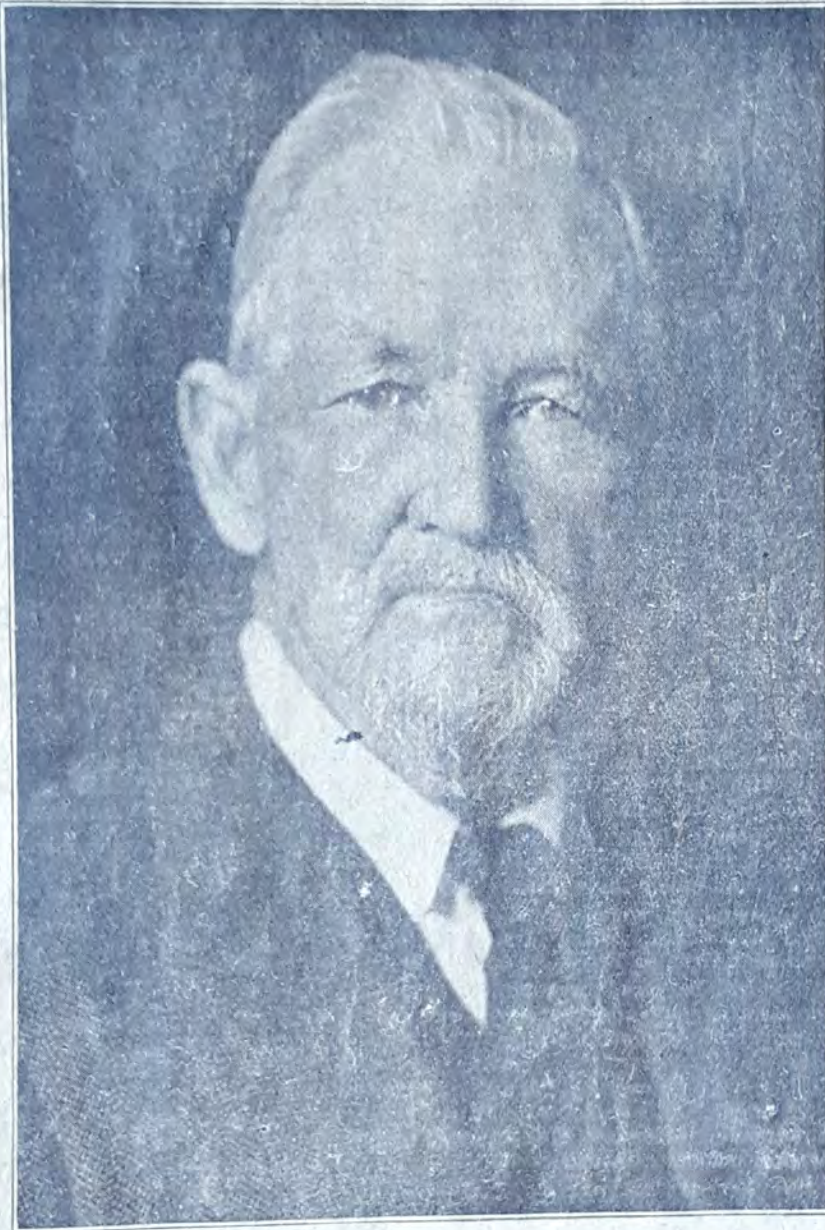
Mr. Peak moved into Winchester 15 years ago so he might have more time to work with his tools. He was skilled in violin making and at 95 years of age constructed an instrument he played at many local functions.

His vigorous constitution was forcefully shown in an address made last May in the annual Memorial day exercises.

Mr. Peak is survived by a son, William, living near here; two daughters, Mrs. Anna Brizendine of Kansas City and Mrs. Jennie Smith of Winchester; and a brother, T. J. B. Peak of Girard, Kan. His wife, the former Frances Hawk, who he married in 1886, died several years ago.

He was an uncle of George N. Peak, noted horse exhibitor.

His death leaves only one Scott county civil war veteran, John Haney.



SAMUEL W. PEAK,
Writer of His Civil War Experience.

SOMETHING OF A PREFACE.

We are indeed proud for having these scraps preserved by Mrs. James M. Overton, in the form of a series of reminiscence of the war between the states as recalled by Samuel W. Peak, and published in the Winchester Times, beginning September 11th, 1861 and continuing on for several months.

Perhaps the date of August 5th, 1862 will ever stand out as the high mark in Scott County Military History, for on that date 400 young to middle aged men of the county lay down their various occupations to take up arms in defense of their government, and which was later to become Company "D", "F", "H" and "I" of the 129th Illinois Volunteer Regiment; sworn into service at Pontiac, Illinois.

Wagon load after load of such men were transferred from their various communities in the County to Jacksonville on that day, some going by railroad from Naples and Van Gundy's Switch in the north part of the County, but mostly by the dirt road in its clouds of dust, accompanied by scores of relatives and friends, to bid adieu to loved ones, for many of them were destined never to return.

Indeed, in those days it was not the loss of life in battle that proved the greatest rank producer, but rather those dying from wounds, disease and prison starvation; although 10 men from these four companies were killed, including Frederick Hesse of Winchester and later to bear the Honored name of Hesse Post Grand Army of The Republic.

Many of these men had stood silent spectators the year before as Company "K" of the 14th Illinois departed and had beheld the 21st Illinois, lead by Col. U. S. Brant, marching across the north end of the County, little realizing that he was destined to finally command the whole of that mighty host. the 2,128,948 soldiers in the field of Uncle Sam.

And so these men too were to fall under his command at Chickamauga, at Look Out Mountain; was to follow Sherman at ~~xx~~ Atlanta. Resacca, Lost Mountain, on the marvelous March To The Sea, Savannah, through the Carolinies and finally to Washington to become a part of that Grand Review and finally collect their discharges in Chicago in June of 1865.

We are indeed thankful to Mr. Peak for this eye witness account, much of which had been taken from daily diaries, and delightfully interspersed by a conscientious and scrupulous reflections.

Likewise we are thankful that our Soldier's Monument Park Memorial tablets contain the names of all these men by Companies and alphabetical order.

It is trusted that this precious volume may continuously remain among the Scott County Collection of Historical Books of the Winchester Public Library.

Fritz Kaskull

A SOLDIER'S LETTER.

The letter is an exact copy of one written by the late Jacob H. Peak of Morgan county, who when he decided to enlist in the service came to Scott county to enlist in the company with his brother, the late Wm. Peak, of Exeter. The late Geo. Peak, and Samuel Peak, who is now living in Winchester, cousins of Jacob Peak, Mr. Lewis Funk a friend, and other friends.

The letter was kept in the Dodsworth family until a few years ago when it was given to a member of the Peak family.

August 18, 1864.

Near Atlanta, Ga.

Friend Dodsworth:

The rotten shell, as the boys call them, have suddenly given us an uncerimonious invitation to halt within about one and one-fourth miles of Atlanta, and as I have been a little negligent about writing but not more so than some of our friends in America, I avail myself this morning of writing a few lines to let you know that through kind Providence that I number one among the living as yet, and in the enjoyment of good health. Our situation is on the Chattanooga and Atlanta railroad seemingly brought to a standstill. We came in here on the third visit, have been buildings forts, fortifications and breastworks, and guarding against the enemy or rather to fight on the defensive. We have been advancing one line at different times until we have gotten as close as is healthy for a great portion of us. Our picket line is within four or five yards of their works. Our main line is within six or seven hundred yards and they have some strong forts and works here, a second Richmond in that respect and seemingly in strong force and forts mounted with some heavy guns. Everything is quiet along their lines with the exception of occasionally some heavy picket firing and very often some heavy artillery firing. There has been some very heavy cannonading this morning. We have some guns in position that occasionally let out and shell the city to let the rebs. know that we are still alive. There has not been any battle fought for several days. Everything seems to be on a standstill. We are now lying behind breastworks in trenches, about two and one-fourth miles from Atlanta and in about one-third of the enemy's forts and works, and they are making a target of us for their artillery practice. The boys however have got used to the rushing sound of the balls and shells before they reach us that they can tell very correctly the angle in which they are moving. If they are coming directly toward us, some will cry out, "Boys that's our," and all will duck their heads behind the breastworks, until it passes over or bursts. The rebs can't hit our works with their artillery for we are under cover of the hill just in our front, therefore, they cannot do us much injury with their artillery. As to war news or the particulars of the battles I am not capable of giving you any information on that, and doubtless you can learn more from one paper than I am able to write in a whole week. We have had a long and tedious campaign of this, since it commenced about the first of May, compelled always to be on the alert, we have often been forced to turn night into day and day into night. We have

undergone almost every privation in the lists of hardships. Sometimes we have been short of rations and if there is anything that touches the feeling of man, it is after a long and wearysome march through the heat and dust, is to cry out bread, without the power to supply. The men have all undergone this with cheerfulness and manliness that show that they possess the sterling qualities of a true soldier. Since, however, we have struck the railroad this side of Chattahoochee river, and the scarcity simply arose from the necessity of leaving the railroad to flank the formidable stronghold. It will probably not occur again. It certainly will not if the quartermasters do their duty. Since this campaign commenced the first of May, the 117th has lost about 170, killed and wounded. Such thinning of our ranks is sad to contemplate. It is true that many of the wounded either have or will return to us again, but sickness, deaths, wounds, discharges and miscellaneous details have greatly reduced the 12th regiment. Although the records show nominally a strength of 550 including cooks, musicians, teamsters, etc. We have now only about 280 in the trenches bearing arms. That is only 280 fighting men present and at least 20 or 30 that ought to be discharged, unfit for service. I trust that we will be permitted to rest when we fairly get in the trenches of Atlanta, that is if we do, and I have no fears but what we will sooner or later, but it may be some time yet, as there seems to be no disposition on the part of Johnson to evacuate the place, as he has done many other times and probably the city will not be taken without a great struggle.

It is extensively hot for military operations, still the climate is very formidable and I think that an army would break down sooner under a summer sun in Illinois, than in central Georgia. I think it is more healthy here and this I believe is the opinion of most of the soldiers here. The atmosphere is more bracing, the nights very cool, in the middle of the day the heat is intense in the sun, but the shade is very endurable. We are glad of this for it puts at rest forever the notion that a northern army cannot endure a southern summer. We fear neither the climate nor the rebels, but let the north only take the necessary steps to furnish us with hardtack and sowbelly and guarding the railroad in the rear, and we bid defiance to the whole Southern confederacy. The portion of Georgia that we have traveled over is mountainous, hilly and broken country, very little farming country and of poor quality, their crops looked to be short, that is if they had come to maturity, but the country that we passed over and for miles each side is laid waste and everything destroyed; a great many nice farm houses burned down. The citizens have all left their homes and taken everything with them and gone south. The men have all been pressed into the rebel service, both old and young. There are no citizens left behind only some old gray-headed men and women that are hardly able to take care of themselves. Atlanta seems to be a very nice and thriving city before the war broke out, a population of 15,000 or 18,000, it seems to be as large or larger than Jacksonville and equally as nice or nicer, but it is going to waste very fast at the present time. There is not a day or night but what there is some house or other

goes down in ashes. We have some guns in position that can shell the city but not the main part. They got to throwing hot shot yesterday that set two buildings on fire. They are determined to have possession of the city or destroy it. There are some few deserters coming into our lines nearly every day. We get very little news here as to what Grant is doing, but hope all is doing well. There is a great deal depending on this campaign here and at Richmond and the presidential election, and if we are not successful here and at Richmond, and if the war does not end by or before the 1st of January 1865, it is going to be a hard matter to tell how it will end. Little did I think it would be this long when I left home, and seemingly no nearer to an end now than then; more than two years gone by. A guerrilla band made a raid on the 16th at Dalton, burnt a bridge, and tore up some of the track, but I hope no serious damage done, but there has been no train through the last two days, therefore, go no mail. Perhaps our friends at home think we are slow in our movements, but they must exercise a little patience and I think all will be well. We hope that we shall not be forgotten these trying times by our friends at home. Let all christians and patriots at home thankfully raise their voices to God for the success that has attended us and plead for a continuance of the goodness we have received from the God of battles. Our men are in good spirits, and enjoy themselves as well as men can in such circumstances, the health good, the weather somewhat milder than it has been. George Scarth and Edward Coultas are well. Hoping this will reach and find you and yours in the enjoyment of good health, wishing to hear from you soon. Give my respects to all inquiring friends. Tell my folks that I am all right yet. No more at present, from your friend, Jacob H. Peak.

P. S. excuse me for sending this without a stamp on it, for I am out and where we can't get them. Jake.

HIS CIVIL WAR EXPERIENCE.

S. W. Peak of Winchester, a Member of the 129th Regiment, Writes His Own War Record.

In the year 1862, there were four companies of volunteers raised in Scott county, to help suppress the rebellion, and on the 5th day of August, 1862, these companies were loaded into lumber wagons to be freighted to the railroad, to be loaded into freight cars, and be freighted to Pontiac, Ill., there to be joined by six companies from other parts of the state. This regiment was the 129th Illinois volunteer infantry, when organized and sworn into service which was on the 8th day of September, 1862. They again mounted the iron horse that took them to Jeffersonville, Indiana. The officers in charge of the regiment were Col. Smith, Lieut. Col. Case and Major Cropsey. A short time after the regiment arrived at Jeffersonville, they crossed the river to Louisville, Ky. Bragg was threatening Louisville at that time, being only a few miles away from the city. Reinforces came in so rapidly that Bragg decided to abandon the attack, and withdrew his troops from the city. The 129th regiment was then stationed near Louisville, Ky., where they began to experience something of what it was to be a soldier, drilling, dress parade and doing picket duty was the order of the day for two weeks. They were then told to be ready to march at a moment's notice. The men began to pack their knapsacks to be sure nothing was left at the old camp ground, and to their dismay of the men, were not able to get all of their belongings in their knapsacks. They packed and repacked with all of their packing the knapsacks failed to give room for all they wished to take with them. They were raw troops coming from most every walk in life, and they had many things to learn about soldier's life, however, they were soon to play the real soldier. On the morning of the 3rd of October, the order came to pack knapsacks and fall in line ready to make their first day's march. The day was hot and marching on the pike road carrying an overloaded knapsack, caused many of the boys to fall by the wayside with exhaustion and sore feet. Water was scarce and hard to find that was fit for one to drink. Many suffered for water, and to make it more painful, the dust from the pike road which was built of limestone rocks, settled on the lips of the soldiers, and many soldiers had sore lips. By the middle of the afternoon overloaded knapsacks were being unloaded, overcoats, blankets and extra shirts and pants were strewn along the roadside. This first day's soldiering was anything but pleasant for the 129th regiment. Shelbyville, Ky., was their destination for the first day's march. The sun had long departed when the column reached its camping ground, not more than half of the regiment was able to reach camp that first night. Officers and privates alike fell by the wayside, to take a rest, and the next morning most of the men came to their company. Before the regiment was ready to start on its second day's march, many had just arisen from their sleep when the signal was given to fall in line, and many had to march the second day with an empty stomach. Thirteen miles was announced for their 2nd day's march. They reached Shelbyville, Ky., long before sunset, where they went into camp until the 17th day of October, 1862.

The bugle called them up rather early and they were told that 22 miles would be their day's march. After two days' rest most of the soldiers were feeling fine, and the tramp was not so hard. Evening came and there was no prospect of going into camp. Later an orderly from the brigadier general told the colonel they would have to make Frankfort, Ky., before morning. The whole column moved along silently, not a word spoken by officers or men, until they came to a small creek where the men could get water. Here they rested two hours, but those hours seemed only a few seconds. Scarcely had the men closed their eyes when the command was to fall in, that tore them from their slumber. No march had been so hard on the men of the 129th regiment as this one; many of the men left the columns, and in one or two instances whole companies fell out, seemingly completely worn out, and not able to march any further without a little rest. Before day break the morning of the 8th, the shattered regiment reached Frankfort, Ky., the capital of the state, but too late, to accomplish what they had planned on doing, capture a part of Bragg's army that was at Frankfort. The rebels had left the city on the approach of the Yankee boys as they were called in the Southern county, however the union cavalry had a skirmish with the rebels at the Kentucky river, two or three rebels being killed and several wounded; the union's loss was two men wounded. By this time the 129th regiment began to know something of what it was to be a soldier, and when the bugle sounded to fall in line it was difficult to get some of the men to even move, they were so completely worn out, their feet were sore and limbs ached so it seemed to be a punishment to make them move. They were assured they would go into camp a short distance from the city, and would remain in camp for several days. On this promise they took their places and marched one mile out of town and went into camp on a high piece of ground to guard some guns that were on this elevated spot of ground. After being settled in camp for a few days most of the men went to the river to bathe their aching limbs, and cool off. So great was the effect of this bathing, that the next day most of the men were ready for another tramp. They remained in camp three days, and on the 11th they were called on to tramp again, however nothing of importance happened until the 13th.

It was some time after sunset when they reached Rough and Ready with a large force of rebels but a short distance from their front. They were unacquainted with the country, and the night was very dark, and as it was impossible for them to move on, they remained on the road in front of the town, where everyone made himself as comfortable as he could, under the circumstances, and as the road would permit. On the 14th, they were awakened and commanded to get ready for a move. What this new move was to be no one knew or could find out, but they soon found out they were reconnoitering or in other words slipping up on the enemy, for they were moving with great caution. Several miles east of the town they saw signs of where the rebels had been in great numbers. The fence corners where they had fed their horses were proof of there being a large number of cavalry men. On the approach of the 129th regiment the rebels left without showing fight. The 129th regiment then

turned back to the town of Rough and Ready, where the pursuit was given up the regiment remaining here the remainder of the day. October 15th, they were aroused at four o'clock in the morning, and after a march of 10 miles they reached Lawrenceburg, Ky., where they camped for the day. October 16th, after a march of 10 miles, they reached Harrodsburg and camped. October 17th, they reached Danville, after having marched 20 miles, where they pitched their tents. October 18th, a march of 15 miles brought them to the town of Harrisport, where they remained over night. October 19th, they struck tents at 8 o'clock a. m., and reached Crab Orchard, after having marched 20 miles. The place assigned them to camp was covered with brush and briars, that they had to cut and burn before they could pitch their tents. When the tents were pitched the men gathered corn stalks from a cornfield to make bedding to sleep on, the corn field belonged to an arch rebel. For gathering these stalks, as the boys put it, their contemptible general made them drill two days. While the drilling was a real benefit to the boys, and kept them in good trim for the next march, they scorned the idea of having to do something on account of taking something that belongs to a rebel, and was for their comfort. The more they talked about it the more they felt like they must have revenge, and believe me they were not long in getting rid of the contemptible general.

The general's name is not given. At this camp they remained eight days.

About the 27th they were again on the march, this time for Lebanon, Ky. As the diary keeper cared but little about keeping the diary any longer the exact dates cannot be given when they left Crab Orchard. After leaving Lebanon they marched to Danville, then to Harrodsburg, where they camped, the morning of the 28th, or as near that date as can be figured out, as there were no dates kept. They again took up the march for Danville. When they reached that town the sun had disappeared and the soldiers were tired and wornout, having marched 25 miles or more that day. There was no water in the town for the soldiers to get, and to get water sufficient for the soldiers, horses and mules they had to march five miles further where they found a creek with an abundance of water for all. In making this march from Danville to the creek, hundreds of the soldiers did not reach the creek that night, but fell by the wayside, being so tired and having sore feet they could not make the trip, as one said that went back next morning. It seemed that every fence corner had one or two sleepers in it. It was sure a trying time on their physical ability to stand the hardships. However the next morning the most of those that had fallen out came to their companies, a few of them having to be brought to camp in ambulances. Some few had missed finding their company and were compelled to continue the march next day alone. By noon all had joined their respective companies and after a march of eight miles the regiment reached Perryville, Ky., and went into camp. It was a few days after the battle between Bragg and Buell had taken place. This was the first real battle field that the 129th

regiment had seen. The houses were riddled with bullets, and the inhabitants were all gone, either to the rebel side or union side for protection. The houses were filled with wounded soldiers from both rebel and union armies. The regiment only stayed in Perryville one night, but they learned more about war in that one night than they had in all of their hard marches, chasing the rebels from one place to another, and never coming in real conflict with them. The next day they continued their march though the roads were sandy and rocky and many creek bottoms and creeks to cross and long steep hills to climb. They made 24 miles that day and camped near Lebanon, the next day they reached Lebanon at noon, and remained about two days when ordered to Bowling Green, Ky., where they remained for some time, doing guard duty. Here the regiment was split up, some of the companies going to Mitchellville, Tenn., to guard the railroad running from Louisville to Nashville, Tenn.

Just the month we were stationed at Mitchellville, I don't remember, as I had lost all interest in keeping account of what had taken place, and seldom knew the day of the month. While we were stationed here several of our men died with the measles. Three of Co. F., died, some of Co. I., and quite a number of Co. E. The weather was cold and damp, and when one took the measles, it meant almost every case, sure death. A man by the name of Green, who belonged to Co. I., said to me one day when I visited the hospital, to see some of the boys, that were sick, that he expected to take his last ride from this place if he took the measles. The next day it was reported he had taken the measles, and the third day he had taken his last ride. So fatal was the measles that the men who had never had them became frightened at the number of deaths, and the officers asked to be assigned some other post of duty, which they were granted. We were sent to Bugs Logg, some 10 or 12 miles south of Mitchellville. The regiment seemed to have run away from the measles as none of the men took it, at Buck Logg.

Thomas White died at Bucks Logg, with some kind of camp fever, and some of the boys had the malaria fever, while we were camped in the valley, close to the creek. Our camp was moved to the west side of the railroad, on a high piece of ground, where all seemed to enjoy the best of health, so long as we remained camped at Buck Logg.—Too Be Continued.

A night ride from the porkery to Galiton, Tenn., by Corporal S. W. Peak, in April, 1863. Our regiment was stationed at Galiton, to guard the railroad running from Louisville, Ky., to Nashville, Tenn. Southeast of Galiton, about six miles, was a river where at one time there had been a packing house, called the porkery. Our company was sent there to guard this river to prevent the rebel cavalry's crossing the river, and attacking Galiton from the south, as that was the most favorable side on which to make an attack. It seemed like years ago, Galiton was a prosperous little town. There had been a meat packing house on the river where we camped, and a pike road built from Galiton to the river, to freight the product of that packing house to Galiton by wagon, to be shipped to the southern country, over the Louisville and Nashville railroad. We had not heard any definite word from Morgan and his men for sometime. The nights

were cold and frosty, and the boys would go down to the river to fill their canteens with water, and hang them to a limb of a tree. The water would get good and cool by morning and be fine to drink, and in fact, would keep cool all day. Before I continue my story I want to relate a little incident that happened that day. An old colored man came to camp that evening and said he wanted to stay with us. We assured him he could stay as long as he behaved himself, to which he replied he would sure behave, and do whatever we told him to do, if he could. Some of the boys asked him what his name was, and he said, "they always called me Uncle Ned." The boys told him not to worry, he wouldn't be molested, and should have all he could eat as long as he remained with us, and done the right thing. We will now return to our story. That evening, when the boys went down to the river to fill their canteens as usual, one of them wanted to drink from the river, getting down on all fours to drink. When his ears came close to the water, he could hear a sound, like horses crossing a bridge. Telling the boys what he had heard, they all put their ears to the water and could hear the same sound. They hurried to the camp that was not more than fifty yards away, and told the captain what they had heard. He laughed at them and told them they were imagining something, for there was not a bridge across that river in ten miles of us, and it was simply imagination on their part. They told him to go and listen for himself, and he would be satisfied there was a noise of some kind. He went and when he raised from the water he said it sure sounded like horses on a bridge. What could it be, was it a decoy to draw some of his men from camp, so they could capture the camp? Finally one of the boys said he had made a steal through the pickets that day, and went up the river about two miles fishing, and he thought he could see cavalymen coming down the hill on the south side of the river, about one mile east of him. He was sure he had seen men on horseback, and thought he could see the sabers glisten. What was we to do if Morgan and his band came down the river on us, we would not be a shot a piece for them. Some of the boys less excited than the rest, said let us see if the nigger, Ned, can tell us anything about it. We went to see the nigger and he had disappeared. Was he a spy and a traitor, was the thoughts that ran through most of the boys' minds, but the search was kept up and at last he was found, in one of the wagons that had some loose hay in it. He was covered with the hay and fast asleep. He was called out to give an account of himself. He came out trembling and said "mosey, I was dead for sleep, so I crawled into the wagon, I didn't know it was any harm." "It was no harm for you to sleep there, but you should have let us know where you were. We have branded you as a traitor, and now we are going to ask you some questions. If you know you must answer us quickly. "Do you know where Morgan and his men are?" He said he did not. "Do you know of any cavalymen south of the river?" He said he did not. He said that he didn't know Morgan, "but I know there is a lot of men on horseback south of the river, and about six miles east of here. I don't know whether they are called cavalymen or not, but there is sure a lot of them. They had two

big guns on wheels and two wagons with boxes on them, full of guns, four big covered wagons, loaded with something, two wagons that looked like my mosey's carriage that he went to church in." By this time the captain had become convinced that there was something more in the air than rumor and he called the lieutenant and they talked the matter over for a few minutes, as to what was the best thing to do. When they had decided, the captain said, "we will send a man to Galiton, and relate conditions to the colonel, possibly he will send us help of some kind. Who will be the man to volunteer to go?" All was silent as death and he finally turned to me and said, "if no one will volunteer to go, we must select a man." I thought the selection would be me, I spoke and said, "captain, I will go, but I must have the best horse we have got to make the trip." He said that Molly was the most fleet footed one we had, "if you can ride her, she will carry you through quickly." She was a treacherous animal, and you never knew when she would take one of those vicious spells. This however did not bother me, for I felt like that horse had yet to grow that I could not ride. This much of the trip settled, I said, "I must saddle my own horse, then if anything should go wrong, no one would be to blame but myself."

We were not long in getting ready for the trip to Galiton. The moon was shining bright, not a cloud to be seen. The crisp, cool air was leaving its mark of frost on the rocky road, the sound of the slightest noise would ring out upon the air. I held the envelope containing the message to the colonel in my left hand. Slipping it into the holster on the saddle, at the same time grasping the mane of my horse, I mounted into the saddle. Molly had become restless, standing in the cold so long, and showed some signs of playing her favorite prank. I gave her the rein and we were off at full speed, on one of the most hazardous trips that we had ever undertaken. Once out of camp, Molly settled down to her gait, a running walk. If you were ever on a horse that had for his gait a running walk, you can imagine how the sound rings out on the air of a frosty night. It seemed to me it could be heard for miles, and in fact it was, the guard at Galiton said he could hear me coming long before I reached him. Nothing happened to mar the pleasure of my ride until I reached the picket at Galiton, stationed at the pike. He was a dutchman and it was hard to make him understand who I was and what I wanted. He halted me, and asked, "who comes there?" I replied, "a friend with the countersign." He said, "friend with the countersign, dismount, advance and give the countersign." I said, "why should I dismount, I will advance and give you the countersign." I advanced within twenty steps of him and he halted me saying, "you can now give the countersign." I told him my instructions were to give the countersign in a whisper, "and I do not propose to proclaim it loud so people can hear it a hundred yards away." He said, "you must give it, or I will call out the guards and we will arrest you," to which I replied, "call out the guards." I asked him who was sergeant of the guards tonight and he told me. I said, "call him and I will be recognized at once. Call Colonel Case, Flynn, Captain Martin, Hoskins, Birk or Copage." He said, "do you know all these men?" and I said, "sure I do. I

belong to Co. F. and I have some important news for Colonel Case. Upon that he let me advance so I could give him the countersign in a whisper, which was "Galiton."

He must have detained me more than thirty minutes, for it was eleven-ten when I reached the colonel's tent. The colonel was sleeping sound and it was difficult to wake him, but I finally succeeded in getting him awake. Then I discovered the cause of his being so hard to wake. From all appearances he had been imbibing a little too much corn juice that day, and was not in a condition to handle a regiment, so he fooled around until daylight before he made a move. I became very impatient and told him that we should be on the road soon, or it would be too late. He remarked that we were only scared, there was no trouble in sight. I said, "Colonel with your permission, I will return to the porkery, as fast as my horse will carry me." He flew into a rage and told me that I should not go until he went with the regiment. I should pilot them down there. I said no more for a few minutes, then I said, "colonel, I believe I will feed my horse and take a little nap myself." He said, "very well, you can if you choose," so I fed Molly and crawled into Captain Birk's tent to take my nap. Birk had heard the commotion and wanted to learn the cause of it. I told him all that had happened, and the cause of my being at his tent. He said it was too bad, we could have been on the road in thirty minutes had the Colonel been in condition to lead us. About sunrise he was ready to start, with four companies and a battery of six four-pound guns. We reached the porkery about ten o'clock, prepared a hasty dinner and by twelve o'clock we were on our way back to Galiton, Co. F. going with the regiment to that city. When we were about half way back to Galiton, a courier met us and told us that Morgan had struck the railroad about four miles north of Galiton, captured a trainload of provisions and torn up the track for a mile or more. We reached Galiton about five o'clock in the evening, all ready for a good night's sleep. Nigger Ned was still with us and when he seen the full regiment he said, "mosey, where did all the folks come from." We told him they were yanks who came from the north and that they were only a handful to what was coming and he replied, "mosey, you will lick them sure, when all your people get here." The next morning one half of the regiment went out to repair the railroad, which was put in running order about three or four o'clock that day. This was the end of Morgan's operations in that part of Tennessee, and everything was quiet on the Louisville and Nashville railroad for a long time. A word now for Uncle Ned. He had taken up with our company and I must say we found him to be as trustworthy as any man in the company. What he told, you could count on being true. He cooked for the boys and done their washing when we were in camp for a few days. The boys paid him for his work and when we reached Washington, Uncle Ned had a hundred dollars saved. A day or two before we left Washington, I asked him what he intended to do as we would soon be gone to our homes and he would be left alone in the big city of Washington, a stranger. He said he had a job and would go to work as soon as we all left. He said he could not think of not seeing us

leave for home and when the day came for us to leave, Uncle Ned was there to take the last look and hand shake of the boys he had learned to love. We had boarded our train and it was slowly pulling out when I looked back to see if I could see Uncle Ned. I did not see him but when I looked forward, there stood Uncle Ned as far out on the platform as he could get to catch the last glimpse of the boys he would never see again.

When our regiment was stationed at Bucks Lodge, Tennessee, a company of ours went foraging one day with Lieutenant Smith, to get hay and corn for the mules. The hay was stacked in the meadow west of the farm house, about one-quarter of a mile away. The road leading to the house was on the south side of the field, and about twenty rods from the stacks, on the south of the road a deep hollow ran southwest toward our camp. Its banks were covered with brush and briars, with occasionally a large tree. The hollow was deep, and the banks were hard to climb. The field was fenced with a rail fence, as most of the southern fields were at that time. From the fence to the hollow it was about forty feet. We let down the fence where the hollow came nearest to the fence and out in the field to the stacks of hay, where the loading of the wagons commenced. Soon the last forkfull was on the wagons, and the boys began to make a search for something that possibly had been buried under the stacks, to keep the yanks from getting it, and to our surprise we soon found a lot of potatoes buried under one of the stacks. The boys were very jubilant over the find, and was preparing to make a clean sweep of the hay and potatoes, when Lieutenant Smith informed us we were sent after corn and hay, and corn and hay was all that he would allow to go to camp. The boys feeling disappointed in not getting some of the potatoes were ready for the next best thing they could devise. To get some of the potatoes on our road to camp we adopted a plan that we thought would secure at least a mess of potatoes, and this was the plan carried out. We were to return to the field that night with sacks and carry away as many potatoes as we could to camp. This was rather a hazardous undertaking, for there was two companies of rebel cavalry scouring that section of the country of nights, but that did not appease our appetite for potatoes. The squad was composed of the following named boys: Dave Taylor, William Taylor, George Scoby, James Bates, Aaron Clark and S. W. Peak. I was selected commander of the squad, and at dusk we started on our mission, armed with a sack a piece, our muskets and one hundred rounds of ammunition, a Smith and Weston revolver a piece. Once outside our picket lines, we halted to make our plan of action more perfect, and so all would understand them more perfectly. There were two ways we could go to the field, public road or the hollow spoken of, that run so close to the field.

We soon settled upon the timber or hollow road, being nearest and the safest way to go. We had not gone far when we came to the hollow. It was a difficult road to travel, brush and logs and occasionally rocks, but we were safe from the attack of the rebels. We followed this hollow about four miles, when some of the boys began to get tired and discouraged, saying we were lost and had better go back. Dave Taylor proposed we take a

vote on going farther. Four were for going one mile farther, and while we were talking and parlying as to what was the best for us to do, Clark said, he believed we were too far now, and he would climb to the top of the hill, and see if he could see the road that was on the south side of the field. He was not going, when he returned and said we were almost due south of where the haystacks stood in the field, across the road to the fence was not more than forty feet. At that point the bank on the north side of the hollow was very steep and covered with brush. The moon was shining at intervals, floating clouds would hide it, and shut off the light for a few minutes. I then gave the orders we must carry out if we got in a close place. Every man must make as little noise as possible, and attacked by the rebels try to reach the timber if possible, before showing resistance. If we can get into the timber we can stand off a company of cavalry and there will be no difficulty in reaching the hollow, then we will be safe from that attack of any company of cavalry. With this understanding we worked our way to the top of the hill, crossed the road, let down the fence, which was a rail fence, left the fence down, so if we were pressed we could get through the gap quicker than we could climb the fence. The way being clear we were soon at the place where the potatoes were buried, and had our sacks filled with as many potatoes as we could carry to camp, and was about ready to start on our return trip, when a company of rebel cavalry came dashing up to the farm house from the east. The moon was shining bright at that time, and I gave the order to lie down, so it would be difficult for the rebels to see us, but we could see them. They halted at the house and a number of them dismounted, leaving some to hold their horses. By this time the moon was almost hid behind a cloud, and I said to the boys, now is our time to make a dash for the timber, and we must do it quick, or we will have to fight them in the open field. In an instant all were on their feet making a run for the timber. When the rebels saw us running for the timber, as many of them as were in a position so to do made a dash to head us off and not let us reach the timber, but we beat them to it. When we entered the timber they opened fire on us but fortune was on our side, no one was hurt. We were soon at the bottom of the hill where it was impossible for a cavalry to come. Once in the hollow we felt safe, and we needed a little rest, all were puffing like wind-broken horses. The rebels were still firing at us, or at least they thought they were, but their bullets whistled in the top of the trees, high above our heads. I said, "boys we will take a chance of resting for awhile here," and while we were sitting there we could hear the rebels talking. The fire had ceased, and only occasional shots would be fired in the treetops above our heads. We soon got our breath, and was on our way to camp. After going a short distance we stopped to take an inventory of stock, and found we had lost nothing, but had gained two bushels of potatoes. I think I can almost hear you say they were dear potatoes, and they would be if the value of the potatoes were all the value. That night's forage trip was to figure in making other trips. It was the key to open the way for a raiding party to be organized and sent out to their farmhouse, which was only two nights later, when they were successful in capturing the no-

torious Petecord, a bush whacker, who had captured several of our boys. Lieutenant John Halderman was captured by Petecord, and others of the regiment were captured by Petecord. Their names I can not call now. It is more than likely they were all murdered, at least they never returned to the regiment or their homes. This was not all that little foraging party brought to light. An old rebel by the name of Captain Curby Smith, purporting to be a Union man, made daily visits to our camp, and would make speeches to the boys, telling them how he used to fight the Indians, and how he chased old Lamsey from Tennessee, to the sandy deserts on Lake Michigan, and their he took a piece of his yellowhide and carried it back to his sweetheart in Tennessee. He was taken and put in military prison at Nashville, Tenn. Whatever become of Petecord I don't know, but I do know Colonel Flynn, Pat O'Laughlin and Dave Mattox, and four other men, their names I don't remember, started with Petecord, to take him to Nashville, Tenn., which was about sixty miles from Buck Lodge. They made the round trip in one day. They were some walkers, don't you think? Petecord was never heard of after that, and there is no doubt in my mind but what he received his just reward. I left the potato forages on their way to camp, and now I will finish that part of my story. No further trouble was encountered in reaching camp, but now some headwork must be done to hide the potatoes, and at the same time to have some of them to eat, was no small task, for fear of detection. We decided to bury them for a while, and when everything was quiet we could use them. The military orders against foraging, was very strict, and the penalty was very severe, which we wanted to escape if possible, which we did, and in a few days we were enjoying our baked potatoes. Uncle Ned came in for a good share of them, for baking them for us. After Petecord and Captain Curby Smith's capture, the camp soon became very quiet. We had no fear of eating our potatoes, which seemed to have the best taste of any potatoes I ever ate.

Just what time our regiment left Buck Lodge, I do not remember, I was sick at the time, and was left at the hospital, which was a log house with two rooms, standing close to the railroad track. James Bates was left to care for me, with orders to come to Nashville, as soon as relieved of my care. Bates told me afterwards that Dr. John said I could not possibly get well. I had a rising in my head, and was unconscious for several days, paying no attention to what was going on around me. If I remember rightly the second day after the regiment left Buck Lodge, the rising broke, relieving me of the terrible pain I had been suffering, and restoring me to consciousness, but very weak.

Bates said the first words I had spoken for two days and night was "where is Dr. Johns, I would like to see him." He had given me calomel sufficient to kill a mule, and I wanted to get rid of it. Bates said he was preparing something for me to take, that would relieve me in a few minutes. He gave me some beef broth and I had taken a few sups of it when it turned against me, and I vomited. I soon fell asleep and slept for two hours. Bates aroused me and said Mr. Duval had been there and left a peach pie and some dried peaches for me. "Did I want some of the pie?" I said a small piece of the pie was all I wanted." He gave me the pie and it

tasted fine, and I soon went to sleep, and he let me sleep for six hours. He awakened me, and I was feeling fine but weak and hungry. He gave me some scrambled crackers and a piece of the peach pie, and it sure tasted fine. I was soon asleep for the night, and the next morning I was feeling good. I got up and put my clothes on and sat up most of the day. Mr. Duval came that day and brought me some fine biscuits. I sure did enjoy them. That evening Bates asked me when I could start for Nashville, and I said, "whenever you are ready to go, I think I can stand the trip all right." He said we will go in the morning, on the morning freight that stops here for water. It is usually on time, and is due here about nine o'clock in the morning. I said we had better pack our traps tonight, and sleep in the morning as long as we can. I think the sleep will help more than anything else. Our traps were packed that night, and the dinner was prepared for the next day and put into the haversacks, now all ready for the trip, and we were soon in bed, to sleep our last night in Buck Lodge. We did not awake at seven in the morning, as we had planned to do, and possibly would have overslept ourselves, if there had not been a surprise planned for us that morning. Mr. Duval came about 7:10, with some baked chicken and all of the trimmings, some biscuits and butter and a jug of whole milk. He woke us up, and we sure did enjoy our breakfast. I said to Mr. Duval, "we sure do appreciate your kindness, and I want to thank you for the kindness you have shown us, not only at this time, but from the time we first came to Buck Lodge. And now I don't want to pay you by thanks only, for that is out of my power to do. I am sure you would refuse pay if I should offer it to you, so I have decided not to offer you pay, but this I have decided on doing, although it is nothing to compare to what you have done for me and my friend, I present you this five dollar greenback as a gift, a token of friendship between you and me." He excepted the money as a token of friendship. The train was just running to the water tank to take water and the conductor was coming down the track to the engine. Bates met him and showed him our pass and he came and took my gun cartridge box and knapsack, and carried them to the caboose. In a few minutes we were bidding Mr. Duval and Buck Lodge a long farewell. I stood the trip to Nashville fine. We arrived about eleven o'clock a. m. Arriving at the depot we inquired of the provo guard where the 129th Illinois regiment was stationed. He directed us to the Zolcoffer hotel to get our information. The hotel was ten blocks east of the depot, on Depot and Cherry street. On arriving at the hotel we learned the regiment was camped on South Cherry street, a mile and a half from the hotel. I was tired out carrying my load from the depot to the hotel, and Bates said he would see if he could hire someone to take us. The provo guard told us we were allowed transportation on the street cars free if we had a pass. Bates asked where we could get the passes and the provo showed him, so we soon had our passes and were ready to start for the regiment, arriving at the camp about 12:30 p. m. I was tired and worn out, but the boys wanted to eat some dinner. I told them no, I had rather go to bed and rest, which I did. The next morning I felt fine, but the calomel I had taken was beginning to show its effect on my

mouth, and for several days my mouth was a torment to me, otherwise I was feeling fine. For two weeks or more nothing happened worthy of mentioning. Then came an order for our brigade to hasten to Columbia, Tenn. Columbia was about sixty-five miles southwest of Nashville. Columbia is located on the Duck river. The next morning all were up and ready for the trip by sunrise. The weather was very warm for that season of the year, and many of the boys threw away all of their surplus clothing and trinkets, to get rid of as much weight as possible to carry. We were almost three days reaching Columbia, and nothing there that we could see to have troops go far to camp for one night, for the next morning we was on our return trip to Nashville, which we made in some less time than we did going. Everything was quiet in and around Nashville for several days, and the boys spent most of their time in fishing, some days making a good catch.

Then came the order for our company to report at the military prison for guard duty, and we were soon on our way to the prison, which was but a few blocks from where we were camped. After taking up our duty as guards for the prison, quietness prevailed in camp. There was at that time more than 300 prisoners as inmates waiting parole or exchange. Some twenty Union soldiers were there for minor offenses. Two were there for murder, Harry Hillsworth and Charles Daws, of which we will have more to say later.

Our company was divided into four reliefs, and I was assigned corporal of the first relief, with eight men as guards. We were on duty for two hours and off four, for forty-eight hours, then off forty-eight hours. It was all inside work so it was not a hard job. Ephriam Dunham was sergeant of the guards, and he had charge of two reliefs, my relief and F. S. Arnold's relief. Everything was working nicely, and their seemed to be no friction anywhere. The rebel prisoners were allowed to spend their time in the yard through the day, the yard being walled with a high stone wall, wide enough for federal guards to be stationed on top of it. There was a separate guard from ours and was commanded by a federal officer, not a regular army officer. With the rebel prisoners was a major, a fine looking man, but very quiet, nothing to say to anyone, one day I thought I would see if I could get a talk with him. I said, "Major, you don't seem to enjoy yourself like some of your men. They have a good time most every day." He said he was not built for play, and he hoped soon to be exchanged so he could be at work. I said, anyone detested a prison, be it ever so nice, and he said he had no complaint to make of his treatment here, but "freedom is a lot to me." I said it was a lot to anyone, but you must not build your hopes on exchange too high, for I predict that you will be a prisoner when the war ends. He said, some day I want a long talk with you, you have predicted something I want to study over carefully in my mind. Changes went on quietly for some days, but I could see a change had come over the major. He seemed to be more sociable with his men, and always spoke to me when I came into the prison. One morning I went to the prison and stationed the guards, and said to the last guard that I was going to town that morning, but would be back in time for the relief to come on. The Major spoke to me, and said, "can I

get you to do an errand for me, and I said sure, if it don't interfere with the laws governing the prison. He said he was sure it would not. He said he had an aunt living two blocks east of the depot, her house was on the west corner of the third block on the north side of the street. I said that is Mrs. Morgan, I was not acquainted with her, but I knew her when I saw her. He said, she is my aunt, and I want her to send me some writing paper and envelopes. I said sure, I would see her for you. I called on Mrs. Morgan, and got the paper and envelopes for the Major, and she asked me if the Major had stamps. I told her I did not know. She said for fear he has none she would send a few stamps. On my return to the prison, I saw something that made my blood boil. A rebel prisoner tied by the thumbs and tied to a limb of a tree, just so his toes touched the ground. The Major was the first man to meet me when I entered the yard. I said Major, who has done this dirty trick, and he said the sergeant of the guard. I hastened over to the poor fellow, and he was almost exhausted, the tears rolling down his moist cheeks. I cut the rope and he fell on the ground. I told the boys to rub his arms and hands to start circulation, and they did. He was soon re-

Last week I left off with my release of the rebel prisoner, who had been hanging by his thumbs. When he turned to wipe a tear from his eyes I returned to duty. Not long afterwards Sergeant Dunham came to the prison and demanded to know why the prisoner had been freed. I told him that I was the man who had ordered him cut down and with that he flew into a rage and said he would report me to the captain. I told him to go ahead as I did not believe the captain would approve of his actions.

In a few days when it came my turn to go on guard duty the rebel major referred to last week, was stationed close to the entrance of the yard. He addressed me as corporal and asked if I would deliver a letter for him to his aunt. I consented to do so provided it was left unsealed and approved by the captain, who would then seal it. This was done and I delivered the letter to his aunt, Mrs. Morgan, whom I told if she answered it must leave the letter unsealed so the captain could read its contents.

A few days later on going into the prison one morning, I noticed two prisoners who I supposed were new ones, but they proved to be Harry Hillworth and Chas. Daws, who had been allowed the freedom of the prison yard for exercise, as confinement in the cells had begun to tell on them. It was supposed that the yard was as safe a place for them as the cells but we find later on that this was not true. I soon got in touch with Harry, who was a fine looking boy, medium size, curly hair and keen dark eyes. It didn't seem possible he could be a murderer. He carried himself nicely in the prison yard and often sought an opportunity to talk with me, which at first worried the major, but he soon joined in talks with us.

One day the major asked me to go with him to see his aunt and I told him alright if he secured a pass from the captain. This he did and the next day, being my day off we went to see his aunt. Before going we went before the captain and he received his orders that he was not to touch liquor, must not be out of my sight and not talk with anyone only in my presence. When we reached the depot a train was just pulling in with a load

of soldiers. They had on new clothes and looked fine. The major said they were a fine lot of men and wanted to know if all of our men were of that type. I replied that most of them were.

Arriving at the aunt's home the servant met us at the door and exclaimed to her mistress that "Cousin Will is here." We had two pleasant hours together and as we were leaving Mrs. Morgan thanked me for my kindness to the major and said she would repay me if the opportunity ever presented itself. Returning to prison the major seemed a changed man, he had learned more about the yankee soldier, and was convinced his side was a lost cause and the sooner he got out of the fight the better. In a few days he was ready to take the oath of allegiance and quit the fight, which he did as soon as the papers were prepared.

About this time John Comerford and I had taken a contract to build a store room for a man by the name of Baxter. He was to furnish the material and we to work by the hour the time we were not on duty. Being thus busy I failed to see the major when he left the prison and did not get to tell him good bye.

Capt. Horton had gotten a 25 day furlough and Lieut. Smith upon assuming command of the prison was anxious to make a change in the guards but felt like he must have authority to do so. He sent me with a note to the provo marshal asking the permission. It was my day on guard duty and I only had an hour and a half to make the trip. After I had passed the depot some four blocks, a woman standing on a doorstep called to me and asked if I was a corporal. Said she would like to have a talk with me. I told her I was in a hurry but would stop on my return if I had the time. When I returned she had her message all written out. At the provo marshal's office he wrote on the back of the note, "you are commander of the guards at the prison." In meeting this lady I felt I had met a real lady in the south whom I would take pleasure in talking to occasionally. Returning to camp I read what she had written and decided what to say to her. At the same time I wanted to talk with Harry to see if he had anything in mind that would help him out of his troubles. I made it convenient to spend four hours off duty in the prison yard. Harry was very careful and avoided all conversation leading in anyway to the tragedy. Finally I asked him that if I could find something that would be of benefit to him in helping him out, if he could keep it a secret. He promised he could and then told me he was innocent of the charge, that he was out on the pike beyond where the murder occurred. He had seen Daws but had no way of proving he was not with him. I left him to go on duty and the next day resumed work on the building, but my heart was not in the work, which was noticed by Comerford who asked the reason, saying "when you reach for a saw you are just as apt to pick up a hammer." I told him my mind was not on the work and that the next day I was going down town. He wanted to know what the drawing card was and I replied that it was a business trip, that I was not quitting but would be on the next day and every day until it is finished. Calling on Miss Jennie in town the next, we pledged secrecy to all we might learn. I informed her that if she had any evidence to go be-

fore the provo marshal, but when he set a date for the hearing she must be there promptly on time as military law demands promptness. Before leaving I learned that the reason she was taking so much interest in Harry was because he was provo guard on the corner near her home for nearly two years and was so kind to everyone that they all would like to have him released from prison.

I then left for camp, feeling that something was going to happen soon. When I went on duty I avoided meeting Harry, and the next morning I returned to the work on the building, only to be joshed by Baxter for leaving the work the day before. I felt fine and ready for a full day's work. Things seemed to come my way without asking for them, and at night we had accomplished more work that day than we had any day before. Comerford remarked that I had better take another trip to town. Everything went on quietly for some days, but one morning as I was leaving the prison with my guards two men met me going to the prison, making the military salute to which I responded, when they asked me if the captain of the guards was at the prison. I told them he was not, but showed them the tent he occupied. They turned and went to Lieutenant Smith's tent. After remaining for some time Smith and they went to the prison. After some time they came out with Harry, and went toward the city. Was it good or bad news flashed through my mind. I had no way of finding out what was taking place only to wait, time would reveal the facts, and so it did. The next day was my day off duty and I went to work on the building thinking but little about what had taken place the day before. That evening just before we quit, a provo guard came to the building and handed me a message. I was in the act of putting the envelope in my pocket when he said, "I must have your answer to take with me, it must be yes or no." I opened it and read these words, "please meet me at the provo marshal's office at seven o'clock p. m., signed Harry Hillworth." I wrote on the back of the note that I would be there and handed it to the guard, at the same time thanking him for bringing the note to me. The thoughts came to me, what is going to happen now, that my presence is wanted at the provo marshal's office. I could think of nothing that I could say or do more than I had done that would help him, but would go and face the issue squarely. By this time Comerford had become somewhat excited, and demanding of me an explanation of what all this meant. I told him to be quiet and not worry, nothing serious would be the outcome of it, but I believed my business trip down town was working nicely and something good would be the result of making the trip. After supper I cleaned my clothes and got ready to go. I said, "get your passes and come on, but they declined to get the passes. I had a pass to go anywhere in the city, day or night, so when the start came I was off on a trip that I had no idea what was to be the result. I was not long in reaching the provo office. He was rather a jovial sort of a fellow, and a very pleasant man to talk to. I never could speak his name and always addressed him as captain. After passing the compliments of the day, I said, "is there anything going on tonight?" He remarked there was and it would be a big happy surprise to

me, he believed. I said, "must be a secret," to which he replied that it would not be after seven-thirty o'clock. I stated that the time was almost up for secrecy and about that time Harry and Jennie came in and a young lady with them, who was introduced to me as Miss Atwell. Then the secret was broke to me by the marshal. He said that Harry and Jennie were to be married at seven thirty and that Miss Atwell and myself were to be the witnesses to the ceremony, after which the wedding supper would be at the marshal's dining room. The time having arrived the marshal requested us to take our places. The ceremony was short, delivered in a clear soft voice and seemed to bear forcible on the obligations they had taken.

When the ceremony and congratulations were over we went to the dining room where our eyes revealed a table loaded down with all the good things to eat. The only regret we had in coming was that we had eaten supper at the camp. Nevertheless we managed to do justice to our share of the good things to eat. Not much time was spent in talking as the couple was to leave on the nine o'clock train for Cincinnati, Ohio. The marshal was spokesman on the occasion and said it was time to start for the depot. We were soon out to the car line waiting for our car, which was in sight, coming west, and in a few minutes we were all on board bound for the depot, which was only about ten blocks away. We arrived at the depot in good time for Harry to purchase their tickets and check their baggage and bidding the party goodbye for the last time. To me it was more like a funeral than a wedding. After they had departed I said to the marshal, "I want to ask you some questions some day when I am at your office and you have time to talk to me." He said he would be pleased to answer any question I would ask him for he was satisfied I would not ask an unreasonable question.

I turned to Miss Atwell and asked her if it would be agreeable to her for the marshal to see her home. She said it would. I bid them good night and left for camp where I arrived in a short time ready for a night's sleep. Next morning I arose feeling fine, and said, "John we will finish our job today won't we?" and he said that he thought we would. I had no thoughts of what had taken place the night before, I was so anxious to have the building completed so we could get our pay for my finances had run low, scarcely enough left in my pockets to rattle. John seemed to be in about the same condition on finance that I was, so work was not slow that day. About three o'clock we called Baxter and told him we were ready to give him the keys to the building and he said for us to figure up the amount he owed us and he would pay us. After it was figured up he paid us mostly in silver. What was we to do with it? It was out of reason to think of carrying it around in our pockets all of the time so I soon decided what I would do with my part of the silver. I had noticed at the provo marshal's office that they often had hard times to make change, so I decided to take it there and exchange it for gold or greenbacks.

The next day I went to the provo marshal's office and stacked my silver on his desk. He asked me if I had been playing chuckluck, and I replied no, it was hard earned money. It amounted to \$40 and he gave me in exchange \$20 in gold and \$20 in

greenbacks. The business transacted, I then asked the marshal the question I wanted to know, how Harry got freed. He told me Harry's wife and Miss Atwell had sworn that at the time of the murder Harry was eating supper with them at Miss Atwell's home. The case was dismissed and Harry was given a 60 day furlough, after which he was to return to guard duty on the same corner opposite his wife's house.

Returning from the provo marshal's office Jack Dunham was at camp and asked me to go to a dance that night at Baxter's. When night came, Jack and Ephram Dunham, Lafayette Arnold and myself went to Baxter's. Jack was on his good behavior with the violin and during the evening a stranger knocked at the door and asked if he could come in awhile and listen to the music. We consented and he listened awhile and left, saying the music was sure fine. A few days later a nicely dressed stranger came to camp and inquired for Jack, saying he wanted him to play at the theatre tomorrow night. Jack had gone to town but returned before the stranger left and consented to go. He asked me if I would go with him to which I agreed. Before we got there he began to wonder how much he would get. I told him to set the price before he started playing and if the manager would not give it, then not play. He asked \$15 and was granted it. He could just as well had \$25 for the house was packed with people. He had been advertised as one of the famous violinists of the Union army. Jack was at his best, and when he played Moneymus with variations, it brought down the house with loud applause and yells for more. He then played The Arkansas Traveler with variations which made another big hit and the final number was The Irish Washwoman, which also struck the crowd favorably. There was continued applause, but the manager announced that he would have him back again as the army was stationed in the town indefinite. On the return trip Dunham asked me if I really thought the crowd meant they enjoyed the music and I told him they sure did. He played at the theatre often after that and always to packed houses.

The next day after we had returned from the first performance, Capt. Horton arrived in camp from his furlough, bringing letters and trinkets for the boys, such as writing materials, pencils and knives, which the men appreciated.

Things moved along smoothly for several days, nothing to mar the life of the soldiers in or out of camp and we began to think a soldier's life was not so bad after all, when one evening there was a stir at the prison; something had gone wrong. When they checked the prisoners in that night, Daws was missing. He was not to be found in the prison yard. There was no way of escape only through the prison doors to the yards. On the northeast of the prison yard was the woodhouse full of wood and it seemed impossible for him to be in the woodhouse as there was no place for him to hide himself. If he was in the woodhouse, he would have to cut his way through a thirteen inch brick wall to get out, and then stand a chance of being shot by the guard on the wall. Speculation after speculation was going on, but no definite conclusion. About nine-thirty a shot rang out from the northeast corner of the building. Daws had worked his way

through the brick wall, and crawled through the opening he had made in the wall to the street on the east of the building, and next to the city. The guard saw him as he left the wall, and fired a shot at him but missed his mark. Daws was soon out of gun range making for the city. On the east of the prison was a vacant piece of ground possibly sixty acres or more that no buildings was on and the city had been built on the west and north of this land. I supposed the land belonged to heirs and could not be sold until all were of age.

We have described the vacant piece of ground to show how easy it was for a man to leave the prison and reach the city without hindrance of any kind, and this was Daws' object. The captain called me and told me he was going to send me in charge of seven guards to capture Daws. He then told the orderly sergeant to detail seven men to go with me, these are the names of the detail: James Bates, Thomas Collins, George Scoby, Dave Taylor, Jacob Peak, Aaron Clark and Theopoles Farman. We were soon on our way to the city, to make a thorough search of every house north of the depot to Stillwater. That part of the town was called Smokey Row. It was the tough part of the city. On reaching the city, I divided my squad, giving Jacob Peak charge of three men to guard the rear of the buildings while we were searching for Daws. We kept up the search all night and occasionally Daws could be seen dodging from one house to the other. By sunrise we had almost completed our search, but we had two houses yet, and he must be in one of them. I sent four men as skirmishers on the south side of the vacant ground to prevent Daws making a run for the house south and west of us. The provo guards would capture Daws if he ran south on Cherry street and if he ran north or east he would be facing the pickets. On the east and south corner of the vacant piece of land was a butcher shop. The butcher had just rode up and dismounted from his horse and went into the shop, and about the same time we had entered the first house. Daws dashed from the east corner of the last house and across the street mounting the butcher's horse and made a run across the vacant land to a brewery which was situated on the northwest corner of the vacant land. I knew we had him and ordered four men that were skirmishers, to advance toward the brewery and at the same time my men advanced with me. At this time Daws had come in hailing distance of the guards at the brewery and seeing he was defeated in making his escape in that direction he dismounted and made a run for the city, aiming to run by our left flank. Tom Collins was on the extreme west wing of the line and he ran west and the rest of us followed him. When Daws got in close distance Tom hailed him but he kept coming. Tom fired a shot and Daws threw up his hands and we all soon closed in on him and he was again a prisoner. Some of the boys asked him why he stopped as he possibly would have gotten through the line and back into the city. He said the call was too close to risk another one. He was taken to the depot where I gave Jacob Peak, in charge of him to take to the prison and I would go and report his capture to the provo marshal. Daws was in prison when I left Nashville but what ever became of him I never heard.

CIVIL WAR HISTORY BY ONE OF OUR SURVIVORS.

I have been requested to give a sketch of the Civil war in and around Chattanooga, Tenn. That city was the gateway to the south, and a very important point for the Confederate army to hold. During the Civil war many hard fought battles was in or near Chattanooga, for two years the confederate army held that point and more than 40,000 men lost their lives in that bloody contest.

I am sketching some of the principal events of the war at that point, or near there. Seventy-three years have passed, many changes has taken place since that bloody encounter when the two great armies were arrayed against each encounter, and it will be hard to give the exact account of that field of battle. Chattanooga was the key to the southern states, with its lines of railroads running out in almost every direction. It was a strategic point to hold by either army. On the night of November 7, 1861, a number of railroad bridges were burned in East Tennessee, by Union men. This occurrence caused the Confederate army to select Chattanooga as a base of supplies for the armies in and around that city. This selection of Chattanooga as a base occurred Nov. 14, 1861. The troops were commanded by Gen. W. H. Coral and Col. A. M. Wood. Additional troops were added to the garrison as fast as they could be mustered into service. On Sept. 7th, 1862, John B. Floyd escaped from Fort Donnellson. On Feb. 16, 1862, just before the surrender of the place to Gen. U. S. Grant, Nashville was evacuated by the Confederates and a few days later by orders of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnson, Gen. Floyd moved his troops to Chattanooga, where he arrived March 8, 1862. Floyd was relieved of command by Gen. Danville Ledbetter.

In the early days of April, 1862, much excitement was caused in this part of the Confederacy by the attempt of the Andrews Raiders to burn the bridges and otherwise interrupt transportation on the Western and Atlantic railroad between Atlanta and Chattanooga by capturing a locomotive and train twenty miles north of Atlanta, and making a wild dash toward Chattanooga. The raiders finally abandoned the engine near Ringold. They were all captured and eight were executed as spies. They now rest in the National cemetery at Chattanooga near the engine that is kept in the Chattanooga depot as a relic of the famous raiders adventure. The next event of importance in the military history of Chattanooga was the bombardment on June 7th and 8th, 1862, by federal troops from the command of Gen. Ornsby M. Mitchell, then operating between Huntsville and Stevenson, Ala. The attacking force was

under the orders of Gen. James S. Negly and Col. Henry A. Hambricht. The city was defended by about 1,599 Confederates, under Gen. Ledbetter. The Federals approached from the north, and did not cross to the south side of the Tennessee river. After a considerable fight and much cannonading but few casualties on either side, the Federals withdrew, leaving the Confederates in possession. This bombardment should not be confused with that by John T. Wilder and his troops which occurred more than a year later, on August 21, 1863. After the battle of Shiloh and Corinth in April, 1862, the Confederate army remained for some weeks at Topelo, Miss. It then moved eastward under the command of Gen. Baxter Bragg, and reached Chattanooga July 5th, 1862. Gen. Bragg remained at Chattanooga until August 28, 1862, then leaving Chattanooga for his invasion of Kentucky, which resulted in or caused the battle of Perryville and his return to Tennessee. During his absence the town was under the command of Gen. Samuel B. Maxey, Gen. Sam Jones and Col. Alexander McKinstry. Gen. Bragg was back in Chattanooga Nov. 12, 1862, remaining only a few days and then moved toward Nashville, which resulted in the battle of Stone River, Dec. 30th, which lasted until Jan. 3, 1863. From that contest he moved south to Tullahoma. Chattanooga was the base of his supplies, during the battle of Stone River. After the battle there the armies of Gen. Bragg and his Federal opposer, Gen. William S. Rosecrans, lay confronting each other for nearly six months. In the last days of June the Federal army advanced and flanked the Confederate army, causing Bragg to withdraw his army to Chattanooga, where he arrived the early part of June, 1863. The Federal army lay along the western base of the Cumberland mountains. About six weeks after the Tallahoma campaign on August 15th, Gen. Rosecrans began the movement which resulted in the battle of Chattanooga, Gen. Rosecrans moved to the north with a small force to create the impression he was going to attack from that direction, when in fact his main army was crossing the mountain to get in the rear of Gen. Bragg's army, and cut the western railroad line, the only line of supplies the Confederates had. It was in the execution of these movements that Col. John T. Wilder appeared on the banks of the Tennessee river and opened fire on the town with a battery of artillery. President Jefferson Davis had previously appointed that Friday, August 21, 1863, as a day of fasting and prayer, and many people was in church when the bombardment began. This attack created excitement, but the damage done to either side was not extensive. The Federals did

not cross the river into the town, and after some hours of fighting at long range withdrew.

The flanking movement of Gen. Rosecrans, south of Chattanooga brought about the evacuation of the place by the Confederates. The retirement began Sept. 7, 1863, at that time the different corps of the Federal army was scattered over a distance of about forty miles, and did not get in supporting distance of each other until Sept. 16th. By that date they were concentrated from Stevenson Gap to McLamer's Cove, northward to Crawfish Springs, Gen. Bragg and his army went no further south than LaFayette, Ga., although by askillful rumors he made Gen. Rosecrans believe he was in full retreat to Rome, Ga. Gen. Rosecrans did not discover his error until Sept. 12th, and then for four days he exerted all his energy to concentrate his army. The first entry of the Federal forces into Chattanooga was on Sept. 9, 1863. Advance was lead by Col. Smith D. Atkins ninety second Illinois mounted infantry. At 10 o'clock in the morning his regimental colors were planted on the third story of the Crutchfield House, and Sept. 17, 1863, both armies moved northward, the Federals out of McLemor's Cove with the object of securing Chattanooga, and the Confederates with the intent to defeat or destroy the Federal army and respossess Chattanooga. They drew rapidly toward each other and early on Saturday morning, Sept. 19, 1863, began the bloody battle of Chattanooga, the great battle of the west. The Federals were defeated, but secured Chattanooga, the primary object of the campaign, into which they retreated at the close of the fight on the 20th. Gen. Bragg moved forward and held the Federal forces virtually in a state of siege until Nov. 24th and 25th, 1863, when the series of fighting, known generally as the battle of Chattanooga, resulted in the defeat of the Confederates and their retirement to Dalton, Ga. In ten weeks fighting the loss of property and men was enormous, some gives the loss of men at 46,000, the loss of property is estimated at \$112,000, but I am inclined to think both estimates are too high. After the battle of Chattanooga there was no more fighting at Chattanooga and the city remained in the hands of the Union forces from Sept. 9th, 1863, until the end.

S. W. Peak.



Then the Grand Army came to be
A monthly call for reveille,
To recognize and faithful hold
Declining members in the fold;
Where local Posts had their own clan
Eventful happening to can,
And bury with full honor those
Whose lives finally came to close.

Then ranks grew thin at local Post
Till gone were all, leaving no host-
They'd bid good-bye to world's review,
No answer call to last tattoo,
Yet, blessed flag they fought to save
Continued o'er their graves to wave.

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R. J. L.

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Apr 1, B

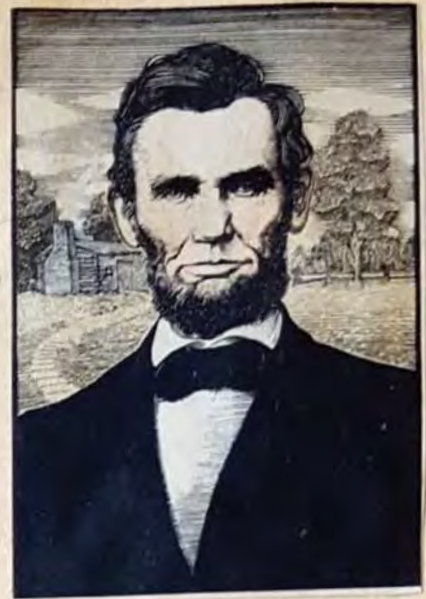
effort to regain the ground they had lost in the forenoon. The First division had just got a firm hold on their new position, when it was seen the rebels were getting very busy making preparations for some kind of a move, and soon they began to form in column for the charge. Out of their supposed hiding place they came yelling like demons, maddened by the use of gun powder and whiskey they had taken to give them courage. The First division let them come within a few paces of their works, when they gave them a volley of musketry that sent one fourth of their column to its long home and a large number of wounded was lying between the lines to suffer, while those that escaped wounds or death hustled back to their trenches, under a heavy fire from our cannon, that caused a number of the rebels to fall, before they could reach the trenches. This was a hard blow

grain and hay at Nashville and when loaded was to go with the train to Stevenson, Tenn., as guards. This seems like an easy job and one to be coveted, but it was far from it. One never knew when they would get a bite to eat or when they would get any sleep. Sometimes we would get a good night's sleep at Nashville and one at Stevenson and possibly a square meal or two, but this was not commenced. Many wounded, who were able to help themselves met us and sought shelter or went to the hospital for treatment. We were acting as support for the first and second division. The fighting lasted about two hours and the bullets sizzled through our ranks for we were as much exposed as if we had been the front line, consequently we lost several men, who were killed and wounded. The firing continued most of the night and we were compelled to lay on the ground in line of battery with our knapsack on our backs all night long, and to make it more unpleasant for us it rained very hard during the night.

The enemy had retreated during the night. While our sleeping quarters were somewhat unpleasant, caused by the rain, yet it cooled the air and was refreshing to those who had suffered with the heat.

May 25—We commenced our march early, in order to make use of the cool hours. After marching a few miles the heat became more oppressive and the number of men affected by the heat was greater than the day before, and the number in line grew less. Despite the heat and few men in line, the march was continued with occasional short stops to rest, until five p. m. During the day we had not been troubled by the enemy, but soon after five p. m., we seen staff officers and dispatched bearers to gallop in every direction. Troops were drawing together and all the maneuvers of the enemy seemed to say, thus far and no further you can go without bloodshed.

The first and second division that had been in our rear, moved past us and against the enemy. The regiment of the two divisions had scarcely taken their places when a terrible fire of musketry and cannon was heard. The battle of Dallas or Burnt Hickory had



May 25, pt 2



GENERAL U. S. GRANT



GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN



GENERAL JOHN A. LOGAN

Apr 1, C

to be counted on for sure. The Nashville and Chattanooga railroad ran through Murphysboro over the Cumberland mountains to Stevenson. Down the mountains was a seven mile grade, the grade being so steep that trains running from Stevenson to Nashville ran by the way of Columbia to Nashville, forty miles longer route than to go by the way of Murphysboro. We had made six trips down this mountain road, some of the trips were in daytime and some at night and we had a chance to see the road from the top of the mountain to Stevenson. There were hundreds of box cars strewn from the top of the mountain to Stevenson. Some were smashed to pieces, some were standing on end leaning against big trees that prevented them from turning over. To look at the wreckage along the side of the mountain was enough to make one feel a little leary in going down it. On our seventh trip it was night when we came to the top of the mountain, and raining. Dawson and I had crawled into a box car to be in the dry. The cars were loaded with sacks of thrashed oats. We had not been in the car long when we both were sound asleep, having lost so much sleep and not having a nice warm place to rest. We were soon lost to the world and danger that was around us. When the train reached the grade the train men set all the brakes to try and hold the train from gaining too much speed, but on it went slipping on the track. Apparently, the brakes had no effect on checking the speed of the train. The engine was reversed but that seemed to do no better and finally the train began to bounce and jump and make such a racket it woke us up. I went to the door of the car and never before had I seen such a sight. Fire was streaming from under every where on the train. I never will forget what Dawson said when he came to the door of the car, "this is my last ride in Tennessee." We finally reached the foot of the mountain safely and it seemed a miracle that the train was not wrecked, I said to Dawson, "what you said last night is going to be true, as soon as we get this train unloaded, I am going to ask to be relieved of this job and I know all the boys will sanction it. My request was granted and all the boys were returned to their companies, which was stationed about one mile east of Stevenson.

April 1, A About the first of April, 1864, I was detailed Forage master on the Nashville and Chattanooga railroad. One man from each company of the 129th regiment was detailed, being the non-commissioned officer of the detail and was placed in command of the squad. We were to load cars with

After going to Stevenson, the regiment went in to camp on Chickamauga creek at the foot of Lookout mountain. The men built nice cabins to live in and while they were camped there, John Hagler of Exeter, Ill., came to see the boys. He was surprised to see them so comfortably fixed. However, they didn't remain very long, after Hagler left for home. About May 1, 1864, the long looked for order came to be ready to march early in the morning with 100 rounds in cartridge box and three days' ration in haversacks. While most of the men knew sooner or later the regiment would be ordered to the front, they were a bit sorry to leave the good camp where they had spent so many pleasant days. Many of the boys, when the regiment marched out of camp would say, "goodbye old shack, I'm going to leave you for the bats and mice to live in, and I will sleep on the cold damp ground from this on, under my puppy tent." The change from a bunk to the cold damp ground was so sudden that most the regiment took cold and for several days seemed to be lifeless. After several days of marching and skirmishing the men seemed to return to their vigor. About the 15th of May, the 129th regiment had their first real battle with the enemy and they proved to be the victors. This battle was called the battle of Resaca. It was fought by the third division, 20th army corps, army of the Tennessee and the 129th regiment belonged to the first brigade of the above named division, Gen Ward, commander. The division was in line of battle and the order came to unbuckle knapsacks and leave them with a guard. Then the order came forward, double quick, march, which was obeyed. The brush was hard for the men to push their way through. The enemy's bullets came thick and fast. At a suitable place the men were ordered to lay down and when the enemy's fire slackened a little, we were again ordered to advance. The men were on their feet in a second, and at this moment, Sargeant Hesse was shot. General Ward was shot in the shoulder and these are the words he said, moving his hat in the air, "go on boys and give them the devil, I am shot." And the boys did go on. Brush was so thick it was impossible for them to keep in line, and it seemed like it was going to be a defeat, but on they went and when they reached the fort, companies H. E. and F., were all mixed but they took their place in ranks just the same, as they would with their one company. General Howard and Butterfield were watching the battle from a high hill in the rear and they said it was a defeat, for it looked like a lot of dare devils, every man for himself. Some times the wisest men can be mistaken as they were for it was a glorious victory for the third division. Although they had lost heavily in killed and wounded, they jumped into the fort and used their bayonets to drive the few rebels that still stayed with their guns. A few sharp shooters in the trees behind the fort were soon dislodged. As the smoke of the battle soon disappeared the men turned their attention to the wounded and dying. Going over the field of battle one would wonder how any man escaped without being wounded or killed. The thick brush was mowed as clean with bullets, shells and cannonade as it could be done with a scythe. I was busy looking after Sargeant Grunert. He was on the left of Co. H., and I was on the right of Co. F., that placed us

close together. He was shot the first volley the enemy fired at us and the only word he spoke was to cut his belt. When he was examined it was found he had been shot through the belt in front and the ball cut the lower edge of the belt at the back, having passed through him. It must have been a split nose ball from the fearful hole it plowed through his body. Co. F., lost two killed, Peters and Clark. Sargeant Hesse our regimental color bearer, was wounded slightly in the early part of the battle, but he carried the colors and planted them on the fort at the same instant he was shot through the head. The G. A. R., post 203, at Winchester was named after him or in memory of him.

Soon as everything was quiet again, and satisfied with the victory of Resaca, we laid down awaiting the events of the next day.

May 16—The enemy had been attacked yesterday along the whole line and lost all of their entrenchments. General McPherson was on the right wing of the enemy trying to double it up and get in front to prevent its retreat to Atlanta, Georgia. The enemy learning of this move retreated in the night, marching the whole night and did not go into camp until they knew they were safe and in no danger of the flank movement of McPherson.

May 18—Was a beautiful spring morning and not an enemy to be found. We were soon in line of March after the retreating enemy and it proved we were not far behind as the advanced pickets were exchanging shots with the rear guards. It was a very warm day and our advance was slow on account of the heat that was telling on the northern soldiers. Many were compelled to fall by the wayside to be picked up by the ambulances. When night came they all joined their companies.

May 19—We could find the enemy without looking for them when near Cassville. We found them and exchanged shots. Immediately the 129th were called to form line of battle in an open field with thick brush on all sides of it. The enemy was hid in the brush on the east and south side of the field and when the order came to advance we expected to receive a volley from the enemy at any time, but the advanced picket had drove them out. On reaching the enemy's front we made our position secure and camped for the night. The day had been very warm and several of the soldiers had suffered with the heat.

May 19—Not a rebel could be found in front of us, and we started early on the hunt of them. After a few miles marching we found them and exchanged shots with them at once. The enemy withdrew and we went into camp for the night.

May 20—We remained quiet in camp all that day near Cassville, and we remained quiet for two days. No signs of the enemy could be seen along our front.

May 23—We continued our advance in the direction of Kingston, Ga. The day was hot and many men were sunstruck, then the order came to put green leaves in the crown of the hat as a preventative from sunstroke. Some heavy cannon firing was heard on our right. We marched on unmolested and about sundown we camped on the south side of a river and remained there during the night.

May 24—We broke camps early, and as yesterday, the men suffered much from the heat of a southern sun. Our advance met the enemy after a march

of ten miles as they fired on our advance skirmish line. We were ordered to halt and encamp for the night to make our position more secure. The order was to dig entrenchments, but many of the men were not able to assist in this work on account of the effect the heat had on them during the day's march. Those who were able to work dug the trench while the rain came down almost in blinding sheets, at intervals. This was our first night to camp in the Altoona mountains.

May 26—Heavy firing on the picket line. The entrenchment on the front line was finished in which work we took no part, as we relieved the front lines in the evening and took our place behind the new works. The enemy lay silent behind their work during the day but night had scarcely set in when we heard hundreds of axes at work felling trees; the enemy was building works or strengthening those already built.

May 27th—Earth breast works had been erected along our whole line and our guns after being placed in position, began to spray the enemy with shot and shell. However they lay quiet behind their works. Our guns began early in the morning, making peals of thunderous noise ring out on the morning air. Our pickets were placed safely behind trees and logs, safe from the fire of the enemy, and our main force was safely stationed behind our works. All of our bombarding with shot and shell did not elicit any answer from the enemy. Their guns remained silent until we advanced to attack, then they could butcher us by the hundreds. They missed their guess regarding General Sherman, as he worked a plan on them they were not looking for, to drive them out of their strong position and not sacrifice a lot of valued lives. About noon we advanced a few hundred feet to draw the enemy out of his works. They mistook this for an attack and they still lay silent behind the breast works. The pickets and sharp shooters opened merciless fire on us by which our regiment lost one killed and thirteen wounded. As we had not been ordered to attack we went as close to them as we could get and entrenched ourselves in broad day light almost under their nose. The enemy now attacked our first division, but soon got the worst of it and withdrew from the field of battle, leaving their dead and wounded for us to take care of. The enemy must have learned of Sherman's flank movement by which he hoped to capture the most of the enemy's forces. This flank movement failed to accomplish what Sherman desired, but it saved us much hard fighting and gave us a quiet night to get some rest and sleep. As night approached the firing ceased and the night was quiet and we slept as sound as if the enemy had been miles away from us, but they were not far away.

May 28—Our brigade was retrieved at the front and went to the rear. As we were stationed near one of our batteries at which the enemy's guns were firing today, continuously most every second, a shell would come whizzing through the tops of the trees, tearing the limbs off and scattering them on the ground in front of us, and the shells exploding over our heads. This position was more dangerous than being on the front line of battle. The report came that Johnson had received reinforcement from Richmond and had sent a flag of truce to Sherman, asking him

to surrender. If he refused Johnson would come against him with his mighty army, numbering five to our one, and compel us to surrender and play the devil with us. Sherman was aware of the fact that Johnson had received reinforcements and he knew our army numbered almost two to Johnson's one, and he, (Sherman) would welcome a decisive battle at that time and place. Johnson was only bluffing but his bluff didn't work so nice as perhaps he thought it would.

May 29—Most all day the pickets kept firing and occasionally the deep bass voice of a cannon was heard. Our losses were less today than yesterday. The men had become used to the continuous roar of the musketry and that deep bass voice of the cannon. All were feeling jubilant, and in the best of spirits, and to help them more fully to enjoy the day a large mail came, most every one getting a letter from home, some from father, some from mother, brother, sister, sweetheart or friend. One could see smiling faces on all sides of him. Some would read their letters aloud to their comrades, they were so over-joyed to hear from God's country as many called their home. They knew the roads behind them were clear and many wrote letters to their folks at home, telling them as nearly as they could, how the war clouds looked to them at that present time, and what hardships they had passed through since they last wrote. And now, with the encouraging news from home they were ready for any fray that might be in the way of suppressing the rebels in the south, so they could return to their homes and loved ones. The day was pleasant, but the night brought us more trouble. Several hours after sundown the enemy made an attack on our lines advancing in several lines of battle with a demon like yell toward our lines, they were received with a well directed fire of musketry and canister that made them stagger like a drunk man. In quick haste the second fire of musketry and canister from our column put them to flight in utter confusion, leaving their dead and wounded behind them. The enemy had lost heavily and they seemed to be satisfied to stay in their trenches on our front at least. We lost several men killed and quite a number wounded, some that would be cripples for life, which makes war more horrible in the cripples it leaves in its wake. The enemy must have been mistaken as to our strength and the weak places in our lines, or they would have remained in their trenches and not made so great a sacrifice of their men.

May 30—There was a constant roar of cannon with an occasional cracking of musketry. The enemy had launched an attack on our pickets on our left and drove them back to our main line of defense. Many of our pickets were surprised and taken prisoners and afterwards shot or killed by a blow of a musket on the head. This was a fiendish act of the enemy and most of our soldiers swore vengeance on the awful deed they had committed on helpless men. The decree, let us get even, was passed along the line. The attack on our right by the enemy was unsuccessful for them, as they were driven back with the loss of 1,800 men. There was some firing going on, on our left, but the losses were not given. When the lull came and firing ceased for awhile the signal bugler of the enemy could be heard distinctly and the rebel officers could be heard cursing the yankees for the losses they had sustained in trying to break our lines or turn our flank. In one of these at-

tempts the enemy lost more than twice the men we did and still they were not satisfied to quit trying to gain some advantage ground from us. We were willing they should keep on trying if they chose to whittle their army down by bringing them out in the open for us to shoot at.

May 31—The 129th regiment was placed on picket today, very early in the morning. There was but little firing along the line but soon after the regiment had taken their places as pickets the rebel sharpshooters took possession of a two-story house that stood between the lines and began a murderous fire on us from the upper story. All of our shooting at them proved to only increase their shooting at us. To stop this dangerous fire of the sharpshooters, two of our cannons were placed in the picket line and a few well aimed shots from the cannon made the rebel sharpshooters leave the building for a more secure place. From that on the firing was done from behind trees, logs and pits. We were so close to them that words were exchanged, but it was not prudent for one to show his head. If he did the next sound he would hear the whistle of a minie ball. These conditions existed all day long, but when night spread its darkness over the field of battle the rebels were very busy cutting trees to prevent our further advances, making it more dangerous. On our right heavy firing was heard as the shades of night spread its mantle of darkness over the battle field, and gringing relief to the 129th regiment from further picket duty, and to join their brigade where we remained in our old positions until noon the next day, June 1, 1864. On our front there was but little firing and on our left the firing was heavy, almost to the sound of a great battle, but there was no way to find out what it meant. In the afternoon we were ordered to be ready to march and soon the whole division was in motion. We marched about two miles to the left of our position and took our place in the rear of the 14th army corps, as supports. Here we passed a quiet night and was greatly refreshed by a good night's sleep which many of the boys began to feel they needed. During the night a heavy rain came beating down on our puppy tents, but that didn't bother the slumber of the boys very much for when once asleep they were dead to the world and knew nothing of the rain until morning.

June 2.—We packed up ready to march, wading through marshes that the heavy rain had increased in depth of water, until we reached our extreme left flank in the afternoon. On taking our position we heard heavy firing going on. A number of wounded met us going to the hospital, while occasionally a corps lay on the ground. We took our place in an open field in line of battle but as soon as we were discovered by the enemy they began to fire shells at us, wounding and killing several of our men. Dr. Potter of the 105th Illinois, who was washing at a creek, far behind us, was shot in the head and killed instantly. The firing continued during the day, but when night came the firing ceased and the night was quiet and still.

June 3—A brigade of the 23rd army corps and the 1st and 2nd brigade of Arkansas division 20th army corps went further to the left. As soon as the enemy discovered this move they opened fire on us. Their shots went far above our heads and did us no harm, only the annoyance of being fired upon. A few hours before sundown we went into camp close to Big Shanty station in a dense forest of

heavy timber, firing had ceased and as the curtains of night began to close, quietness prevailed on all the battle line, making it possible for us to get a good night's sleep. Being in the dense forest we could build fires and cook and not be in danger of being located by the enemy, who were always on the lookout for our positions on the line of battle.

June 4—Had a heavy rain in the forenoon while rapid firing was on our right. We were ordered to take our position behind heavy breastworks, where we remained during the night, no firing on our front. During the night the enemy retreated a short distance toward Lost mountains.

June 5—Rained most of the day and on account of the heavy rain we were resting behind our breast works. The enemy took advantage of the rain and the quietness of our troopers and again retreated. As soon as this was discovered our bands began to play. This was the first music we had heard for weeks, except the music from bullets and shells, as they zipped past our ears or went skirmishing over our heads.

June 6—We again moved closer to Big Shanty station and our advance soon found the pickets of the enemy, and the rattle of musketry was heard. The position of the enemy was soon learned. We had no orders to advance further, throwing up light breast works we camped for the night. We were drenched by another heavy rain in the night.

June 7—We were quiet today. Inspection in the forenoon. The weather was extremely warm. We received a large mail and as on our former occasion of receiving mail from home folks the boys seemed to be jolly and lively in face of the enemy, who might at any moment open fire on us.

June 8—We remained quiet behind our light breast works. No word of any kind was heard of the enemy.

June 9—A member of the First brigade was found guilty of theft and was drummed through our lines. I have often wondered what became of the poor dunce. No one knows but those who drummed him out of camp.

June 10—Marching was the order of the day for the 129th regiment. The 14th corps marched off before us and blocked the road, and we had to remain in camp. Firing was going on in the afternoon and sunshine was mingling with the roar of cannon and musketry. What was going on no one seemed to know. About all one could know was what was going on at front line. Beyond that one was not to know anything. You may understand from this that what is written here is but a small sketch of what happened along the length of a battle 20 to 30 miles long, as ours was at that time.

June 11—It continued to rain and our pickets were relieved. The roads were knee-deep in mud, almost impossible for our provision wagons and cannons to be pulled over them. Some firing was heard through the day. Marching orders came for the next day, the 12th. The rain continued to come down and there were no move made to march.

June 13—Big Shanty was ours, after hard fighting, and the whistle of freight trains were soon heard pulling into the station, while the rain came down in torrents. We were assured of something to eat by the constant blowing of the whistles of trains pulling into the station. I believe there were four train loads of provisions and ammunition standing on the tracks just back of our lines, ready to pull into the station as soon as the station fell into our hands.

June 14—The rain had ceased to fall and from all appearances we were going to have a day or two of sunshine. Heavy artillery firing was heard in the afternoon, but we remained quiet and drew rations and replenished our cartridge box to 100 rounds.

June 15—We began our pursuit of the enemy early in the morning, and advancing close to their line soon came in contact with their rear guard, and the skirmish fire began at once. We were marching by the flank, but in the afternoon, being near the enemy, we marched in line of battle amid a continuous fire from the enemy's rear guard. We lost our second ensign and several other men. Being close to the enemy's mark we had not yet reached our place of assignment. We continued to advance though the shots from the enemy's pickets was whizzing past us almost equal to a real battle. Our study forward movement soon drove the enemy's picket behind their breast works. We were then not more than 100 yards from the enemy's murderous artillery fire. We laid down on the ground, face down, and the elevation of the hill in front gave us some protection. Up to this time we had lost a number of men to gain this advantageous spot, and our losses continued to grow larger until the shades of night hid us from the sharpshooters, then we hastily threw up breast works. No sleep or rest that night. When morning dawned we were securely protected in our trenches too low for the enemy's cannon balls and too close for their shells to harm us and safe from musketry fire. In fact, we were in a safer position than the troops in our rear. Scarcely had the dawn of morning appeared when we were ordered to fall in line behind our breast works. The line being formed we were ordered to scale our breast works and advance upon the enemy's line of work. Despite the murderous fire they gave us, we advanced until ordered to lie down, which gave us no protection. Then the order came to arise and advance, but it was misunderstood, the regiment taking it as an order to retreat, which they did. The object of our advance was to protect the brigade that was taking our place in the new trenches we had built the night before. Our regiment was censured for this act, but the men that took our places gave us credit for what we had done. One of the colonels said boy, don't let corn juice order you to face certain death. Just how true his statement was I don't know, but I was convinced there was some truth in his statement. To advance meant death to the 129th regiment if it had been carried out as given. Fate had a hand in saving the lives of the men of that noble regiment, let the blame rest on innocent or guilty of disobeying orders—it was a God send for the 129th regiment.

June 16—The firing began early, almost at the dawn of day. The sharpshooters were very annoying, but they could not harm us behind our own breast works. The rebel artillery kept throwing shells at us but they fell on the ground before us or went far down the hill behind our line of battle. Some times it was amusing to hear a shell screaming over our heads and light in the rear of us, plowing up the dirt for several rods. Sometimes a shell would strike a tree, tearing the top of it off, which came down, making a thundering noise. All the time we were lying in our trenches, safe from shot or shell. Only one thing bothered us, our rations were getting scarce and the roads were so bad there was no telling when the

commissary would reach us as most of the road must be corduroyed before the wagons could be drawn over them and that kind of work takes time, especially in an enemy's country.

June 17—We passed a quiet night and the morning was still, not a sound of a booming cannon or musketry could be heard. It seemed the picket men were tired and wanted to rest in their dugouts or rifle pits. One rebel shouted that they had taken Joe Hooker and staff prisoners. Our men gave them the lie and asked them why they had left Dalton and Resaca so quickly, and how far was it to Atlanta, Ga. The rebels refused to answer these questions. Not long after these exchanges of words we were apprised of the fact that the enemy had made a hasty retreat and left the pickets in their pits to cover the retreat. Being somewhat elated over their retreat, our curiosity led us to examine their works, much better than ours. In many places the upper part of their works had been shot away and stains of blood proved our artillery men were superior to theirs. Our artillery men had proved they had been accurate at hitting the spot. We were not long in taking the trail after the fleeing rebels. One mile and a half we approached him and halted our brigade. We were in the reserve that day. A number of cannons were placed in our front line which assisted the enemy to make a hurried get away. Our cannons barked continuously at the fleeing rebels and was kept up until dark, when all was silent.

June 18—Nearly always, after a heavy cannonading and the smoke of battle had cleared away, rain would come in torrents, and that was what happened today. As hours passed the rain increased in violence and there were no prospects of it clearing up. Rain and mud did not seem to have the slightest effect on the fighting, as the roar of the cannon and musketry were heard among our whole line of battle. As the day passed on the fighting grew more fierce than the day before. The roar of the cannon and the cracking of the musketry had become almost unbearable, on our right and left, the deafening yells of a charge followed by the rattle of musketry and the peals of cannon. Our brigade was in reserve that day, which gave us a splendid opportunity to gain first hand information. Where one is engaged in fighting his opportunity to see is confined to his regiment. On this occasion we had a long line of battle but that we could see the maneuvers of the most of it, where the heaviest cannon and musketry firing was on our right, where our men were trying to force their way across a small stream of water, the possession of which meant much to us, as it did to the enemy. All attempts to drive them from their hold on that sparkling stream of water came to naught, they were too firmly entrenched to be driven away. All the forenoon the fighting was intense along the full length of our battle line. After noon, instead of increasing in violence, it gradually settled down to quietness. Just what was gained by that hard day's fight, would be a difficult question for one to answer unless they knew the position our troops held in the morning, and the position they held at the close of the battle. However, this we do know, our troops captured one brigade of rebels.

June 19—That dreadful slaughter of yesterday that occurred on the west side of Kenesaw mountain, caused many a mother's son to be taken from the battle field last night, and given

a soldier's burial on the battlefield, where he had fought so bravely for his country and its flag. Today we marched about one mile and a half to the right of the mountain, through marshes that seemed to have no bottom. The rain was coming down in torrents, and to make it more unpleasant, the enemy had to be driven before us, so we could get close to his trenches. In doing this work we at times got a warm reception of musketry fire, that made the wading through mud and water kneedeep an unpleasant job. While we continued to follow our skirmish line two of our men were badly wounded and Col. Case's horse was shot, being wounded so bad that the colonel had to leave the poor animal to its fate, and foot it with the rest of us boys. To our left, and near the Kenesaw mountains a heavy cannonading was heard. During the night we built the breast works: one hour's sleep was all we got. That night was passed with but little firing.

June 21st—We remained in our position all forenoon, adding additional strength to our breastworks. After noon we protected the 2nd army corps that advanced a short distance, taking a better position. Returning to our breastworks we were ordered to advance our position and form a straight line of battle with the 23rd corps, then came the work of erecting new breastworks began. With these changes and the building of breastworks we got but little sleep for two nights, which begin to tell on most of the boys. The incessant rain and the loss of sleep was almost unbearable. As the rain came pouring down the thurned of cannon and musketry on our left brought the sound of a fierce battle being fought. This all seemed to be only a preparation, for a more desperate and decisive battle to be fought in the near future.

June 22nd—The enemy was very active today in sending their shells across our breastworks to explode in our rear, doing no harm to us. In order to put a stop to this harmless noise Gen. Hooker climbed a tree in front of our regiment, to get a better view of the enemy and surrounding country. Soon we got orders to advance, and drive the rebels from Lost mountain, which was done by some real hard skirmish fighting. At times it had the rattle of a real battle being fought. As they retreated across a field, taking a stand in the edge of heavy timber the skirmish line could not drive them further. Our second brigade soon came to our assistance, and after a fierce fight for a few minutes the enemy was seen to stagger, break ranks and flee. This fight though short, cost many valuable lives. Our brigade on the left of the second had to cross this open field in the face of a murderous fire from the enemy's musketry. Our regiment lost four men in this short engagement. After advancing as far as ordered we begin to erect breastworks at the foot of a hill that was in the hands of the enemy. While at work the rebels kept up a study fire of musketry on us. They were in plain view of our works, and could see every move we made. Fortunate for us their shots went wild, but the hum of their minie balls could be heard high above our heads. They had not figured correctly the depression of the hills. However, we were not long in erecting our new breastworks which gave us ample protection from rifle balls. In the afternoon we continued work on our line of defense, and the rebels attacked the First division of the 20th corps and a part of the 23rd corps, making a desperate

to them, causing them to abandon the thoughts of trying to regain their lost ground. The fire of the enemy continued until night but little was done by their shells.

June 23rd—Very early in the morning we were relieved of our position we had taken from the enemy by other troops. We marched to the right wing where yesterday the enemy had attacked a part of the 23rd army corps. The rebels dead could be seen lying in most any direction one could look. It was far from being a pleasant looking sight, but one must remember such is the effect of war. Here our division and troops of the 23rd army corps, were gathered to make and attack on the enemy. Every detail for the attack was now made, and the men waiting silently for the order to advance. A grapevine report had it we would not advance until more was learned about the rebel position before making the hazardous move. The move was abandoned and we were scattered along the first line. Soon our cannon opened a tremendous bombardment on the rebel trenches, on Kennesaw mountain. Some damage was done to their breastworks and an occasional shot would plow a gap in their works that could be seen from our location. The rebels response to our cannon was doing us but little harm. The roaring of the cannon continued until night hid the view of the mountain from us. During the night our pickets advanced toward the enemy's lines without resistance.

June 24th—A part of our regiment was on picket. At the point where our line had advanced during the night, the pickets had intrenched themselves. At the dawn of morning, the rebels discovered the new works, and gathered to view the new condition that had sprung up in one night and of course satisfy their own curiosity. To convince them the new works were inhabited our pickets opened fire on them, causing them to make a quick haste to safer quarters. Now and then a head could be seen trying to get a glimpse of the new works, but a crack of our pickets' rifles would make it seek a hiding place. Occasionally a rebel would be seen to fall, his comrades would try to carry the fallen one away but the bullets of our men on picket came too fast, giving them too close a call. They finally gave up all hope of moving their dead, and the idea of taking a peep at our mushroom works that had sprung up in a night was abandoned. One of our pickets on our right was killed. As darkness began to hide us from the enemy we were relieved of picket duty, to take our place.

June 25—We remained quiet, but the day was fearful warm, and the firing on our front by the pickets, and occasional thunder of the cannon, from Kennesaw mountain prevented us from getting a quiet nap.

June 26th—More severe hot weather in store for us today. Heavy firing on our right and left, and skirmishing on our front, but no battles of any magnitude were fought, both armies seemed to be looking for a favorable chance to open the fray.

June 27th—Our first division at our left which had been further back, was ordered to advance, and get into a straight line with us. This was hot work driving a strong picket line of the enemy back, who were determined to hold their ground. At such times the artillery usually assist the advancing columns, which it did to day. The first division went to work with a will to do or die, and with the assistance of the artillery the rebels were soon forced from their position. Notwith-

standing the rebels gave up their position, they continued to keep up the murderous firing, going until night. The dense smoke that had settled over the field of battle was almost suffocating, and there was no way of getting away from it, until the cool breeze of the night carried it away. All the time the battle was going with the first division, our brigade was in its trenches waiting an attack, that never came. All night long we worked, making our breastworks more secure against an attack, and in camp every regiment was on guard until the work was done. Thus working and waiting, ended one of the most anxious days and nights we had experienced during the war up to this time. We were eager to learn the results of that day and night struggle, but all we could do was surmise. Nothing positive could be obtained, so contented ourselves with the thought that we had lost nothing, but probably had gained some points of advantage over the rebels.

June 28th—Most of the day heavy firing was going on and as night drew near the firing ceased. Some time in the night the rebels patrol came too close to our pickets and were fired upon, which aroused the whole camp. Regiments formed line of battle in rapid order, ready for an attack, but soon we learned what had happened. Quietly all disbanded, going to their tents for a little more sleep, if possible before the dawn of day called them for action.

June 29th—But little firing on our front today, and the boys took advantage of the lull by sleeping all they could, but heavy musketry firing was heard going on at Kennesaw mountain. At night the enemy attacked our left, and from the cracking of musketry, it must have been a determined one, as the firing continued long. At times it gave the impression of a real battle. Later reports said the enemy had been beaten.

June 30th—Very little firing along our line today. Gen. Butterfield started for New York. Our brigade commander, Gen. Ward, taking command of the division. Col. Harrison assumed command of our brigade.

July 1st—Quietness prevailed along our whole front line today, not the sound of musketry was heard. Clothing came for our regiment. Many of the boys were ragged and destitute of shoes. Several furlough members of the regiment returned to their respectful companies. We were in the first line of trenches, but in the evening we went to the second line.

July 2nd—By the break of day we were awakened and placed in line of battle behind our breastworks. The 23rd corps had been selected for a flank movement around the enemy's left flank, in our front. This was done to draw the enemy's attention to the flank move. No sooner had this movement commenced than our cannon opened a tremendous fire on the enemy in front of us. Our pickets were pushed forward and this caused the rebels to think we were preparing for a charge, and their attention was drawn to our movements, paying no attention to the flank movement going on. The 23rd corps must have been safely intrenched in their new position on the rebels flank. We could see that the rebels was making preparations to retreat. We received orders about 9 p. m., to be ready to march at day break.

This was proof to us the rebels had been flanked out of their position on Kennesaw mountain, and also the town of Marietta. We found only the pickets in their trenches the next morning, and our advance began early. Early in the forenoon we encountered

the rear guard, the rebels being aware of our early pursuit, having placed a number of men on their rear guard, to check our advance as much as possible, to give them a chance to get their main body of men over the Chattahoochee river and then await our approach. The rebels' rear guard was first seen in an open field too powerful for our line of pickets. One section of artillery began to fire on them, and they immediately replied with a larger number of guns than we had. Our brigade taking position in the rear of our guns, with our faces on the ground, the rebels shells exploded on all sides of us. Our position was dangerous, but every man kept his place, one shell of the rebels guns killed a member of Co. A., and several others were slightly wounded. Another shell of the rebels struck a gunner, tearing one of his legs off, tearing an arm, nose and part of his chin away. These unfortunate men lived until right when death relieved them of their suffering. The firing of the rebels guns became acute. As one of our guns had become disabled and not serviceable the second battery came to our assistance. Before this battery could begin its work the rebels fled. From here our regiment was sent to Marietta to see if the roads were clear of rebels. The remainder of our brigade held the position they occupied until our return. On this trip we took five rebel prisoners and brought them to camp on our return from Marietta. Reports had it that our whole army had captured 15,000 prisoners. After noon we were again pursued the fleeing rebels, overtaking their rear guard several times and exchanging shots with them. At last we found a place to camp that was well supplied with water, and built breastworks and camped for the night. On the right wing of our army, all was quiet and we got a good night's rest, which we sure felt in need of.

July 4th—The day passed quietly, until about two o'clock in the afternoon, when we were then ordered to advance, which we did without opposition from the enemy. Our advance was in the direction of the breastworks we had built yesterday afternoon. The roar of cannon was heard in the direction of the 23rd corps and later we learned that Schofield's 23rd army corps had received a dreadful hail of shot and shell from the enemy's cannon. As all was quiet on our front our bands played some delightful music, which reminded us that it was the Fourth of July. While the band was playing, quite a number of rebel deserters came into our camp, and they too seemed to enjoy the band music, especially one fine looking young man that talked freely about their lost cause. One of his remarks was, that all the southern blood given for their cause would be wasted, and what grieved him most, it would be the young blood of his country that would have to be given.

July 5th—The rebels continued their retreat and we marched a whole day without meeting resistance from them. On nearing the Chattahoochee river our front picket came up to their rear guard and a slight skirmish was heard, which brought silence by the darkness of the night. We camped on the banks of the river for the night.

July 6th—As no orders came to renew our pursuit of the rebels, we lay quiet in our camp until noon, when the order came for us to take our position on the left wing. In the night we began a skirmishing with the rebels on our front, which died away at the dawn of morning.

July 7th—The heat was growing intensity, and seemed as though we were to swelter under the scorching rays of a southern sun today, and a fair prospect of being drawn into battle if we ventured to cross the river. Fortune seemed to be in our favor, as the enemy retreated during the night. Our pickets found them some two miles away. No firing was done today, a peace treaty of some kind appeared to have taken place. The rebels sold southern papers to us and took coffee for pay. The southern soldiers were free to talk to us until our men were relieved when the cracking of musketry was heard long the full length of our front and continued until morning.

July 9th—Continued heat today. We remained quiet except the little work that was done in camp, and grape vine reports had it, we were likely to remain here for some days, and to make the camp more pleasant quite a bit of work was done on it. Silence seemed to prevail along the whole line.

July 9th—From a high elevation, what one may call a mountain, the houses in Atlanta, and the fortifications could be seen, and it looked to one from here that we had hard job before us to take the city by force of arms, however we consoled ourselves, that by a flank movement the enemy could be formed out of his stronghold without much hard fighting. We were ordered to pack up and go to the support of the line of skirmishers then came the order to remain in camp, until further orders were given. Heavy cannonading was on our right and left, and intense heat bearing down on us, and to add to the horror of the day, a rebel shell exploded in one of our ammunition wagons wounding the driver, and killing five mules. Then there came the thundering sound of the ammunition, that fairly shook the earth where we were located, followed by that dreadful smoke with its sulphur fumes settling over us. It was almost unbearable to one that was not in action. What must it have been those that were in action.

July 10th—We received orders to be ready to march at 2 o'clock a. m., then came the order to be ready at sunrise. We were ready at the appointed time and we marched a short distance and halted, remaining there sometime, then returning to our camp. A rebel major and 1400 men were captured near the river, while the balance of the enemy's force was crossing the river, from the north to the south. That night we drew three days rations, which indicated a move of some kind.

July 11th—A picket, a member of our regiment, was shot by a rebel picket, the bullet striking him in the head and he died instantly. We continued to remain in our camp, the heat still prevailing so intensely that northern men almost melted under its intensity.

July 12th—Again our camp was given a thorough cleaning, as their was but little prospects of moving soon, and the evening shower came, that somewhat cooled the air, and gave us a pleasant night's sleep.

July 13th—Another quiet day in camp, but the heat grew fiercer as the day advanced, until it became almost unbearable. We again replenished our haversack; every move today seemed to indicate we were preparing for a forward movement, in the near future.

July 14th—The occasional boom of the cannon could be heard at a great distance from us. This was kept up during the day and most of the night. In the afternoon we had quite a local shower of rain.

July 15th—A cool dark dismal day, we remained quiet in camp. No movement of the army could be seen from our location, but the orderly were busy carrying dispatches from one corps commander to another.

July 16th—Our pickets were stationed on the north side of the Chattahoochee river, and the rebel pickets on the south side of that river. The river was narrow at that point and one could throw a rock over it easily. There was no firing done by the pickets that day. In front of us all was quiet, but the rebels were prohibited from talking to our pickets. They were forbid going into the water. Our men were out of tobacco, and were continually asking the rebels for some tobacco. They did not answer by word, but occasionally would tie a piece of tobacco to a stone, and sent it whirling across the river to our men. For this kind act, our men would tie a bundle of coffee to a long limber stick and by giving the stick a quick whirl and jerk the string that held the sack to stick would break, and the sack of coffee would go sailing across the river, sometimes lighting far behind their lines. This sport was soon interfered with by the roar of a cannon on our left. At the first sound of cannon, the pickets on both sides jumped for their trenches, and some hot firing was carried on for a few minutes. However this firing was done more for a blind than to have any effect on either side of the pickets' line.

July 17th—In the afternoon at 3 o'clock, we left our camp and marched until late in the night in easterly direction, where we crossed the river on pontoons, laid ready for us to cross on. There was no resistance given us by the enemy at this crossing of the river, and after crossing we continued our march in an easterly direction, not stopping until we were about four miles from the river, when we went into camp for the remainder of the night. Having marched eight miles and crossing a river there were not many hours left for sleep in one night.

July 18th—We were again in line of march at three o'clock a. m., not by the line we had marched the night before, but in line of battle, for we were near the enemy, whose pickets had to be driven before us. But little resistance was given us through the day and just as darkness begin to settle over us we reached our camp ground, not for a night of sleep and rest, but for a night of hard toil, building breastworks. We were then close up to the enemy, and prudence told us to make our defense as secure as we could, during the night, for there was no telling what morning would bring forth. There was an unfortunate thing happened that night, a member of the 102nd regiment was sick and so worn out with the night's march that he lay down by a tree to rest, not being noticed by his comrades. In cutting trees to build the breastworks a tree fell on him and killed him.

July 19th—Quietness was on our front, and we continued to strengthen our breastworks. The heat was severe, skirmishing and heavy cannonading was going near us. Gen. Wood had taken command of the rebel forces, and declared his ability to keep the Yanks out of Atlanta. He would discard the pick and shovel, and use musketry, mixed with grape and cannistery as a defense of the city, in place of the pick and shovel. How well he accomplished his purpose by his new tactics, will be told in our next days' movements. Every movement by our troops had the ear mark of early conflict with the enemy.

July 20th—Today had all the appearances of not passing by as former days had passed. All preparations had been pointing to an early attack on the enemy, as all the sick were taken and placed in ambulances, or wagons where there was room for them to ride, and sent to the rear, to be placed in hospitals tents that had been provided for the sick and wounded. Men had been detailed to bring the stretchers to the regiment to carry the wounded from the field of battle. The men were ordered to have their cartridge box filled to 100 rounds of cartridges, men that had revolvers must see that they were in good trim for use and well supplied with shells. This order having been obeyed immediately after a somewhat delayed breakfast, which we were soon to begin. We had advanced but a short distance when the cracking of musketry was heard on our front, growing more fierce at every step of advance, until almost noon, when there was a slight lull in the firing. Reaching Peach Tree creek about noon, where the men got water to fill their canteens, and quench their thirst. The creek was very high, the rebels had built a dam across the creek below us that had backed the water up to quite a depth where we had to cross. This did not check our advance but a few moments, as bridges had been built for us to cross on, by the 14th corps as they came in front of us. After crossing the creek we came to an open field where we halted. The rifle balls of the enemy was spitting the ground all around us doing no harm to any one. The 17th corps was on our right, the 14th on our left, in position, while we remained in the open field. Between the two corps there was a gap, left for our troops to fill, but was not filled for the supposition was that the enemy would retreat as they had been doing, without showing fight. This, however, did not prove true. Johnson was not in command of the rebel forces. Hood had command, and he believed in fighting though the odds were against him. Our advance skirmish line would attack the rebel pickets, which seemed only to make the rebels determined to hold their ground. We then marched to our right wing of the 17th army corps, filling the gap between the 14th and 17th army corps. This position placed us at the foot of a long sloping hill. Here we stacked arms, our orders being not to go too far from our guns, as orders for an advance was expected at any moment. It was very warm, and we went to the shade of a thorn tree. Some went after water to make coffee, but a few had seated themselves under the thorn tree, but long before the water boiled to make coffee for the thirsty drinkers, the sound of musketry was roaring on our front, coming nearer as the moments passed, soon our pickets were driven in, who reported the enemy was coming in three lines of battle, and would soon reach an open field south of the top of the hill. As soon as the first shots were fired every man jumped for his gun, and we were off on double quick time, for the top of the hill, where we reached before the rebels could get a shot at us. Here we had the protection of heavy rail fence covered thickly with vines, giving us quite a bit of advantage over the rebels, as they were in open field, with no protection. Seeing we had beat them to their coveted spot, they seemed to weaken in courage, and did not rush upon us, but threw themselves on the ground near the rail fence and opened fire on us. Firing between the two contending armies now become violent, and not a

man of our regiment but who expected death. That terrible day will never be forgotten, that fearful slaughter, the smoke of burning powder rose slowly up, spreading its curly waves over the field of battle, until the whole battle field was a dense cloud of smoke, where comrades were snatched away. No one that was in that fray will ever forget, when cheers on our right came down the line, going on to our left, until at last it could not be heard. All our men rushed on the enemy with bayonets, yelling at the top of their voices, the scene that followed was a bloody one, but a glorious one for our men. Removing all thoughts from the rebels' mind that the Yanks would not fight them in the open field, the rebels not being used to such daring bravery, rose to their feet, making their retreat as fast as their legs could carry them. Now was the time for a harvest of dead and wounded, every man taking deliberate aim at a fleeing enemy, as they ran in front of us. The rebels dropped before that awful fire as ripe grain drops before a sharp scythe. After the rebels had run about four hundred yards they gathered and began to return the fire, which endangered their wounded who were lying between the two firing lines. A steady firing that began about two o'clock, continued until night. Our rail fence gave us quite a protection, and our loss was small compared to the enemy's. While we were fighting the enemy, our troops on our right and left was doing the same kind of work, that we had done. The rebels under Hood, were trying their best to whip the Yanks and had attacked our whole lines. Our right and left wing had to give way to the rebels and several of our cannons were captured by the rebels. In every instant the gunner would spike his cannon, making it useless to the enemy, before he left it. On our right and left where our troops gave way they rallied, and came back at the enemy, with such force they were whipped, on all of our front, yet the rebels soldiers can say they done one good brave fighting at Peach Tree creek that day, but Hood cannot say he was the master soldier that day, but Sherman was. Most of our wounded were taken care of during the fight at the hospital, and after the fighting ceased the last wounded were taken from the battle field and cared for. Our regiment lost ten killed and many of the wounded died afterward, which brought the dead to a much greater number. Our division took seven flags from the enemy, one being taken by our regiment. The barriers of three of these flags had to be killed to get their flag. The rebels wounded number was large and had laid on the battle field so long some of them died from loss of blood. During the night the living ones were taken care of at the hospital. They seemed to be so thankful for our kind treatment, that many of them gave the expression of it with tears in their eyes. Many of them were well supplied with tobacco which our men was craving. They willingly divided with them. The number of our wounded was great and had to be given medical attention during the night. The rebels wounded were given the best of medical attention our sergeants could possibly give them. The night was a sleepless one, as we had to build breast works and gather the wounded from the battle field. Every man had a job. It was my fortune to be placed in the hospital, to help take care of the wounded and dying. Several of the rebels wounded died that night, before the sergeants could get to them. No person

in that hospital that night, could ever forget the cries of the wounded for water, to quench their thirst, that was caused by a burning fever. It was an awful night to pass. We expected to repeat our day's work as the light of the next one came, but in this we were mistaken, the rebels had retreated from our front and quietness prevailed on every side of us. Our breastworks were of no use to use as we would soon have to leave them.

July 21st—Just how far the rebels had gone we had no idea, but scouting parties were sent out to locate them, but had not returned to camp yet. We went to work burying our dead, and as many of the enemys we could. General Hooker came riding by us as we were at work, collecting the dead for burial and stopped for a minute. When the boys gave three rousing cheers for Hooker and the 20th army corps, it brought tears to the General's eyes as he rode away. Hooker was a favorite with his men, and they always greeted him with a cheer. When the scouting party returned to camp they reported the enemy had retreated several miles during the night and was preparing to make another stand around Atlanta. The 14th corps was on our left wing approaching our destination, which was Atlanta. While this move was going on, heavy firing was heard on our left. At times it had the resemblance of a real battle. We remained quiet on the battlefield for the night and believe me we sure did make good use of the time sleeping.

July 22nd—Early in the morning we were in line of march, leaving the bloody field of battle, pursuing the fleeing enemy. Having left camp before eating breakfast, we came to the conclusion that breakfast, dinner and supper would all be one meal. Early in the afternoon we found the rebel pickets, about two miles from Atlanta. We could also see the rebels, busy strengthening their breastworks and fortifications. Pressing on nearer to the rebels, we did not stop until our pickets could go on further without suffering a great loss, so we stopped and entrenched ourselves. The rebels gave us no resistance until night, when they began an artillery fire on our breastworks, which was strong enough to afford us good shelter from the shot and shell. Our left, that pushed forward yesterday had to fight, and whip the enemy, as they had done on the 20th. The death of Gen. McPherson, who was killed by a rebel bullet on the 22nd, was a great loss to our army, and especially the 14th army corps.

July 23rd—The enemy had fight in their eyes to day, commencing to fire on us very early in the morning, compelling us to seek our breastworks for shelter. One of the shells struck our breastworks in front of Co. A., exploding, and sending the dirt in every direction, but doing no damage to the men. At noon our pickets were driven some distance by the enemy's pickets. As soon as our pickets began to advance on them they retreated, and our men occupied their old position. The night was a sleepless one. We laid in our trenches all night, listening to the hum of the rebels' shell and shot, and the barking of our heavy guns, that were sending a solid shot at the rebels fort every few minutes, all night long.

July 24th—Musketry and artillery firing seemed to be the order of the day. A rebel shell that struck two niggers, back of the lines, killed them both. Gen. Sherman demanded the surrender of Atlanta, but Hood refused to comply with his request.

When Sherman prepared to bombard the city with his navy artillery, and if possible compel them to surrender, many women who had been hiding in the woods from the horrors of war came into camp today, preferring to share the fate of the Yanks to that of the rebels. False alarm causes men to suffer as much, and sometimes more than a true one. Last night the alarm was given that something was going to happen, and that very soon, that robbed us of a night's sleep. We kept to our trenches all night, looking for the supposed happening. Nothing happened that we positively knew, but the loss of a night's sleep. When the dawn of day began to make its appearance we must find out who gave the false alarm, and when we do, we will make him wish he had never seen us. At that time we had two darkies with us, one called Uncle Ned, the other Jardon. Jardon, was a young nigger, while Ned was up in years and had been with us from the time he came to us at the porkery in Tennessee. Jardon was jealous of Uncle Ned, and he feared we would not keep both of them, so he wanted to get something on Uncle Ned, so we would fire him, and allow himself to stay with us. He had worked his scheme so far very well. The women who came to our camp from the woods were allowed to stay in our camp at least for the night. Jardon conceived the idea of giving out this false report, and the next morning told us that Uncle Ned started it, but Uncle Ned was too sharp for him, and as soon as he found out, we were trying to run down the report he came and said, "Moses, I did not start the false alarm, but I know who did." Jardon told me he thought it would be a good joke to start the rounds that something was going to happen tonight, and that very soon, and he asked Jardon where the joke was? And he said the rebel women were going to sleep in the Yankees camp tonight and this would keep the boys awake." Just what happened to Jardon is useless for me to relate, only to say, he went out of camp as fast as his legs could carry him.

July 25th—We remained in our trenches all the forenoon, as the rebels fire made it unsafe for one to be seen around in the open. The firing of the rebels' guns ceased about noon and in the afternoon a second line of breastworks was built closer to the enemy's lines. To make it very unpleasant for us to work, the rebels' sharp-shooter kept firing at us all evening. No harm was done to us, only it kept up looking out for what might happen. Some few was slightly wounded, but this however, did not stop the men from working on the breastworks that grew stronger and safer as the hours passed. At the approach of night, heavy firing of the pickets began, that continued until late in the night, when quietness prevailed on all sides of us, and the men slept soundly until the dawn of day.

July 26th—We were still working on our new breastworks, but did not move to them, on account of having marching orders. The rebel pickets and sharp-shooters were doing more effective work today than yesterday, several of our men being wounded by them. The enemy artillery was more quiet than usual, but ours sent more shells to the enemy's lines than usual. Orders came to march in the morning.

July 27th—Our whole brigade was received, to go further to our right, where we took position behind breastworks. Our men who were on picket was not relieved, to march with us, but were brought to us the next day by a staff officer, being exposed to a

heavy picket fire in many places they had to pass through. A member of the 79th Ohio was wounded in the hip, that disabled him so he could not walk to the hospital. His comrades not willing to leave him, they had hard work in carrying him to the hospital. The firing of the pickets were very violent today, and at several places along our front the enemy's pickets were driven back to their first line trenches, this being the case on our immediate front.

July 28th—Heavy fighting was going on at our right wing. We had orders to go there as soon as called for, and about 10 o'clock we left our breastworks, and was fired at as soon as the enemy noticed our movement. After marching several miles we received orders to return to our breastworks, that the enemy had been whipped, and our troops were able to hold the enemy on their front. Then the order came not to make ourselves too comfortable. Major Hooker gave up his command, to go north, and the men of the 20th army corps were very much displeased, for they were pleased with his generalship, and hated to see him leave them, and especially at this particular time, when we were facing the enemy, but this is war, you know what has taken place, but don't know what is coming.

July 29—Our whole division marched to the right to take position on our extreme right. Passing over the battle field of yesterday we could see the rebel dead and wounded scattered over the field in every direction. Judging from the balls that were sticking in the trees and logs on the ground the battle must have been a fierce one. The troops stationed there were in the best of humor, laughing and joking each other as they stood among the dead that lay on the battle field, and talking of the events of the day that had just passed, telling how the enemy had approached and then the slaughter and how the rebels fought until their ranks began to melt as snowballs under a tropical sun. They withdrew suffering a heavy loss on their retreat. The 17th army corps were the men who were in this battle and their loss was heavy but nothing to be compared with the enemy's losses. What seemed to take away the thoughts of their losses, was the glorious victory they had won over their enemy and prevented them from turning our right flank and causing us if possible to change our whole line of front. At night our division formed the extreme right flank. Here we erected breast works on all four sides of us, making a full protection from cavalry or infantry. We rested quietly in our new position and it seemed the storm had passed for a while at least.

July 30—The forenoon was spent quietly, no firing on our front and but little along our whole line, that we could hear. After noon we moved further east on our right wing and our place was occupied by other troops. We had not marched far when we met the enemy and a brisk fire began at once. Our division halted and formed a hollow square and at once began to entrench ourselves through the night. Occasional shots were heard but not in tensely to give alarm. We were on the extreme right and nearing the Macon and Atlanta R. R., and was liable to be attacked at any moment. We were too close to the rebels' cracker line which made them very anxious to see us driven away from our position.

July 31—Jefferson C. Davis commanding a division of the 14th army corps, was an inspection trip of the Atlanta and Macon railroad getting as near the railroad as he possibly could. We were ordered to lie quiet and be ready to March to Davis's assistance, if called for. In the evening Davis returned, having lost some of his men by the enemy's bullets. No attack was made on him by the enemy in sufficient force to cause any hard fighting. He reported that the railroad was strongly fortified and well guarded. As we laid quiet in our hollow square for the night we could hear the trains running on this road. Our slumber was somewhat disturbed by a heavy rain.

August 1st, 1864—The enemy's pickets came near our south line of works several times during the day and this maneuvering had all the earmarks of making an attack on us, or we could gradually come closer to him. They were aware of the fact, if we came closer and entrenched ourselves, it would be a difficult task to drive us out. All approaches to our hollow square was barricaded by cutting trees, felling them with the tops from our breast works. It was a difficult job and for one to climb through the top of a tree with any speed by slacking the advance of the enemy it would give us twice as many shots at them before they reached our breastworks. Our breastworks were irregularly built, but we felt safe from any attack of the enemy in our strong works. We began to wish the enemy would try us a few rounds at least, but they didn't think it prudent to do so and we were satisfied by bringing on a light skirmish on our south lines. To our left, heavy firing. In the evening there was an inspection of arms.

August 2nd—Our division was relieved by the 23rd army corps, which now held the right wing of the army. We returned to the left wing where the first and second division of our army corps was stationed, going into the front line on the Chattanooga railroad and relieved troops that had been placed there yesterday. They had erected breastworks during the night which we occupied.

August 3rd—In the morning, being behind our entrenchments and the enemy but a short distance from us, a heavy firing of the rebel pickets was going on. A member of our regiment was killed. He was fastening branches of trees over his breastworks to keep the sun off him and was hit by a rebel bullet and killed. In the afternoon two more of our men were taken in the same way. During the night we erected another line closer to the enemy's works. The enemy troubled us but little while we were working on this new line, they were too busy strengthening their own works. While our new line was not as strong and safe as we wished it to be, it was feasible.

August 4th—We continued to work on our new breastworks, but the rebels made it rather unpleasant work, as they kept up a continued picket fire on us. At 12 o'clock at night we went to our new works. The enemy not knowing of our making the change we were not molested by them, though the distance of our lines and theirs was short.

August 5th—Not long after the enemy had been driven from the Chattahoochee river, our pioneer corps began the building of a bridge for the railroad across the river. The bridge had now been completed and the first

trains reached our front at Atlanta. At the appearance of the train the yells of the soldiers and the firing of our pickets would make one not accustomed to the soldiers' tricks think a fierce battle was raging on our lines. The shrill whistle of the locomotive must have sounded defiantly to the rebels in our front. Our provisions had become scanty, so we felt rejoiced to see the arrival of the iron horse, for now sufficient quantities of provisions and ammunition could be had for both man and beast, which had been worrying our chieftans for several days.

August 6th and 7th—were very quiet days, nothing happened worthy of mention.

August 8th, our siege guns had arrived and been placed in position and the bombarding of the city of Atlanta began in real earnest. Judging from the roar of siege guns on our right and left our whole line was engaged in throwing shell into the city. At night we could hear plainly when a shell would strike a house and explode on the inside; it sounded like the crash of a falling building, followed by a tremendous roar of an exploded shell in the basement or cellar of a building. Soon the flames from the building that had been struck by shell would leap high in the air. The inhabitants of the city had been warned to hunt a place of safety as we learned from a paper that had been given us by a rebel in exchange for coffee. The citizens had fled to the most southern edge of the city and some had dug caves to be used for protection, from our shot and shell. These dugouts, as they were called by some, were not sufficiently strong enough to give protection to its occupants against our heavy guns. I fear many citizens were killed and wounded in that awful night of bombardment. War is a scene of horror and it must have been that night in the city of Atlanta, filled with refugees from the surrounding country. They may have been told by the rebels that they were safe from the Yankees shot and shell in that city. This is however, a mere conclusion on our part. We don't know what they were told but from what had taken place, from Chattanooga, Tenn., to Atlanta, Ga., they should have been wise in what might happen at Atlanta. Having been warned what would take place and they would not flee to a place of safety, what were we to do but let them experience the horrors of war, which they undoubtedly did. Sherman having seen that the refugees and citizens had not left the city he asked for the surrender of the city without the further shedding of blood of innocent women and children. This request of Sherman was refused by Hood. Sherman then begged Hood to have all the women and children moved to a place of safety. Hood refused to grant Sherman's request. Sherman had done everything he could for the protection of women and children and he could not be truthfully branded as being cruel to them. Hood was to blame for every innocent life taken at Atlanta. Hood was well aware of Sherman's purpose, fighting every foot of the way from Chattanooga, Tenn., to Atlanta, was for the purpose of taking Atlanta and now his army standing at the very portal of the city, he refrained from a forward movement that would be the cause of many an innocent life being taken.

August 9th—Every cannon along our whole front line must fire fifty shots into the city during the day. There were about 200 cannons on our front line, throwing shells into the city. The rebels opened a brisk fire of cannon on us at the first firing of our guns, but they were soon made to cease firing, and hunt protection from the bursting shells that were thrown from our guns. Several of the enemy's balls struck our breastworks, but done little damage to the works, which were bomb proof.

August 9th and 10 were quiet days. Capt. Burch who was wounded in the head at Peach Tree creek, took command of his company today. Co. D, of the 129th regiment, our boys were wild with excitement today over the report we were going to be issued Henry rifles soon. These guns were seven shooters, and a very dangerous gun for the enemy to face. The report proved to be grape vine news, as the guns never came to us.

August 11th—Our orders were to lay quiet in our lines today, but once in a while some of our men would fire a shot at the rebels' pickets who were firing at us continually. Once in a while their fire became very violent, when some of our men would send them a reminder. We were still behind our breastworks. About 10 o'clock p. m., when everything seemed to quiet down for the night, suddenly a tremendous fire of cannon and musketry was opened on us. We were soon in line of battle, ready for whatever might happen. We had thought the rebels would not dare attack us in our strong position. They were aware of the fact that if they were the attacking party and suffered defeat, that we had an open road into the city. This sudden outburst of firing on our lines was for the purpose of holding our men in line, while they made an attack on our lines some distance to our right. Their attack was a failure, as our troops drove them back to their own works, inflicting a heavy loss of killed and wounded, which caused them to ask for a flag of truce, to carry their dead and wounded from the field of battle, which request was granted them.

August 12th—Early in the morning there was heavy firing on both sides. All firing of late had but little results. We were about as close to the enemy as we dared to go, unless we made a charge on them, and this would seem to be a foolish undertaking. It seemed impossible to flank the rebels out of their position, soldiers on both sides, seemed to take it for granted, they must shoot it out from their present breastworks, as each day demanded its daily sacrifice of men, but this did not get us what we so much desired. We wanted Atlanta, and we firmly believed, as soon as Sherman laid his plans to his own satisfaction, Atlanta would be taken without very much hard fighting. The railroad from Atlanta to Macon was still open to the rebels. They no doubt believed we were afraid to try to drive them out of their strong intrenchments. They also thought that the capture of Atlanta by a forward movement an impossibility, so firing continued going on and when darkness began to settle over the two armies, heavy firing began on both sides. It was no night for sleep, but a night of watching and waiting for morning to come.

August 13th—The brush that was between our lines and the enemies was all shot away by musketry and cannon. Our works could be seen plainly by the rebels whenever our men showed themselves, and they were fired up, so it kept one close to his trenches. Most of the rebels had become good marksmen, and it was seldom their balls went wild of the mark. Seeing men on our right and left wounded or killed caused us to think, something must be done to stop the loss of men of our regiment. When night came we raised our breastworks several inches higher, and in some places a firing log was placed on the top of the breastworks, placing rocks or chunks of wood under the logs so one could see under the log. By doing this our men could take deliberate aim at the enemy and not expose themselves to their view. We found we were causing the enemy greater losses than they were us. When night came we laid the firing log back of us until morning, when it would be put in place in front of us. In the bombardment that was going on at night, if a ball or shell would hit the log in front of us dozens of men would have been killed.

August 14th—The enemy had slackened his artillery fire on us somewhat. Our bombardment of the city was heavy. The enemy attacked the 17th corps on our right, hoping to break through our lines, but failed in the attempt. Their losses were 500 killed and 400 taken prisoners. Heavy firing was again heard on our right and during the night a fort was built on our left, opposite the enemy's fort.

August 15th—The morning came in with thunderous sounds of cannon and musketry firing. Our pickets were again advanced a little, but the enemy was not aware of the fact until they discovered our rifle pits, that were nearly completed. On their discovery of the pits they sent their minnie balls after us in a hurry, but their discovery was too late, we were very well protected by our rifle pits.

August 17th—Very early in the morning our pickets reported that they could see regiments and brigades of rebels marching to and fro, as though they were preparing for some kind of move. Just what the move would be was all guess work with us, but we hoped it would be an attack on our breastworks. We had barricades built in front of our breastworks which would make it very difficult for them to pass through. They seemed to know this as well as we did, and all of our waiting for them was in vain. During the night we lost five men of our regiment.

August 18th—Some time before day-break the enemy opened a dreadful fire from all of their guns. The shells went over our heads and exploded far in our rear, doing but little damage. Occasionally a big hole would be blown in the ground by a shell hitting the ground before it exploded. Generally such firing was a token of an attack to follow, but we were prepared for what might come. Their artillery firing could not last long, and our artillery was making ready to make the rebels hush their noise, when our artillery was ready, they poured such a volume of shot and shell into the rebels that they soon hushed their noise, while our men kept the bombardment going most of the day. Heavy firing was heard on our right, Gen. Kilpatrick, with his cav-

alry, was in the rebels rear, south of Atlanta, tearing up the railroad and destroying valuable property, belonging to the rebels. From the roar of the cannons and musketry they must have had some hard fighting to do near the railroad.

August 19th—The rebels were very lively, early in the morning with their artillery fire. A few well aimed shots from our artillery, quieted them down. Pickets on both sides did not cease firing throughout the day. We lay quiet in our trenches to avoid unnecessary losses. Our commission sergeant, was shot through the right hand. It was somewhat damp and rainy.

August 21st—From all appearances the enemy had lost all feeling of hatred against the Yankee soldiers. No firing was going on between the two armies. We could leave our breastworks and walk around in camp without being in danger of the enemy's bullets. The day was spent pleasantly by our men.

August 22nd—The bombardment of the city continued throughout the day, several houses were seen burning. The picket firing was light; part of our army retreated today.

August 23rd—Our retreating army was not compelled to retreat by the enemy. The 97th Ohio regiment that belonged to our brigade, marched back to the Chattahoochee river, to build fortifications. We took their place, in order to fill up the gap in the lines. Each brigade of our division, had to stretch out a little so we stood one man deep behind our breastworks. Not a shot was fired on our front, as the enemy had not noticed our movements. We learned today this was the beginning of Sherman's strategy movements to draw the enemy out of Atlanta. The next move was that the whole 20th army corps, was ordered to retreat back to the Chattahoochee river, to make the enemy believe the whole army was retreating. At the same time the five other army corps were to retreat back a short distance, approaching the Macon and Atlanta railroad. The retreat of our brigade was to commence as soon as our brigade band played the customary marching tune, Yankee Doodle. As soon as the enlivening notes of this refrain rang out through the still air of the evening, our regiment formed in line and marched out, making as little noise as possible. Our pickets remained in front of the enemy, for awhile, retreated slowly, without making any noise if possible. Our siege had been moved the night before. As they were quiet all day, we wonder the enemy did not suspect that there was something going on, out of the ordinary day's performances. They judged all of our movements as being a retreat from Atlanta, and they were preparing to follow us as close as they could. So certain were they that our whole army had retreated, they called to the pickets, that kept their places for awhile, never mind Yanks we will find you again. In the morning, our retreat was very slow stopping along the road for hours at a time, reaching the river about 4 a. m.

August 26th—Major General Slocum, assumed command of the 20th army corps today, and presented himself to us today for our inspection. The first and second division went to the south side of the river and took their position on the right and left

Sept. 13th—Gorilla warfare was warning up a little and while our men were on their road to Atlanta, they were troubled with gorillas shooting at them, but no one was killed or wounded by them.

Sept. 14th—Our men were cautioned to stay near camp as marching orders were likely to be received at any time. Toward the close of the day we received orders to be ready to march at 6 o'clock in the morning. Five men from each company had to pack up and march to Atlanta that night.

Sept. 16th—At precisely 6 a. m., we were ready to march to the north side of the Chattahoochee river. At seven o'clock we passed over a part of the battlefield, where we had fought on the 20th of July. Between eight and nine o'clock, we reached our former entrenchments in front of Atlanta. We passed the graves of our fallen comrades who were sleeping silently beneath the southern soil awaiting the great day, when all who are in their graves shall come forth. As the thoughts came to us, of the hardships and joys we had shared together and now we were leaving them to sleep in a southern clime for the last time, tears were seen trickling down the cheeks of the soldiers as they moved slowly away from the spot. Then came the thought to us, that they had fallen in a glorious cause in defense of their country and their country's flag and the memory of those days should fill our hearts anew with more love for our country and its noble freemen. We had remained at this scene for some time, but under quite different circumstances to what our former visit was. Now peace and quietness was on every side while on the former occasion, shot and shell rained death and destruction on every hand. The contrast was to much for one to remain long at such a scene and not proclaim what Sherman was reported as saying, "war is hell." It snatches the young manhood from our bosoms, and leaves in its wake, death and destruction. I do not dare to try to describe the thoughts of the soldiers as they marched silently away from this scene. Each step they took was quickened until we reached our usual gate of march. Marching on we passed our former breast-works, then in quick time we were viewing the rebels' breast-works. Without further steps we marched straight through the city and about one mile south of the city limits, went into camp. After disbanding, soldiers were seen hurrying in every direction, hunting for water, not so much to drink as to wash their dirty faces. The day had been very warm and the dust in the city was four or five inches deep. The men perspiring freely and the clouds of dust they raised marching through it settled on their faces, must have given them a horrible appearance to the citizens of the town. Some of them were taken to be colored men by the residents. After water was brought to camp in abundance, they were not long in showing what color they were. Then all began in earnest to prepare for a long night's rest in the southern suburbs of the city. Then came the last and final ordeal of a soldier's daily life, preparing supper, when this is over and the roll is called you are at liberty to go to bed.

Sept. 18th—A more suitable camping ground was selected and the debris and brush that was piled on it, was cleared away. After several hours of hard work our new camping ground had a very respectable appearance. In the middle of the afternoon we received a large mail, being

the first we had received for several days. Here and there, one could see a comrade seated reading a letter from his mother, or perhaps it was from his sweetheart. Some would have a smile on their face and others would be seen with tears trickling down their cheeks. It was a pathetic scene. One could not understand at first why joy filled the hearts of some and yet there were those who could not rejoice with those who did rejoice. It was a mystery for a while, but soon the cause of sorrow was to be revealed. Comrade Arnold said, "boys, I have some sad news to break to you, some of Scott county's best citizens have passed away, Uncle John Campbell and Uncle Joseph Campbell have been taken," and on this statement, sorrow was the prevailing feeling of the camp. Most of the boys in a short time were busy in building a cabin on their new camp ground, as they thought we would remain in Atlanta a long time, but we had no assurance of doing so. All movements of the troops in and around Atlanta, pointed to an early move from Atlanta. Just what point would be our destination was all speculation as no one knew but Sherman, and possibly a few of his corps commanders. A heavy rain fell just at dark making the streets and camp ground muddy. The camp ground had been staked off so each company would be in a straight line with other companies of the regiment and each company had its one camp ground to take care of and kept looking as clean and respectable as his neighbors, or a little better if possible. Every five or six days some officer would make the rounds inspecting the camp grounds of the regiments and some times make suggestions, what improvements could be made. Some times we would hear him say, "boys this is sure a fine camp ground you have."

Sept. 19, 20, 21, were very rainy days and not much doing in camp. Review was announced for tomorrow and our clothes had to be brushed and cleaned, guns and belt buckles polished to make them shine, which gave us employment for the evening of the 21st.

Sept. 22nd—The parade announced for 12 o'clock today was postponed on account of heavy rain. We drew new tents and haversacks, and those who wore their old clothes were ordered to draw new ones by the brigade inspector.

Sept. 23rd—Heavy thunder storms. We dug ditches along the company streets to carry the water away from our tents.

Sept. 24th—Heavy rains in the morning, but in the afternoon the sun came out, making it very warm. More clothing was ordered for our regiment, as all the men had not been supplied with a new suit of clothes. It was commonly believed by all, that soon we would be on a campaign that would take us south, possibly it would be Mobile, Ala. This kind of talk was rated as grapevine news, and could not be believed by anyone.

Sept. 25th—Inspection of company and brigade in the forenoon. The railroad had been torn up on our rear by the enemy, but it caused us but little anxiety, as our commissary was well supplied with provisions.

Sept. 26th—The parade that was postponed on the 22nd, was to take place at eleven o'clock a. m., Our brigade assembled at the appointed time and marched to headquarters, where our division was assembled. On our approach to headquarters, the 33rd Massachusetts regimental band greeted us with some splendid music, and to the step of their music, we marched

to the parade grounds. Gen. Slocum, was our reviewing officer and his first review of our troops, after taking command of the army corps. The reviewing ground was rough and difficult for men to march over and keep a straight line. Gen. Slocum was well pleased with the performance of the 3rd division and we were not kept marching long. When we were ordered to halt, and right face, Gen. Slocum and staff came riding up to our lines, passing along in front of the column standing at ease. Here and there he would say, you must have a new suit of clothes. When he had passed the full length of the line, he rode a short distance to the right, to the road leading south into the city, when the order was given us to left face, file right march. When we reached the road we were given the order file right, placing us in line on the road about thirty paces behind our division commander Gen. Ward. Our brigade commander was then coming up to take his place at the head of the brigade, and keeping step to the music of the 33 Massachusetts band we marched back to our respective camps.

Sept. 27th and 28th, were very quiet days, especially in the forenoon. In the afternoon of the 28th, it was reported that the 17th corps, under command of E. P. Blair had a fight with the enemy and had defeated them. This report was not confirmed until late in the evening, when union soldiers who were wounded were brought to Atlanta.

Sept. 29th—Company drill for the first time since our campaign began. In the afternoon, battalion drill and drew rations a portion of which consisted of onions and kraut, which seemed to be quite a delicate dish with some of the boys, at least it was a change from hard tack and sow belly.

Sept. 30th—The day was spent in drilling, company drill in the forenoon, and regimental drill in the afternoon. Late in the evening it rained and continued to pour down until a late hour at night or until our camp was flooded with water causing a great disturbance in our slumber.

Oct. 1—At sunrise the day had the appearance of going to be a fine day and as there were no special order for the day's work, most of the boys took the day for wash day and a general clean-up. Early in the day we had been told that there was no work to be done today so the boys took their dirty clothes and went to the ditch where there was plenty of clear running water. The washing machines were operating all along the banks of that ditch. The work seemed to be

progressing nicely when the order came to be ready to march in one hour. There we were with our wet clothes and no possible chance to get them dry. What were we to do? While still thinking, the word came down the line, wring your clothes as dry as you can, fold them up and place them in your knapsack. When we reach our camp for the night, you can dry them by the fire. Believe me, the men was not long in getting their wet duds into their knapsacks and making a bee line for camp, there to finish packing ready for the march. This was not all done without a murmur for the air was blue with smoke from the words that was uttered by the enraged soldiers. At such a time one don't stop to think he is really to blame for such treatment. It was not the officers of our regiment or company. Neither could it be our brigade, or division commanders. Last but not least it was not our corps commanders. It must have been the

Johnnie Rebels that caused this hardship to come to us.

All our fuss about being disturbed about our washing was of no use, neither did it create a fire sufficient to dry our clothing. In a very short time we were in line of march, going through the town, in the direction of the Chattahoochee river. This was the time that Hood made his march to Chattanooga and Nashville trying to cut our cracker line and compel us to evacuate Atlanta which proved to be the death knell of Hood's army. We were to march to the Chattanooga river and prevent Hood from destroying the railroad bridge across the river and also prevent him getting in our rear at that point. The day being very hot, we suffered terribly with the heat in the first half of the march, then the clouds began to gather over our heads and darken the sky, with ~~peals of thunder~~ ^{peals of thunder} to be heard faintly at first. All signs pointed to a dreadful storm approaching as we plodded along our journey hoping to reach our destination before the storm reached us and make some shelter.

However, this we were not permitted to do as we hardly reached the last quarter of our march when the clouds seemed to open and pour out water upon us as if it had been poured from a bucket. This downpour continued until the road we were marching on, was a river of water almost knee deep. The thoughts of the wet clothes we carried in our knapsack had vanished from our minds thinking only of the dripping ones we wore on our backs. At times like this a soldier wishes himself far away from soldiering and resting peacefully and quiet at home by his own fireside with no one to molest or make him afraid. Then the thought would come to him, who is to blame for all this hardship and toil and the answer would immediately come to him, no one but the Johnnie Rebel and then he would say to himself, there will be no rest until the last Johnnie has been subjected or in other words conquered. Almost completely worn out we reached the river shortly after dark. Co. D., was ordered to remain on the south side of the river for the night, the balance of the brigade to cross the river and camp on the north side. The river was rising very rapidly and after placing the pickets we all prepared to get some rest and sleep. The night continued to be rainy with now and then a peel of thunder and the roar of the onrushing waters of the river threatened to keep one awake for some time, but finally our weary bodies were wrapped in slumber, to dream of the day's experiences and had lost all sounds of the rushing waters and peels of thunder only to be awakened by a terrible crash and cracking, breaking on our ears that aroused us from our slumber. We lay quietly in our bunks awaiting orders but there were no orders given. We were soon asleep again.

Oct. 2nd—As the dawn of day appeared, men were seen hurrying to the river, from every quarter of the camp to view the surging waters of the river that had during the night, swept away both railroad and wagon bridges, leaving Co. D., of our regiment on the south side of the river. During the night the waters had risen so rapidly, that Co. D., had to move its quarters to higher ground to keep out of the water. Provisions had to be sent to Co. D., by skiffs. By noon the river had reached its high mark. Our pioneer corps had come from Atlanta to lay a pontoon bridge across the river which was completed before

night. Co. D., then returned to our regiment on the north side of the river. About the time Co. D., was crossing the river, heavy artillery firing was heard in a westerly direction from our camp. Later we heard that Killpatrick had surprised the enemy at Sweetwater creek and gave them a complete drubbing. This news caused the men of our camp to rejoice. Preparations were now being made for building a new bridge across the river, and the workmen were brought from Atlanta to build this new railroad bridge. Gen. Rousseau, who was stationed at a creek between Tallahoma and Murphysboro had to retreat to the latter place as the enemy was threatening him with a much larger number of cavalry than he had.

Oct. 4th—The arrival of Gen. Sherman at our camps today was for the purpose of taking a view at our positions and after a careful inspection he gave the order for our brigade to move to the south side of the river and entrench ourselves, as large bodies of troops were leaving Atlanta for the north, to prevent Hood from cutting our communications. The 20th army corps remained in Atlanta and the river, which we were ordered to hold at all hazards and make our fortifications as secure as possible.

Oct. 5th—Wagon load after wagon load of ammunition and provisions were going north. Many stragglers were trying to find their regiments that passed yesterday. During the day and far into the night, the road was covered with wagons and men going north. As cold weather was approaching and our pup tents were not suitable to build a fire, our men kept on building cabins with fire places in them. The report came to us today, that Dalton and Marietta had been taken by the enemy and the main rebel forces were in the Altoon mountains, some 40 or 50 miles north of us in our rear. This did not worry us knowing we had plenty of provisions and ammunition to last us several months. We kept on making our cabins more comfortable to live in and still adding strength to our breastworks.

Oct. 6th—From reports this morning danger must be nearing us as we were ordered to finish our breastworks as quickly as possible and to hold this place at all hazards. All our men went to work making our breastworks as strong as we possibly could with the material we had to work with. The work on the railroad bridge was progressing rapidly and soon would be completed. The report was given out in our camp this morning, that 900 rebels had been surprised and taken prisoners who were tearing up the railroad track and they were compelled to rebuild the track, our men standing guard over them until the work was finished.

Oct. 7th—The damage to the railroad must have been more serious than first reported, as no trains had come from Chattanooga for several days. Trains from Atlanta and Marietta came bringing lumber to build the bridge. We had learned from a dispatch bearer between Thomas and Sherman that Thomas had met the enemy under Hood on the fifth in the mountains and whipped them and compelled them to run away. This news was gladly received by us. We drew more clothes today, as the whole army must be clothed anew, before a move farther south could be made. 105th, Ill., regiment that remained on the north side of the river was fired

on by guerillas today. A few shots from our boys soon made them scamper away to a place of hiding. Most everywhere along our whole lines the guerillas were very bold, but they seldom caught us knapping. In several instances they lost one or two of their men, before they could get beyond the range of our rifles. Our boys had learned to put cloth patching on their bullets as it would send the bullet further and more accurate to its mark.

Oct. 8th—Not being satisfied with our present breastworks we erected another line, making our position sufficiently strong so we would be able to hold it against an attack from a superior number. Rumors had it that we would remain here this winter, but such rumors were doubted by men of thought, who had taken notice of the war spirit, that Sherman had shown ever since we left Chattanooga. He had not allowed the enemy to rest long at a time and why should he now give them time to gather a great army to oppose him four or five months from now. This kind of news was soon discredited and instead of being kept idle in our quarters we would be trying to break the rebels' neck this winter by marching on to Mobile or Charleston. What would we be doing this winter was discussed from every angle. A courier from Marietta brought the news that a large number of rebels were marching on the Marietta road in the direction of the river. The wagons men who were sent to Marietta had got word of the rebels coming and returned to the river. We waited for the enemy to come but our waiting was in vain, they did not come. They had side stepped us passing to our left and going north some 20 miles to cross the river and reinforce Hood who was hard pressed at that time by Pap Thomas. After the danger of an early attack had passed away, we began to strengthen our breastworks, putting abatises in front of our works so as to make it almost impossible for men to get to our breastworks. At any rate their advance would be so slow it would give us a chance to kill or wound many of them before they could reach our works.

Oct. 9th—The first day of rest, we had for a long time being Sunday and rather chilly. Most of the men enjoyed themselves, sitting in their cabins by the fire. The railroad bridge across the river had been completed and the first locomotive crossed it late Sunday evening to try its strength. The first mail to leave our camp for many days was sent on its northern journey today which proved to us our cracker line was open and their was no danger of being starved out. Our brigade was ordered to fully equip themselves with shoes and clothing. I applied for both but was refused, then I asked that my clothing be inspected which was granted, and the inspector pronounced them plenty good to last until I would have an opportunity to draw others. This decision of the inspector was final and I had to abide by it. The soles of my shoes were badly worn and a month of hard marching would get the best of them but my clothes could be made last me for several months.

Oct. 10th—Our brigade courier who was sent to Atlanta with dispatches was taken prisoner on his return trip and shot by the guerillas who took his arms and horse. Later his friends found him lying in the road a corpse. Too many of our brave couriers were taken in this way and something had

to be done to stop it. The guerillas were killing the drivers of our provision wagons and taking their mules. It had become almost an every day occurrence. To make it more safe for teamsters and dispatch bearers, they would be accompanied by a heavy guard between the river and Atlanta and soon our trouble of rebel guerillas were ended.

Oct. 11th—Cattle that had come from Chattanooga a foot had to pass on through Marietta to Atlanta were now sent through with heavy guards. These cattle which were possibly fat cattle when they left Chattanooga were now so poor they would hardly make a shadow. They were butchered just the same as if they had been fat, and issued to the soldiers for beef ration, when in fact they were nothing but bones. No one was to blame for the cattle being poor, for I am sure they were brought through in as good condition as it was possible to bring them, and a little bone soup was better than nothing, and a few bones added to the water would make a hungry soldier a very good meal. Grapevine news had it that Richmond had been taken, but few gave credit to the rumor.

Oct. 12—Cold and chilly weather made it pleasant for one to sit by the fire in his shanty, and believe me, those who were not on duty spent the most of their time in sitting by the fire smoking their pipes.

Oct. 14—Each day that passed made our position more safe for us from an attack for the enemy, for each day some little defense would be added to what we already had. Some one could see where some improvement could be made on our works and would go to work and put his ideas into effect. We received mail today, being the first for several days. At the present time the news seemed to be kept from being circulated through the rank and file of the army, which indicated the forerunner of some great move of the army of the Tennessee. Just what this move is to be is only conjecture on our part.

Oct. 15th—We began to feel very anxious about Thomas, as our trains did not leave here and no mail received. Our telegraph communication was cut, so no word could come to us of what the enemy was doing in the north, or whether reinforcements sent Thomas had reached him is to prevent the enemy from overpowering his army, and taking complete control of our line of communications. This seemed to rest heavy on the minds of all of our brigade stationed here, and to relieve the pressure a little from the minds of the men a five day rations and some whiskey was issued to every soldier.

Oct. 16th—This was a day of rest and everybody done as they pleased so long as he did not tramp on somebody's toes. The company commanders turned in the muskets of our dead and wounded soldiers to be shipped north.

Oct. 17th and 18th will be crowded into one day. Four hundred mules brought from Atlanta and neighborhood to the river, to be put on pasture, was guarded by a detachment of pontoniers were surprised by the rebels and nearly all of the mules were taken away from them. It seemed as though it was a little carelessness on the part of the guards in letting the rebels take them by surprise, and taking seven of them prisoners, before the rest of the guard had learned

what had happened. Before reinforcements could come from our camp to their rescue the rebels had fled with the booty, although we were less than a half-mile away from them. A detail of fifty men were taken from the brigade to go foraging. As they expected to be out for several days they drew five days' rations and forty round of extra cartridges to the man, making each man's rounds of ammunition 140 rounds. The wisper went the rounds in the camp to day that we were soon to draw our back pay, but little credit was given this report. Signs of rain were beginning to show in the west, and all was fearful that tomorrow would bring rain.

Oct. 19th—Early in the morning the foragers could be seen cooking their breakfast, and preparing for the day's tramp in the country. About 7 o'clock they left the camp, accompanied by a large number of wagons which they hoped to return to camp being well filled with food for man and beast. This was the first foraging party that had gone out since we began the campaign last spring. Not being with this foraging party I will not be able to give any of the happenings on their expedition but will wait for their return to camp, to give the account of their lot which will probably be three or four days hence.

Oct. 20th—A quiet day in camp. The men were gathered in squads, talking about the foraging party that left our camp yesterday morning. They were given both success and failure, for we all knew that the rebels were roaming the country, in large bands. Some would say, what can 50 men do with a hundred and fifty rebels. All kind of conjectures were given, but the real fact was never taken into consideration. If they were attacked by a cavalry force, they could use their wagons as barricade, and fifty men thus protected could hold 200 cavalry men at bay as long as their ammunition would last, thus the day was passed and no word was heard from the foragers.

Oct. 21st—It seemed that another anxious day would be spent in camp, as no word had been received from the foragers, that was now going on its third day out of camp. The day was passing quietly, men had nothing to do but talk and whittle, and believe me, the whittling brigade was a strong one, and could be reinforced at very short notice. About 4:00 o'clock p. m., the quietness of the camp was disturbed by the appearance of the foraging party coming into camp, with all six wagons loaded with corn, potatoes, pork, flour, beans and honey. They reported having had a good time, and no rebel soldiers were seen. At one or two places they had seen signs where rebel cavalry had camped. One citizen told them that there was a brigade of rebel cavalry in the neighborhood and would cut off their return to camp. On learning this they decided not to return to camp on the road they came out on, but take a different road to camp. This made the distance to camp some five or six miles further, but in doing so they hoped to avoid meeting the enemy, which they did.

Oct. 22nd—We received a large mail today. The wind was blowing cold and we spent most of the day in our cabins, sitting by the fire.

Oct. 23rd—Most of the boys were busy writing letters to their folks, the paymaster had arrived and we were to be paid tomorrow.

Oct. 24th, 25th and 26th, nothing of importance happened until the 26th which was a rainy day and kept most of the men inside of their cabins, smoking their pipes or chewing long green.

Oct. 27—It continued to rain, but we had a mock election for president. Lincoln received the largest number of votes. McClelland was far behind him. Rumors were coming thick and fast that we were soon to be on the tramp again. Just where we were going was not to be known by the rank and file of our army.

Oct. 28th—Our trains were coming from Chattanooga, regular now. The railroad track had been repaired and we hoped the country near our cracker line had been cleared of rebel soldiers. We, at this end of our lines, had to patrol the road from the river to Atlanta, day and night. This was a dangerous business as the guerillas were on the watch for us and we lost several of our men while we were doing this kind of duty. Occasionally we would hand them a surprise by killing or wounding some of their men. However this was a seesaw game and didn't count for much in the way of suppressing the rebellion. While we were discussing the patrol subject, its benefit and losses to our army the order came to our camp to pack up and be ready to march at a moment notice. No information was given as to our destination, but rumor had it that we would not go north, but south, deeper into the heart of the rebellion. This rumor pleased us, as we preferred to soldier in a warmer climate than we would expect to find in the north. At this time the unexpected order came for our brigade to detail fifty men to go on a foraging expedition in the morning. We knew by this order we would not go on a tramp for three or four days, as it would take three days for our foraging party to go any distance into the country and return to camp.

Oct. 29—Early this morning the foraging party that was detailed yesterday left camp with six wagons, each wagon drawn by six mules, to go into the country in search of feed for both men and beast, and as I got it from one of the party, they marched 20 miles into the enemy's country, that first day. The next morning close to where they had stationed their pickets, they found plenty of corn.

Oct. 30th—The foragers reported they found plenty of forage in the neighborhood close to their camp for man and beast, and they soon filled their wagons with corn, calves, hogs, chickens and turkeys. So anxious were they to take all they could get and pile onto the wagons, that the teamsters had to forbid them piling anything more on the then overloaded wagons. Here let me relate what one of the foragers told me happened. Sergeant Shnell of our regiment was one of the party detailed and he found where there were plenty of chickens and he took four men with him to get the chickens. The lady of the house protested against his taking the chickens. He had all the chickens caught, two piles of them so he said, "lady, we are going to be fair with you, which pile will you take. She said she would take the left hand pile. Very well, said the sergeant, boys gather up the right hand pile and carry them to the wagon and turning to the lady he said, "lady, we will be back in a few days to divide with you again."

Nov. 1—The foraging party that left camp the morning of Oct. 29th came to camp late at night with their wagons loaded down with all kinds of provisions for man and beast and now that they had returned we were expecting new orders to be given us at any time.

Nov. 2nd, was a rainy day and cold, evacuation of Atlanta was going on briskly, and all the cannons captured were sent north. The general talk of the camp was that our next march would be to Savannah and possibly the sea coast. However this news was not authentic and was disbelieved by some, but we were sure a move of some kind would be made soon, and we were confident it would be south.

Nov. 3rd—More rain and cold weather, making a fire in our cabins pleasant to set by. Atlanta was being evacuated daily, trains of wagons that belonged to the 15th army corps, stationed at Marietta and Kenasaw mountains had been ordered to Atlanta to load with provisions and ammunition for the expedition. Every move seemed to tell us a tramp was near at hand.

Nov. 4th—Orders for all surplus clothing to be packed and sent north, as we were going on a march, but nobody knew where, but our generals, but everything pointed to the south, where it was warm, and we would need but little clothing. The day of our departure had finally been set, Monday, the 6th. The 20th army corps belonging to the army of the Cumberland was now attached to the army of Tennessee.

Nov. 5th—We were no longer kept in suspense, the orders were given to pack all our belongings in our knapsacks and be ready to march in the morning at an early hour. The 70th Indiana regiment that had been stationed at Landtown arrived here in the evening. Everything and everybody was now ready for the march, but to our great surprise at 12 o'clock at night we received orders not to march tomorrow, but wait for further orders. Speculation ran high, as no cause of our marching orders being countermanded was given. Guards were detailed to guard the city and keep the city from being burned. Threats had been received from the rebels that they would burn the city and drive us out. We were not afraid of being driven out, but we were afraid they would slip in and burn the city.

Nov. 6th—Wagon trains of the 15th army corps continued to come, going to Atlanta. This continued the whole day long, coming empty and returning loaded was a sure sign that Atlanta was being evacuated.

Nov. 7th—On the road between the river and Atlanta two government wagons guarded by a small guard was surprised by guerillas, jumping from the bushes in front of the mules and stopping them. They took the mules and two soldiers with them. This happened close to our picket lines. The guerillas were busy on the road running from the river to Atlanta, as that road was our main traveled road going to Atlanta. All of our wagon trains going or coming on this road was accompanied by a heavy guard of soldiers.

Nov. 8th—All anxiety of the soldiers was now to hear the results of the November election in the north. Still we were quite sure Lincoln would be elected. It seemed as though Atlanta would never be emptied of this government supplies, as trains after

trains of wagons were passing daily. All the inhabitants left the city, some going north, but many of them went south, saying they had no friends in the north.

Nov. 9th—An alarm of a serious nature came to our camp today, as heavy firing was heard in the direction of Atlanta, commencing about 8 o'clock a. m. We were rather slow to believe it was an attack from the enemy, but was the blowing up of the forts. Soon we learned the cause of all the cannonading, that 15,000 rebels had attacked the 1st and 2nd division, and two brigades of the third division that was stationed there. We had heard that the rebels had been seen in the neighborhood of Atlanta, but we gave no credit to the report. The rebels launched their attack from the south side of the city, being that part of the city where our former entrenchments were. The pickets were stationed a good distance south of the entrenchments and they gave the alarm of the approach of the rebels in time for our troops to fall in line and be ready to receive them. When the rebels neared the entrenchments the union forces opened upon them, halting the rebel advance for a minute, when they rallied and came close to the entrenchments, when a terrific fire of musketry, grape and cannister were given them, completely breaking their ranks, and sent them on the retreat. Another shot of musketry, grape and cannister were given them when they fled in disorder. The rebels killed and wounded left on the field were 500. Our losses were less than 100. Thus ended the Atlanta campaign.

Our day of departure from Atlanta was fixed today, Nov. 15th. Our orders were to have on that day in our haversacks, coffee for 10 day's rations, sugar for five day's rations, salt for 10 day's rations, bread for two and meat for two days' rations; 60 rounds of cartridges in our cartridge box, one shirt, one pair of drawers, one pair of socks, one woolen blanket, one rubber blanket and one half of a pup tent. No person was allowed to carry more than the articles named. If they did and gave out on march and was resting, the prov guard that followed every division came upon him, his knapsack was searched and articles found in his knapsack above those mentioned were thrown away. At first this order seemed to be a little harsh, but on second thought they were for the benefit of the soldier, as many of us had never had the experience of a long continuous march as were about to start on, and knew nothing of our actual needs.

Nov. 10th—No word about the enemy came to camp, even the guerillas were behaving themselves, yet our wagon trains going and coming from Atlanta to the river were heavily guarded.

Nov. 11th—On one occasion, where two wagons were going to Atlanta, guarded by 12 men, the men, wagons and mules were captured by six guerillas. Just what tactics the guerillas used in capturing these men we never knew, the guard must have been surprised or the guerillas were regular dare devils to attack two men to their one.

Nov. 12th—The news of the election in the north reached our camp today. There was great rejoicing through the camps from the cheering that was heard on all sides of us. Then came the thoughts to me of the old saying, never trade horses while crossing the

bridge. If that saying was true how much more important would it be to hold on to the one president until this dreadful crises of war and destruction had passed, Lincoln seemed to be the right man in the right place. This afternoon the destruction of the railroad track from the river to Marietta began in earnest. The rails were pried loose from the ties and the ties piled in large stacks. The rails were placed on the pile of ties with the center of the rail to blood heat. Men would take hold of each end of the rail and give it a half twist and sometimes they would carry the rail to a tree and bend it around the tree. The fires along the railroad as far as one could see was a fine sight, with Marietta and Rome burning, the smoke soon covered the skies for miles around us. The light from the burning ties and buildings reflected in the smoke above our heads and had the appearance of a setting sun behind a cloud and could be seen for many miles away. No doubt many people living at a distance from the scene were wondering what it all meant, and possibly some of them thought the end had come, and time would be no more.

Nov. 13th—The 15th and 17 corps passed by us yesterday, on their way to Atlanta. We were ordered to be ready to march in the morning. Everything in our camp must be destroyed that would be of use to the enemy. The new railroad bridge and railroad that we had built on the south side of the river must be destroyed. The railroad bridge was burned and the railroad torn up. The rails were made useless by heating and twisting them. Some of the rails were dumped into the river after they had been twisted. Everything was completely destroyed and the day of our departure had come. Our first move was to Atlanta, where the 20th, 14th, 15th and 17th corps were assembled. The 4th and 23rd corps, that had been with us all through the summer campaign were to go to the assistance of Gen. Thomas, in driving Hood out of Tennessee. About nine o'clock we set fire to our cabins and when they had burned with their contents, we were ready to march for Atlanta, which place we reached about five o'clock p. m., and camped on our old camp ground in the city. Fort after fort was blown up, and what the shot and shell did not destroy the flames did. It was an awful destruction of property, buildings that cost up into thousands of dollars, were nothing but a pile of ruins. What was once a beautiful city was now a total wreck and ruin.

Nov. 15th—On the arrival of the 14th army corps, the hour for marching was fixed at 9 o'clock a. m. The destruction of the city had been completed, and smoke of the burning debris settled over the city, being wafted aside by the wind. Here we received our last orders before starting on our march through the heart of rebel territory. This was for the purpose of dividing the rebel forces east and west, and to make those living in this supposed country that was free from army invasion, to feel the heavy hand of war, so we were ordered to destroy everything before us that would be of benefit to the rebel army, mills, factories, cotton and railroads. Foraging parties were allowed to drive cattle, hogs, horses and mules to camp and turn them over to the quartermaster in charge of their corps. No one was allowed to appropriate anything to his own use

that could be brought to camp. It was getting along close to ten o'clock when all these orders were given, when three rousing cheers were given for Gen. Sherman. At eleven o'clock we turned our backs on the ruined city of Atlanta with the thought perhaps in the mind of every soldier we were bidding goodbye to that city of ruins for the last time, where so many lives had been sacrificed for a cause that was yet to be won. The rebel papers were full of the most willful lies about Sherman and his army that man's mind could conceive of. They were telling the people that Hood had cut off Sherman's retreat to the north, compelling him and his army to go south through a country where they all would be killed or captured before they could reach the sea coast. This news was sure to reach the north and many living today know the affect it had on the northern people. Let us now return to our order of march. The 20th army corps was to take the road from Atlanta to Decatur and march by order of divisions, our division being the third. We had to be the last to leave the city, each division wagon train must follow its division. The weather was damp and our marching was rather slow, as so many wagons had passed over the road and cut it up so badly that it made it almost impossible for our wagons to keep up with us. We ar-

rived at the small town of Decatur late at night and about 2 o'clock that morning we resumed our march. It was cold and one would have nearly frozen, but to relieve us from our suffering from the cold the troops ahead of us had set fire to the fencing and at places the heat was so great our ambulances had to go through the fields to keep from being scorched. On looking back over our line of march, it had the appearance of Sherman's order being fulfilled to the letter. Bright lights and dense clouds of smoke showed plainly the road we had come. We marched all night through a cold drizzly rain. Just as the sun began to show in the east we halted at a creek.

Nov. 16th—We prepared our breakfast, but before we had hardly time to eat it, the sound of the signal to fall in line was given, and tired and exhausted as we were the march continued, the second division taking the lead, the third the center, and the first the rear. The country through which we were passing was brushy and no inhabitants were to be seen.

The marching was slow, on account of the men being so worn out and having loss of so much sleep many of the soldiers would fall asleep if we halted for a few minutes. About noon we reached Stone mountain and in the afternoon we came to a river called South or Yellow river. After crossing this river we went into camp on the road leading to Social Circle.

Nov. 17th—The marching was more brisk today, the men had been refreshed by a good night's rest, and the promenade was being stepped off on quick time. The country began to look more suitable to our wants, than it had for the past two days. Calves and hogs were more plentiful, there was no trouble for us to get whatever kind of meat we wanted. A shot from a revolver would bring down a calf or hog, then it was "boys help yourselves," and believe me, they were not long in obeying the command. Most of

the inhabitants of that country we found at home, not having time to leave before our arrival. Kitchens and cellars were opened to us, and everything of any value were taken. No attention was paid in the weary faces of the occupants of these homes. The houses were left these homes. The houses were left unharmed, as they were mostly all inhabited. This was a great day for the ingathering of food. About eight o'clock we camped near Social Circle. As all the men had not been informed in messes of two, the formation of messes were completed tonight. Each man carried a pup tent, or I should have said one half of a pup tent, and when two men messes together, they carried a full tent for two men. Thomas Mason and I had messed together from the time we left Chattanooga, and we had no change to make.

Nov. 18th—Not being in a great hurry this morning, we reached Social Circle about 10 o'clock. The railroad at this point ran to Augusta and other points. The inhabitants had fled and going to the right or left, they would be sure to be taken by the 15th or 17th corps. Those who went to Augusta escaped capture. The depot and the railroad track was destroyed, the town was completely plundered and everything that was of any value to the enemy was destroyed or taken. We took dinner here having plenty of time to prepare it and with the abundance of food taken yesterday and today you can imagine we did not suffer for anything that was good to eat although you may not have relished the soldiers' cooking as we did. We thought it was simply a grand treat. The weather was warm and the roads dusty. We went into camp at 10 o'clock p. m.

Nov. 19th—Leaving camp early, our day was to be a busy one tearing up railroad track in the direction of Madison. The country through which we passed yesterday and was passing today was poorly supplied with water. It was beginning to tell on the men and we were only getting water sufficient to do the cooking. Working, tearing up the railroad track and marching was hard work. Men needed water to drink and plenty of it if they were to do the best of service. No word of complaint was heard from the men as they knew the officers were not to blame for the condition in which we were placed. With these thoughts running through our minds, they worked, tearing up the railroad, burning cotton and cotton gins and bridge timbers that were stacked up along the railroad track and making their advance south as fast as possible under such trying circumstances. The country was well supplied with cattle, hogs and mules, and our foragers brought in great droves of them to camp. About one o'clock we reached the town of Madison, where a large number of negroes had gathered, both male and female, to see the Yankees, who they had been told had horns. Their masters had fled from their homes on the approach of the Yankees. The colored people had heard their masters say that thousands of Yanks would be in town today, and those who lived far out in the country came in, carrying their little bundle of clothes with them. On each side of the street the dark cloud of humanity stood as far as one could see, slapping their hands, and saying, "God bless you." After

we had reached the center of the town, our brigade formed a hollow square around the court house, and the band began to play. The negroes and whites of the city and surrounding country gathered around the band to listen to the Yankee music. The negroes are dear lovers of music, and they had become so overjoyed in seeing the Yanks and now they were so enthused with the music that they began to dance and shout at the top of their voices, "God bless the Yankee," and saying this was the happiest day of their lives. While resting here the depot, railroad and a negro prison, where negroes were tied to a block, and whipped, were given to the flames, several houses were burned, and bales of cotton also. Water was now plenty, as it rained hard in the evening. We marched about four miles out of town and camped for the night.

Nov. 20th—Although the rain continued to pour down, we left camp about 7 o'clock a. m. The roads were in bad condition, making our march today a disagreeable one. The country we were passing over was hilly, sparsely settled. Our brigade was in the advance, and as foraging parties were not allowed to go in advance of the army, we were well supplied with chickens, turkeys and honey for our supper and breakfast. Marching was slow on account of the bad roads. We stopped our usual time for dinner, one half hour, then continuing our march to about four o'clock p. m., we went into camp near a town called Eaton, our cavalry occupying the town for the night. The male population of the town had all left and only the females were left to greet us. At several houses a large number of the ladies had assembled, and as we approached them they waived their handkerchiefs at us. It was hard to tell whether they were glad to see us or wanted to make friends with us to save their property, and we never learned. As the evening was drawing near we heard artillery firing in the direction of Milledgeville, and we thought more than likely we would come in contact with the enemy at that place. Gov. Brown of Georgia had gathered all the militia there, with the determination of holding that place as long as he possibly could. Late in the afternoon the rain began to come down, and continued through the night.

Nov. 21—By six o'clock we were on the march to Eaton. Here the colored people of the town received us gladly, and when we burned their prison, their joy bubbled over, saying "God bless you." Many of them wanted to shake our hands, and here and there, an old gray headed negro would be seen with tears running down his cheeks, saying "God bless the northern white folks." The depot, railroad and water tanks from Gordon to Eaton had all been destroyed by us and the troops on the right. The roads were getting in a terrible condition, and in some places almost bottomless. The afternoon was more pleasant and our marching became more lively than it was in the afternoon. About five o'clock, after tramping off about ten miles, we went into camp in a field that belonged to a rebel quarter master. Our brigade camped near the plantation, which was well stocked with hogs, geese, turkeys and chickens. In the house we found flour, meat, molasses, sugar and salt, everything that was needed to make one a square meal, which soon became the property of the Yankee

soldiers. If one could have seen this beautiful plantation before the Yankee invaders came and then after they left, he could hardly believe his own eyes, that such a change could have taken place in so short a time. We were about 40 miles from Milledgeville, which place we expected to reach at a late hour tomorrow, possibly in time to exchange shots with the enemy. We camped for the night on the Oconee river.

Nov. 22nd—We were late getting started on our march today, as we had to cross the river and the bridge had been burned and a pontoon bridge had to be built, before we could start on our march. It was nearly 10 o'clock when the bridge was finished, and ready for the troops to cross. Our division formed the center of our corps today and as soon as the second division had crossed we stood in line, ready to march across as quickly as possible. The day was a little chilly, which made the marching steps of the soldiers a little quicker than they were for several days. After so late a start, if we reached the capital of Georgia today we could stop for dinner, but an occasional rest of a few minutes was given us. As we neared the city and no firing could be heard we supposed our advance had taken the place and the enemy had taken leg bail. Now our advance was very rapid and soon we came in sight of the rebels' evacuated fortifications. On the first house that came to our view a white flag was floating, a signal of surrender. Marching through the city by the music of our band we went into camp on the north banks of the river Oconee. A large quantity of guns and ammunition was stored in this city that the rebels could not take with them. This ammunition was dumped in the river and the guns were rendered useless by breaking or bending the barrel of the gun. The state prison was torn down and men who were confined there for being loyal citizens of America were set free. Most of the white inhabitants of the city had left with Gov. Brown and his militia. Many of the young stout negroes were compelled to go along with them and those of the colored people who did remain were rejoiced to see our coming. They were not aware of the fact, that starvation faced them, for the country for miles had been stripped of all food stuff, for man and beast. Most of the soldiers who understood the condition the colored people placed in, divided rations with them, and advised them to go north or south beyond where our foraging parties had reached, where they would possibly find something to eat. The night was coming on and the wind was blowing chilly, and many of the colored people had badly worn out clothing on them. They must have suffered with the cold that night. We missed the fence rails that had been so handy to make a fire.

Nov. 23—As our marching was not continued today at an early hour, we searched the town and neighborhood for provisions of which we found plenty. Many valuable things that were hidden in the ground by the owners were found and turned over to the quartermaster. Houses where the inhabitants showed no rebel spirit, were protected. Milledgeville suffered less by the hands of the Yankee soldier than many of the towns we had passed through, but everything that could be of use to the rebels were destroyed.

Nov. 24th—Our march commenced early. The morning was cold and the men stepped off lively to keep warm. We crossed the Oconee river the second time. The wagon bridge and not been destroyed by the enemy, so we crossed on the bridge. We remained on the south side of the river for some time, to let the 14th corps that had gotten on our road pass by us. Later in the day, the 14th had taken another road, then each corps had its one road to march on. After the last wagon had crossed the bridge, the bridge was burned. We were now getting into the real swampy country and our marching was slow. The bridges over all these swamps had been burned by the rebels and new bridges had to be built or pontoon bridges laid, before we could cross. Where the swamps were not too deep we would wade them. As long as we could wade and keep our cartridge box dry, we did not wait for a bridge to be built. The soldiers were becoming disgusted with the swampy country, and provisions were getting scarce. The slow headway we were making to our destination where we hoped to get plenty of provisions, disheartened the boys, and quite a lot of grumbling was heard, but this did not bring us provisions or remove the swamps. We were there and had to face the conditions the best we could. Now we were passing a pine orchard, the pine trees were tapped similar to the way maple trees are tapped to get the water to make maple syrup. The drippings from a pine tree makes turpentine, and rosin, which is quite an industry in the south. After spending our first night in the swamps, we wished it may be our last, but such good luck was not in store for us. The trees in the swamps were covered with hair moss, a splendid place for mosquitoes, but lucky for us, the weather was too cold for them to stir around or we would have heard their notes of music.

Nov. 25—Some bridges were to be built before we could resume our march, but about 11 o'clock the bridges were ready for us to pass over them. The day was cold, and marching was slow, as we had so many swamps and bridges to cross. We were marching in a straight line for Augusta, and we were some 50 miles from that city. The rebels, believing as we did, that Augusta was our destination. The rebel papers were full of all kinds of reports about the Yankee soldiers, heading straight toward Augusta, and at their present rate of traveling it would take them three or four days to reach the city, and at their coming, the city would be besieged. All able bodied slaves not cut off from Augusta and Savannah were ordered to Augusta to work on the fortifications, and all the available troops that could be spared at Savannah must come to Augusta. The families who had fled to Augusta for safety were now threatened again with danger by the coming of the Yankee soldiers. Between three and four o'clock we reached a river, that was not enclosed with high banks, but the country was swampy on both sides of the river. The swamps were filled with elbow brush and cyprus trees. The road on which we were marching was dry and Wheeler's cavalry had not burned the bridges on this road. As we drew near the river, the rebels fired on us from the opposite side and killed six of our men, and then fled. We had to wait until our pontoon corps came up and laid a pontoon bridge across the river, so we could

cross. By the time the pontoon bridge was ready, night was casting its dark shadows across our path, and we remained where we had taken our position on the banks of the river, to guard the bridge builders. The 14th corps that had gotten on our road in our rear, came up and crossed the bridge during the night, to get out of our way. Heavy cannonading was heard on our right, and we learned later that the 14th and 15th army corps met with stubborn resistance when they tried to cross the same river we had crossed. One darkey told us that the river was called the little Savannah, and a white man told us it was called Pd, some time afterward we learned the north was called the Pd, and the south end the Little Savannah, but it seemed to me that both of these names were wrong, it should have been called Swamp river. Most all the swamps on both sides were tributaries to the river.

Nov. 26—Early in the morning we crossed the river, our brigade forming the rear. After the whole corps had crossed the river, our brigade remained at the river to guard the pontoon corps, until the bridge was taken up, and the pontoon corps got in motion in front of our brigade before we could move. The obstacles in our way were numerous, the enemy had destroyed the bridges and cut trees and fell them across the road. The trees had to be removed and bridges built before we could move on, as the swamps had become more numerous, and we were kept waiting along the side of the road, most of the day the enemy was waiting behind these obstacles, for our advance pickets to come in sight, and as soon as our cavalry or advanced pickets would come in sight, they would open fire on them, and then disappear to some other place of hiding, to await our advance, when they would use the same tactics on us as they had done. At several places today our loss in killed and wounded were greater than it had been any day previous, since we left Atlanta. It was a continual skirmish, fight all day long, moving trees out of our road and building bridges, we only advanced a few miles. In the forenoon we were nearing Sandersville, which place we expected to reach by night, if the obstacles in our road were not too great. As we drew near Sandersville, the country was higher and swamps became less numerous, and the road dryer. Our men could pass around the obstructions and march on, while the pioneer corps were removing the obstruction from the road so the wagons could follow up. This made our advance more rapid. The enemy had retreated to Sandersville, there to make a stand to check our advance. We reached there about 5 o'clock p. m. Our advance guard had a sharp fight with the enemy, but they soon fled, after losing two of their men killed and several wounded, they left the town to our care and keeping. The meeting house from which they were firing from the windows and doors, was completely riddled with the Yankee bullets. Here we camped for the night. The inhabitants of the town had fled, taking all the property with them they could, as the armed rebels they did not expect the Yankee soldiers would hang all of them. This was not true, as we only hanged those who were trying to kill or hang us.

We only burned the houses in this town that were deserted. Eatables were scarce in here, but what we did find we took along with us. This we were forced to do to if we obeyed Gen. Sherman's orders. All property of the rich slavecrats were to be taken or destroyed. By us doing this they were made to feel the heavy hand of war. They did not expect the Yankee soldier to ever invade their country, or they wouldn't have let Hood go north to cut our cracker line. Sherman had played his cards well at Atlanta, completely deceiving the enemy. As to what his next move would be, now that the cards were being dealt again, and just what tricks were to be played, no one knew, but the generals commanding the corps that were now facing in the direction of Augusta.

Nov. 27—Leaving camp about 8 o'clock a. m., our marching was more rapid today. The country was level and sandy, but very little obstruction was in our way. Swamps had become less numerous, trees fallen across our road were miles apart, and only, at such places as the enemy wished to make a stand and get a shot at our advance guards. This did not disturb our advance but little, as the country was level and our road was on a straight line for miles, our advance could be seen at a great distance. The rebels began to fire at us before we were in range of their bullets, so our boys soon learned what to do to dislodge the enemy. They would run a four pound cannon in front of our columns and give the enemy a shot or two and they were soon seen leaving their hiding places. We had a great work to do before sundown as we were now coming to the Macon and Savannah railroad, which we were to destroy, and make useless for the enemy. The road to our right and left was destroyed. The trees along our lines of march today had more of a picturesque appearance than any we had seen. The pines with their needles had disappeared, and live oak with their limbs stretching out to a great distance from the body of the tree, bedecked with a beautiful foliage of bright green leaves and strings of Spanish moss hanging several yards long from the limbs of the trees was something beautiful, for one to behold, and especially one who had never seen such trees before. One would stand looking at the trees with wonder and amazement, thinking of the beauty nature had prepared for man to gaze upon. After sundown we reached Davisboro, and camped for the night. The night was very dark and the country being level campfires could be seen for a long ways. A sight presented to us tonight was different to any we had ever seen before. Looking along our camp line men could be seen cooking their suppers, some handling the coffee pot, some handling the frying pan, others gathering or cutting wood to lay on the fire; some washing and others combing their hair. To an on-looker one would hardly suppose that these men were in an enemy's country with danger threatening them on every side. Men could be heard telling their jokes, and the laughter that would follow. Our brigade camped close to Canuchee river and we had plenty of good water to drink, and to make coffee, and to fill our canteens for the next day's supply which was quite a treat to us, as we had been using swamp water, most of the time.

Nov. 28—We left camp early this morning, and the sand was deep and difficult for us to make rapid advance. We had several rebel prisoners,

among them a colonel and a quartermaster. Some time in the afternoon, when our advance guards had reached the Ogeechee river, they were fired at by the enemy, who had burned the bridge, before our arrival. Our brigade was compelled to go into camp here until the enemy was driven from the other side of the river, and give our pontoon men a chance to lay a bridge, and if it was possible this work must be finished before dark, as such work was dangerous after night unless large bonfires were built on each bank of the river and such fires would tell the enemy what we did not want them to know, the location of our camping grounds.

Nov. 29—Today was our turn to be rear guards, and by the time the two other divisions and their wagon trains got in motion, it was one o'clock when we broke camp. Our advance was slow as the enemy had burned eight bridges on our road, which had to be rebuilt or pontoon bridges laid before the advance army could move on out of our way. The swampy road caused some delay, and where pontoons were laid and we had passed over them, we had to guard the workers until the pontoons were all taken up and loaded on the wagons. The wagons were placed in line of march ahead of our brigade. At this particular place we had expected trouble with the enemy, and the report reached us that a large rebel force of cavalry threatened attack on our pontoon workers, which caused one-half of our regiment to be placed on picket, and the other half to be held in reserve, to wait patiently for the enemy's appearance. After waiting several hours, the work of taking up the pontoons were completed, and we again joined our brigade which was already in motion, following the rest of the corps, that had passed on before us, and by this time was in camp resting. Tonight was very dark, and the swamps became more numerous, and difficult to cross. About nine o'clock we came to a swamp, that could have well been called the father of swamps. To pass over this swamp would take us most of the night and to stay where we were was impossible, nothing but mud and water on all sides of us. We continued our journey as best we could, feeling our way from tree to tree. We were making slow headway, and the darkness, seemed to be growing more dense at every step we took, and the water and mud getting deeper and more difficult to get through. Some of the boys got out their hatchets and made torches out of rosen pine limbs, by splitting one end of the limb up fine and setting fire to the split end of it. It made a fine light and soon hundreds of torches could be seen bobbing along before and behind us. It was lucky for us that we got these torches, and so many of our men carried hatchets, so they could be used at that time, for we were nearing a place where trees had been thrown into the deep water and mud so the men could get over without wading in water up to their waist. The logs and brush had been tramped over so much that they had sunken down into the mud so deep we had to cut more logs and brush so we could pass over that place without getting our cartridge boxes wet, and all of our cartridges ruined. Many a poor fellow would lose his balance and slip down between the logs, and his comrades would have to help him out, or he was doomed to stay there. Without the torch lights to assist us in crossing this place

many of our men would have been lost. Covered with mud and wet almost to our waist, we at last reached the end of the swamp. Our clothes were no more blue but the color of Georgia mud. We could not stop here as much as we desired, although it was after 10 o'clock. We reached Louisville about 11 o'clock, and although it was intensely dark, we could see part of the town had been burned by our cavalry, continuing our march for several miles we at last found our corps had camped close to the edge of a big swamp. A bridge had to be built over this swamp before we could advance. We went into camp about two o'clock a. m. Our provisions were rather scanty today and many a poor fellow went to bed without his supper, preferring rest rather than hunting something to eat. Our foragers, the last two or three days, came in empty handed, no food was to be found in this swampy country. Our provision wagons had provisions, but for a few days, and now we were sure our destination was Savannah, but after reaching there we did not know how soon we could get close enough to Fort Fisher to get provisions. Sherman had played his cards, and we felt quite sure he would win the trick, but possibly it would not be in time to keep us from being pinched with hunger. We had no fears of being starved to death, as there was plenty of rice stacked on some of the rice fields that we could get. We had learned how to beat the hull off the grain. A person could live a long time on rice alone, but would they ever like it again for years after? When I came home from the army I could not bear even the thoughts of eating rice, as I had my sufficiency of it in the army.

Nov. 30—Remaining in our camp near Louisville, many of the boys went to town to search for provisions, but their hunt was fruitless. Many of our provision hunters came into camp as empty handed as they went out. Some brought in a poor old cow or a lean hog that didn't have enough fat to even grease the water they were boiled in. Flour or potatoes were not to be found. As the country had been stripped of everything but rice, and I supposed the rebels would have burned the stacks of rice if they had thought we could prepare it to cook. Their main hopes concerning us now, was to starve us in the swamps, before we could reach Savannah. Some of the men went to the officer for food, and threats were made if they were denied that bread and meat would be taken from the wagons. These threats became numerous, and it began to look like they would be carried into effect, when the quartermaster was ordered to issue three days' ration, with instructions to the men that they must make them last ten days. Many a soldier wished himself back to the land of plenty, where his empty stomach could be filled with the good things that mother cooked so often and so plentiful. The days were hot, but the work on the roads was done as rapidly as possible. Before the sun disappeared in the west a part of our corps crossed to the other side of the swamp. Our brigade remained near Lewistown. Late in the evening some firing could be heard on our front, and we supposed it was our advanced cavalry, and the enemy having a skirmish fight.

December 1, 1864—Leaving camp about eleven o'clock we went in the direction of the railroad, running from Augusta to Millen where it

forms a junction with the road from Savannah to Macon. This was the only road upon which reinforcement could be brought from Richmond to Georgia to stop our advance to Savannah. We supposed there would be plenty of hard fighting to do to get possession of this road, and especially if the enemy had received re-inforcements. We hurried on as fast as it was possible for us to travel. Cannon shots were heard occasionally, fired by our cavalry at the enemy that's tried to stop them crossing the swamps. The day was growing warmer and the heavy clouds that were gathering in the west threatened us with a down pour of rain. We crossed the cedar swamp, meeting with little resistance. The swamps were filled with water and had learned from a reliable source that the enemy was hiding their valuable horses and mules in the swamps. Several members of our regiment were found missing at night. The foragers got some provisions from the neighborhood, and we were fortunate enough to get a fair meal of ham and sweet potatoes. This, with our three days rations, although it had diminished surprisingly, we felt sure we would not starve for a few days at least.

Dec. 2—Leaving camp about 6 o'clock a. m., the greater part of the 14th army corps and a large number of Kilpatrick's wagons were with us, and our division had to guard them. The 14th corps had given us the guarding of the train of wagons so it could advance more rapidly toward Augusta. They advanced to within 20 miles of the city, threatening Augusta, so as to make the enemy draw its troops from Savannah to reinforce Augusta. Our troops turned and went in the direction of Savannah, and before the enemy could return its troops to Savannah on the same road they were taken to Augusta, the road was destroyed, and we were now far in advance of them.

On the road to Savannah there were as many swamps as ever and the usual obstructions were in our way of progress, but we had become accustomed to all of this and it did not worry us so much. Our provision were decreasing in our haversacks at a frightful rate, and the country we were passing through was scarcely settled. Our foraging parties were coming in empty handed, which made the scenes before us all the more gloomy. It is said that every dog has its day, and we were sure having ours with starvation drawing near. But behind every dark cloud there is a silver lining, and with this thought in our minds and our army now headed in the direction of Savannah, we began to feel sure we would be in possession of that city before we perished with hunger. Most of the private soldiers were aware of the fact that the enemy had taken its troops from Savannah to reinforce Augusta. The sooner we reach Savannah the easier the city could be taken, so our men seemed to take new courage, making their advance as rapidly as possible.

Dec. 3—Early in the morning we started on our march, and the whole army was drawn closer together as we neared the railroad, as we expected to have some fighting to do. Our road was blocked in several places, and from behind these blockades the enemy would open fire on our advance pickets, having as they did a sure mark. Our losses were several killed and wounded, but as soon as our four pound cannons were fired at them a time or two they were gone, leaving

their dead and wounded for us to take care of. When the rebels did not impede our progress the deep sand did. The marching today was very annoying and troublesome, houses were burned all along our line of march. In looking to our right the 15th and 17 corps were marching, or to the left where the 14th corps were marching, great clouds of smoke could be seen rising, giving us a good idea as to the position of their main army, whether they were ahead or in the rear of us. It has often been said, that smoke was good for nothing, but in this case it proved very valuable to us. About noon we reached a large farm, where we halted for dinner, when our brigade was ordered to go to the railroad a mile away and begin the work of destruction. The inhabitants of the plantation consisted of negro women, boys and girls, who informed us that their masters had fled several days ago, taking everything eatable with them, and all the able bodied men also. Those left had nothing to eat, and those poor negroes were a pitiful sight. We had nothing in our haversacks to divide with them, and whatever became of them we never learned. The blacksmith shop and dwelling house was burned before we left the place. On leaving our brigade went to the left while the other two brigades went to the right, and when they reached the railroad they began tearing it up and destroying it until the brigades met. We reached the road without resistance, and after stacking arms, one-half of the regiment went to work tearing up the road while the other half stood guard. As soon as a few rods of the road were destroyed those that were standing guard relieved the workers, and thus it was continued by reliefs, until the work of destruction was completed. This road had been repaired by the rebels a few days ago, as the newly made ditches showed. This work over, we marched in the direction of Milan, until we reached the main road to Statesboro. Leaving Milan, where our pioneers had been annoyed by the enemy on our right. The troops on our right moved through Milan, burning it, not leaving a trace of it but smoldering ashes. Night was approaching, and we were looking for a place to camp, for our men were worn out. With hard work and marching, and but little to eat, many of our men were so weak from hunger, and so worn out that they could scarcely keep in line. The march was continued, though many of our men, fell by the wayside, exhausted, to become an easy prey to the enemy or die in the swamps. Still the march continued until about twelve o'clock, when we came where the first and second division had camped. Not finding a dry place to camp by them we had to march quite a distance further. I can safely say that more than half of our regiment remained behind us in the swamps, worn out with fatigue and hunger, and did not come to camp until the next morning. Many of them were so feeble, they could hardly walk. As many of them had nothing to prepare to eat, they fell down and went to sleep. Scarcely had they laid down when it began to rain and those of us who were able went after the branches of trees to cover our things to protect them. Some of our men thought they were more wise than others, after feeling the first drops of rain looked at the clouds and satisfied themselves that the rain could not last long, went to sleep, and the next day they had the unpleasantness of wearing wet clothes and carrying a heavy, wet knapsack.

Dec. 4—Near four o'clock a. m., we heard the bugle sound that awakened us from our slumber, to prepare for another day's march. Near six o'clock we were again in line, bidding our short resting place good-bye for the first, and almost sure, for the last time, feeling as we did, we were hoping today would bring us less difficulties to encounter, and less hardships to endure. Forming the advance, we would be the first to go into camp, not forgetting if we met the enemy, we were the first to receive their fire, and if drawn into a regular engagement our strength would fail us, as we were worn out with fatigue and hunger at the start. Shortly after we got underway marching, heavy firing was heard in the distance on our left, and in the direction of Waynesboro, where were the 14th army corps and Kilpatrick's cavalry. We had also learned the enemy was entrenched. The 14th corps passed to the left of the city and made no attack on the enemy. This move somewhat disappointed the enemy and their cavalry harassed the movement of the 14th army some but did not stop their forward march and their loss of men was not given. About the same time we were approaching the Savannah river and the colored people that had taken our part told us that the rebels were strongly entrenched there. As we had learned of the 14th army movement we believed Sherman would avoid an attack on the enemy at the river if possible to do so. The loss of men and the wounded to care for was reducing our fighting strength and every step we advanced brought us deeper into the heart of rebeldom. Our communications to the north were cut off and if the people of the north believed the reports that were published in the southern papers the destruction of the Yankee army in Georgia was certain. Near the noon hour we reached a river that was rising rapidly and was impossible for our pontoons to be laid. The army on our left had destroyed a mill dam that caused this sudden rise in the river and we had to wait for about three hours for the rush of the water to pass by us to lay our pontoon bridge across the river. The enemy and swamps were not so troublesome to us today as the deep sand we had to tramp through. Here we saw a beautiful pine forest stretching out north and east of us for miles. The day was very hot and in the shade of those pine trees was a lovely spot to rest and while the roaring tide of water was passing by us, we availed ourselves of the opportunity of taking a good rest in the shade. I cannot express in words how refreshed we were when the word was given to fall in. The inhabitants had all fled and our foraging party brought more provisions to camp today than they had for several days. Sweet potatoes and sugar were the principal lot they had brought, but how far would one small sweet potato and one teaspoonful of sugar go toward appeasing the appetite of a hungry man? Seven men who belonged to the 70th Indiana were taken prisoners today while out foraging. We went into camp about 8 o'clock p. m.

Dec. 5th—Near five o'clock we left camp, the day was clear and it promised to be a hot one. The country through which we were passing was level and sandy. Tall pine trees and high grass covered the country as far as one could see. We were not long in reaching the rice plantations. The rice was yet in straw. In the houses

where the colored people lived we found some rice. Some of our men had learned how to hull and prepare the rice for cooking and from this time on our food was rice and sweet potatoes. It was reported that 3,000 rebel cavalry was in our rear trying to capture our wagon train and foraging had become very dangerous. When they were captured, they were killed and left lying on the ground and not buried. Some of our men that had strayed from the ranks or given out so they had to stop and rest, were driven into the swamps by the enemy to starve. All of the inhabitants had fled to escape the just punishment they deserved. The few that were captured was frank in saying their cause was lost but they did not intend to give up as long as they had a man to fight. One thing had become noticeable in the enemy's fighting. As soon as they fired a few shots at us they were ready to retreat and take their chances to get another shot at us. They were not sticklers anymore, so on each defeat or retreat of the rebels gave us new courage going into the battle, with the thoughts of sure victory. About 3 o'clock we camped near Springfield, some eight or ten miles from the Savannah river.

Dec. 6—About five o'clock a. m., we began our day's march. The roads were sandy but the day was cool making it pleasant to march and we stopped but seldom to rest. The high grass and beautiful trees were beckoning to us as if to say, "how pleasant, pleasant it would be to rest in the shadow of its evergreen top, that that winter breeze was swaying back and forth." Our marching in the evening became slower caused by the fallen trees across our road that had to be cut away before we could move on. Late in the evening we camped 35 miles from Savannah. Plenty of fighting was looked for on the morrow as the rebels were entrenched on the road between Springfield and Savannah and we expected to reach these as early in the morning as possible and not give them time to make the entrenchments too strong and more difficult to take. This was a sad evening for the soldier, nothing to eat in his haversack, he was compelled to lie down for the night's rest after drinking a cup of coffee with the hope of getting something to eat tomorrow.

Dec. 7—Early in the morning, after drinking a cup of coffee, as we had nothing else, we were on the road leading to Savannah stepping lively. After marching several miles we came to a large swamp called the Aboneser swamp. The bridge had been burned and trees fallen across the road blockading it, making it impossible for us to pass only by wading through the water. Our pioneers were soon at work cutting away the fallen trees and building a temporary bridge for us to cross on. The work being completed our brigade was the first infantry to cross. Our position now was not a very safe one as the cavalry reported the enemy to be in force in our front. The cavalry had sharp skirmishing with the rebels as we were always ready to do our best with the enemy and we were now over the swamp. We examined our guns and put them in good condition for use. The road was more passible now but the swamps was on both sides of us.

Soon we came to a place blockaded by the rebels that was more dangerous than any we had seen. The bridge was burned and trees fallen across the road in every conceivable shape. For almost a quarter of a mile the road was blockaded, we could not see whether the enemy was on the other side of the blockade or not, but we supposed he was. Our situation was a critical one as we had to advance and if the enemy lay in wait for us we would be an easy prey for him for in such places it is almost impossible to keep in line. Our officers proposed to wade through the swamp and the men were ready to obey any command that was given, so into the water they went. The water and mud was hard to walk through being nearly waist deep and we had to keep our cartridge boxes and haversacks dry. On reaching the other side of the obstruction not a shot was fired at us. The town of Springfield was in front and the court house not far away. We marched to the court house, stacked arms and examined our cartridge boxes to see if the cartridges had got wet but they were dry and ready for use. The haversacks getting wet did not amount to much as we had nothing to put in them. Here we found plenty of chickens and geese which our boys began to appropriate to their own use. The men could be seen chasing a goose or chicken, using their ram rods to sever the head from the body. Some of our boys had become experts in using their ram rod for this purpose. They seldom ever missed their mark and soon after the slaughter began. Men with laughter on their faces were coming in with chickens and geese in abundance for one square meal. The distribution of the food just gathered was given over to the quartermaster who dealt out to every man as sparingly as he could so no man would overload his empty stomach. All seemed to be satisfied with what they got to eat but the pinch of starving had not come to us yet. Many valuable things were hidden in the swamps and they were all hunted for and when found were destroyed or turned over to the quartermaster. The country was very level. We camped here 27 miles from Savannah and some 10 or 12 miles from the enemy's fortifications. On our road the night was rainy and cool but this did not disturb the sleep of the men, for after they had taken food sufficient to stay that craving appetite they were ready to take a good night's rest.

Dec. 8—Our marching time was announced for 9 o'clock a. m., but we were delayed for some time as the 14th corps and two divisions of our corps had to pass on before us. Although the night was cool as the noon hour drew near it became very warm. Just as we were leaving camp heavy firing was heard on our right and at noon brisk firing in our front. From the slow advance of our troops and the continued rattle of musketry in our front we began to expect something serious to be coming off. The slow motion of our troops in front of us caused our delay. Our chickens and geese were all gone and no foragers had been sent out, so we were compelled to resort to rice for our food from this time on. As I stated sometime before, our men had learned the art of taking the hull off the rice kernel and preparing it for cooking. Let me state here the process the rice had to be taken through to remove

the hull. A mortar was dug out in the top of a stump with an ax, as deep as it could be chopped, then a fire was built in the hole to burn off the rough edges and make it smooth as possible then the rice was placed in the mortar or hole and a smooth round rock was used to beat the rice until the hull was broken loose from the kernel. The operator would take a cup and dip up the rice and pour it back into the mortar and the wind would blow the broken hulls away. This was a slow process but the only way available to us. As some of our men remarked, one could beat, cook, eat and starve all at the same time. While we were at this place a scene came before me that I never want to witness again. Our army was loaded with poor horses and mules that they did not want to fall in the hands of the enemy so they were brought along close to the edge of a deep swamp and there shot and rolled into the swamp. After this work was completed, our orders were given to march at 7 p. m. We knew that night marches meant a worn out set of men in the morning but all were eager to start and go as far as they possibly could. Then came the order to fall in forward march, and we were off into the darkness of the night, going in the direction of Savannah. All at once we came to a halt as the troops in front of us had done, then we all moved on for a short time and another halt. The men became restless, they wanted to march or be allowed to sleep and some left the ranks in search of food. We were now passing out of the town and fence rails were plentiful, so when our next stop came we kindled fires with fence rails while resting. The cavalry that had been in our rear passed by us and we thought there would be no end of their coming. Cannon firing was going on in front continually and now we were sure the enemy was the cause of our delay. After all the cavalry had all passed, we again resumed our march and having marched some distance we came to a swamp, where our horrors for the night commenced. Two army corps with their trains were ahead of us and that host of cavalry that had passed us had traveled this road ahead of us making it almost bottomless. The night was wrapped in almost total darkness and the enemy a few miles ahead of us in their trenches from which we were expected to drive them from in the morning; no provisions for us to eat and no sign of getting any tomorrow. Instead of getting out of the swamp on to dry land and hurrying to our destination we were here stuck in the mud and mire. Many night marches we had made that was trying on us but this one seemed to have them all eclipsed, in fact it seemed that everything had conspired to our destruction just at a time when we were nearing a place of rest, Savannah, but the spirit of advance was the prevailing spirit of the men and on we went stumbling and climbing over logs and brush and wading through water and mud, we at last reached solid ground and continued our march.

Dec. 9—We reached the camp of our advance about 7 o'clock a. m., and now came the hardest job of all, cooking breakfast, without anything to cook. Some of the boys had some coffee which they divided with their comrades that had none. A strong cup of coffee was all the nourishment we had after that night struggle through

the swamps. The men were tired and some was growing weak from lack of food and now came the announcement that there were no provisions of any kind in our wagons and there were no prospect of getting any until we reached Savannah and opened communications. This was poor consolation to men who were almost worn out with the night toil in the swamps but all the grumbling we could do would not change our condition. After a rest of a few hours like men that meant to meet the obstacles before

them, fair and square, they took their places guarding the entire train of the corps while the first and second divisions was taking a road to outflank the enemy entrenched on the main road. The country being swampy, our advance was very slow, our mules were weak and not able to move rapidly even with an empty wagon. The cannonading in our front began early in the morning and about noon it was a constant roar. One boom after another and then gradually grew less until it ceased entirely. Along late in the evening, we encountered more swamps there being plenty of water in them. We camped for the night, lying down without supper. After all had fallen asleep and stillness had settled over the camp we were awakened and given sweet potatoes and pork for our breakfast.

Dec. 10—About 6 o'clock we were ready to march. The swamps were less numerous but the country was level and we knew we had not passed the last one. We were now about 17 miles from Savannah and signals were going up to tell us the location of the whole army. With this information given us we started out to take Savannah today or get close enough to stop our daily marching.

The blockade of trees had been removed during the night and we soon reached the fort. The rebels had been driven out yesterday. Our division halted again to let the other two divisions pass us that had returned to the main road, and about noon we reached the Charleston and Savannah railroad which was destroyed without meeting any resistance. Our division did not assist in this work but went straight toward the city. Soon the enemy's cannons began to bark at our advance then came into our view the enemy's fort that opened on us with shells, from their batteries on the right and left of the fort, doing us no harm as their shots went wild, not checking our advance in the least. Our regiment was marching by flank. We halted and formed in line of battle and it looked as though an attack would be made on the city immediately as the enemy's force could not be large. Our regiment was ordered forward as skirmishers and to advance until further orders were given. The regiment moved forward at once but the underbrush and thorns were so thick it was almost impossible to make our way through it. Not a shot was fired at us as we advanced and we continued until we came to a swamp that was too deep for us to wade. As soon as the enemy caught a glimpse of us at the edge of the swamp they opened fire on us, doing us no damage as all of their bullets were high above our heads. All firing we could do at the enemy was useless as they were safe behind their breast works. On measuring the water we found it too deep to wade so forming our picket line in as safe position as we could we awaited fur-

ther orders. The battle line behind us drew out of range of the enemy's bullets and went into camp. Our regiment remained on picket until eight o'clock p. m. being relieved by other troops. We spent a rainy night thinking of what the tomorrow would bring forth.

Dec. 11—The morning came with rainy cold weather and early the enemy opened fire on us with 32 pound cannons. Some of their shells dropped in our camp, burying itself in the ground and exploding, throwing the dirt and gravel high in the air but doing us no damage. We began to think a bloody day was before us, but as the order for advance did not come, we remained quiet in camp throughout the day. The first division of the 20th army corps being stationed near the Savannah river destroyed a rebel transport boat. The enemy's armed boats that were defending the city, shielded our troops that were stationed near the river with the hope of killing them or driving them away. Our men anticipated such action as this and had prepared to protect themselves against all the enemy's shots. No damage was done to our troops. But few rifle shots were fired and our pickets were forbidden to fire unless they seen a particular object to fire at. Our food consisted of rice cooked in water without salt. An empty stomach is not so particular about the taste of food as it is to get something to fill it up. A cupful of rice boiled in water doesn't go far but when it is all one can get, one must put up with it. We learned today by reliable source, that our communications could not be opened with Fort Pulaski as long as the rebels held Fort McAllister.

Dec. 12—The days were getting cooler. Preparations were being made to construct a road to Fort Pulaski. By taking Fort McAllister, a trail was made to lay pontoons over which provisions could be brought from South Carolina, but the rebels' vessels prevented it. One of the rebels' vessels that got too close to our land batteries endeavoring to destroy our pontoons, was compelled to surrender with all of its crew and arms. All day long we waited for an attack from the enemy. They no doubt thought taking the risk of crossing the swamp under our fire, was too great a risk for them to take. We began to fall trees and build breastworks during the lull of the enemy's firing. When night came, one of our sharp shooters dug a pit in the middle of the road some distance in front of our breastworks and placed a firing log across the end of the pit facing the enemy's works. In the center of the pit he had an opening under the log about four inches square. This opening was what he called his firing hole. The pit was on much lower ground than where the rebel cannons were placed, making it impossible for the rebels to lower their cannons so their shells would hit his pit. Just at the dawn of day he took his position in the pit and as soon as a rebel would show up he would take a shot at them. When the rebels discovered his position, they began to throw shells at his position, but they all went over his head without harming him in the least. About noon he had silenced the enemy's cannons and had become a little reckless and one of the rebel sharp shooters got a shot at his head, the bullet striking him square in the forehead. I need not tell you the result of that strike.

Dec. 13—The swamp in our front had been filled with water caused by the rebels cutting a dam at the river. This water now stood at a depth of six or seven feet, inundating the road between us and the swamp some hundred yards or more. They had also laid torpedos in the swamp which would make it impossible for us to cross the swamp which extended far to our right. The work on our entrenchments went on just the same and all of our movements seemed to say we were preparing for a siege. About sundown, a new project was started, the building of a bridge. The enemy, hearing the chopping and the falling of trees between our picket lines opened fire on our pioneers. The ground being low where they were at work, the balls went over their heads doing no damage. About six o'clock the rebels ceased firing and the workmen were glad to get rid of the annoyance of continually having to watch the enemy's shell pass over them. Now they could continue their work without being molested. We in camp were busy building our breastworks. Occasionally a rebel shell would be fired at our camp fire and some of them were fired very accurately that reminded us the rebels still held the road to Savannah which we hoped to wrench from their control in a few days. Once and a while a whistling shell would come through the tree tops clipping off limbs here and there as it sped on its journey giving us plenty of warning to keep our heads behind our breast works until the shell had spent its force or had exploded. In the afternoon the firing along the whole line of artillery and pickets became more rapid and especially the picket firing was so heavy at times it had the sound of a regular battle being fought. Late in the night we could hear the wagons rumbling noise passing through the streets of Savannah, the clocks were also telling us the hour of the night and from all appearances the usual every day business life of the city was being carried on having no thoughts of a hundred thousand Yankee soldiers knocking at its closed doors for admittance. What would be the answer to our knocking was the question running through the mind of every Yankee soldier. As the night became quiet the talk of building a fort in our front opposite the enemy's fort was being thrashed out. Our position was so low and so densely covered with brush it was impossible for us to bring our cannon into use, against the enemy's fort.

Dec. 14—This morning the enemy seemed to have begun his day's work in earnest both with cannon and musketry. The balls and shells came screaming and screeching at us. Every shot from their cannon was accompanied with a yell from the rebel troops. Just what effect this had on the rebel soldier we do not know but we do know their shots and yells were a waist of breath and powder as we suffered no bad effect. Their shots all went high above our heads lighting far in our rear plowing up the sand until they lost their force or exploded. We had been so close to our fortification by the rebels continual rain of bullets and shells, that we knew but little what had taken place around us. Later in the day we received word that Fort Pulaski had been taken by a charge of troops on our right. This news was received with shouts and yells, for it meant the Yankee soldier would have plenty to

eat and wear tomorrow. No doubt but what the rebel soldiers heard our rejoicing, and was preparing to evacuate the fort in front of us. The 15th corps that had done its work so well that the fort and all its garrison had been captured. This blow must have fallen heavily on the rebel troops in front of us. Their yelling and firing had ceased, and now we were making merry over the prospect of getting something to eat and wear, not forgetting our march to the sea coast which had been filled with hardship and almost starvation, was now a success. The starving and dying Yankee army would never reach the sea coast, was published in the southern papers and no doubt, but many an anxious heart in the north was breaking for their loved ones who were in this Yankee army, and now the time had come when they could write to their friends and loved ones that were in Savannah. It was true that quite a number of our army had been killed in battle that had been fought on our march from Atlanta to Savannah, but the number taken from our ranks was small in comparison to the victory we had achieved over the enemy.

Dec. 15—No word from our provision train wagons that were sent to Fort Pulaski yesterday, and was expected back today, no doubt but the bad roads, and half starved mules was the cause of the delay. Although we felt keenly the delay in getting something to eat, we had some sympathy for the poor half-starved mules that were suffering more severely at that time, than we were. At the juncture in the road on our left, some of the boys found a rice mill, and plenty of rice. Soon one could see rice being cooked on all sides of him. We waited patiently for word from our provision train of wagons, but so far in the day no word had reached us. The bridge work was carried on today, although the enemy continued to fire at the workmen, but it was a waste of ammunition on their part as all their bullets went whistling through the tree tops, far above the workmen's heads. The men had become accustomed to hearing the bullets so paid but little attention to their music, and kept steady at work building the bridge. The firing of the enemy was light today, and we thought perhaps the cause of slacking in the enemy's fire was from the lack of men in the fort to increase it. The rebel cavalry was busy in our rear, picking up our foragers, and wagon trains that would get too far in the rear, especially when our train guards were light. Our first mail arrived at Gen. Slocum's headquarters today, and was expected to arrive at our brigade headquarters tomorrow. This was the first mail we had received since we left Atlanta. Many of the boys were happily surprised when they received five or six letters from home.

Dec. 16—The papers that came to some of the men yesterday, gave us the first news of Thomas and Wood's army since we left Atlanta. It was with the greatest of joy we received this news of Hood's army being beaten and demoralized at Nashville and Franklin, Tenn. Hats were tossed into the air, and three cheers were given for Gen. Thomas and his army. No doubt the enemy in our front wondered what all this cheering noise was about. All we lacked now of being the happiest men in the world was plenty of something to eat. The backbone of the rebellion had been broken by Sherman's march to the sea, and Hood's army had been defeated and was al-

most destroyed, so we were almost sure to have Savannah in our possession in a few days. The time seemed drawing near when we would leave the field of bloody war, and return to our homes. With all this good news there was still more for us to hear. The word came to us from good authentic source that the first division had crossed the Savannah river, and had taken a position in South Carolina to prevent reinforcements coming to Savannah. The enemy's guns had silenced, and all was quiet around their fortifications. Our bridge work was continued with all speed possible. All indications pointed toward a move of some kind being prepared for us, but what that move was to be no one knew. Many an anxious heart was waiting patiently for an order to come that would take us where there was something to eat, as our provision train had not been heard of yet, and the taste of rice had become stale, and almost unbearable.

Dec. 17—The time is wearing away, and anxious hearts and empty stomachs are waiting patiently for some word from our provision train as no word has been received of their whereabouts. Most of our time is being spent in hulling and cooking rice, with a little work done occasionally on our camp ground to make it a pleasanter place to spend our time of waiting and watching for our provision trains. The rebels in our front does not attract our attention very much now, as we believe they are about ready to evacuate their fort and breast works along our front. Today the brush between our breast and the swamp was all cleared away, and we met no resistance in doing this work. The ground was leveled and swept clean of everything but the tall trees. The tents were all erected in rows by companies, making our camp have a very attractive appearance, so much so that the enemy sent a few shells across to remind us that they still held the fort in our front. We received a large mail today, and most every one received three or four letters from friends in the north who never expected their letters to reach Savannah. While joy and gladness could be seen on the faces of the soldiers over receiving perhaps good news from home, there was a sadness that pervaded the whole camp. Many names were called to receive their mail where there was no one one to answer the call, and thus many letters found no owner. They had died or fallen into the hands of the enemy. Many a brave soldier had been snatched from us by rebel bullets or were now languishing in a rebel prison, gradually approaching death, that was sometimes hastened on by cold blooded murder. The rebels in our front had taken new courage, or they were vexed at the jubilant spirit we were having over the news we had received from home. They were now doing every thing they could to drive our bridge workers from their work. Shell after shell followed one another as fast as they could send them, but all in vain the work continued to go on.

Dec. 18—The weather was very warm and everybody was hunting the shade of a tree. The artillery fire of the enemy had ceased and the picket firing was light. Most of the men were busy writing letters home to friends to let them know that all sympathizers for the rebellion were spending their sympathy in vain. Daily we were drawing the rope around the throats of the rebellion, tighter and tighter, and soon they would be but a shell between two great armies, with no

power to assist their crushing power. A number of volunteers examined the water in the swamp, along our front, to find out whether it was fordable or not. After wading through mud and water up to their arm pits, and had not yet reached the deepest place they were satisfied it was not fordable. Quietness prevailed tonight, and we got a good night's rest.

Dec. 19—We were having frosty nights and warm days. Letters were being sent out today, and some work on our breast works was done. More volunteers were sent out tonight, to find out the depth of the water in the swamp in another place or several places, and they returned with practically the same report as at first. These examinations of the water in the swamp indicated what our generals thought of making a charge through the swamp. No firing took place today, not even with the pickets. They had become friendly, and were talking and laughing with one another. An artillery officer was at our camp today selected a place for a fort to be built. The place was to be in the rear of our picket lines on the road to Savannah. Every movement pointed toward a charge on the enemy's fort in front of us, or for the purpose of drawing the enemy's attention to this particular spot to give some other part of our lines a better chance to make a charge. We had noticed already, that the enemy had become more numerous in our front, and seemingly more daring.

Dec. 20—The day opened with heavy firing from their cannons and pickets. It was dangerous to walk outside of our rifle pits, and as our pickets answered every shot of the enemy, it was equally dangerous for them to show themselves. One of the rebel shells fell inside of the breastworks of the second division, and exploded the wounded and killed numbering ten men. The work on the fort began early in the morning and negroes were busy doing the earth work. Our pioneers were felling trees and getting them ready for use. Building of this fort made it necessary for a new line of breast works, for which the trees were felled after dark. All this work indicated there would be no advance for awhile at least, only what distance we could advance on our side of the swamp, making our position as near the enemy's as was possible for us to go. This change would place our artillery in a position so they could do their work more accurately on the rebels' fort, and it placed us so low that the enemy could not lower their cannons to hit our breastworks and fort. Our wagons returned from Fort Pulaski with provisions and ammunition, and we got the first piece of bread since the 30th of November. You need not ask me if hard tack was good. I thought it was the best bread I ever tasted. Now we were to have rations issued to us regular. There would be no charge on the rebel fort, but we would drive them out of their works by constantly hammering at them from our fort. About sundown the enemy brought all of their cannons to bear on us the best they could. Their shot and shell was sent humming over our heads, and as the hours passed the more violent grew the thundering of their guns, until the whole swamp in our front seemed to be on fire from the flash of their guns. To an onlooker and lover of fireworks, this would have been a beautiful scene, but to one that wanted a few hours rest and sleep it was very annoying. This horrible noise was kept up until about one o'clock a. m., but doing us no damage except the

loss of sleep. When the enemy's cannon ceased to fire, the night became as still as death, and most of the boys who were not on picket were wrapped in slumber, possibly dreaming of what the morrow would bring forth. The order came to pack up quickly and fall in line. As soon as the line was formed the pickets in our front were brought in, and placed in line with us. We then left our breastworks and marched to our right about one mile where we came to a shallow place in the swamp. Here we crossed the swamp without any resistance. After crossing, a skirmish line was placed in front of our columns, then we advanced to our left on the east side of the swamp, until we came to the rebel fort that had been sending its shot and shell at us a few hours ago. So great was their hurry in leaving, that they had left all of their 32 pound guns and a number of smaller calibre guns, but all was made useless to us, being spiked. The enemy's entire works was in our hands, with all of its contents as we stood inside of the fort. The sun had begun to send its rays of light through the tops of the trees, reflecting its light in the waters of the swamp. We caught a glimpse of our works on the opposite side of the swamp, and we thought how fortunate it was for us, that the enemy had given up this strong fortification without further bloodshed. We remained but a short time at the rebel fort. The city was our next point, some three miles away. The pickets of the second division were ahead of us, and the first to reach the city of Savannah. We followed after them and reached the city about 6 a. m. The joy that filled the heart of the soldiers that morning is more than I can express.

* Dec. 20—Having taken Savannah our hearts were full of joy for we expected a bloody day's work. Joy was written on the faces of every soldier and even the city's population and the colored people met you with a smile saying, "we have been praying for your coming and now we wish to share with you the joy we feel in being here. We cordially invite you to eat breakfast with us." So many of the boys accepted the invitation to eat breakfast with the citizens of Savannah. These kindly hearted folks toward us were not all of the people living in the city by any means. There were those who would have suffered their right arm to be severed from their body before they would have given a Yankee soldier a bite to eat. We cared but little for them as they were helpless so far as harming us, and if they became too bold, they would sure feel the heavy hand of war. The city and all of the bounty of war was in our hands, 400 cannons in and near the city, 15 locomotives that was serviceable and ready for use and many other valuable things that I shall not mention. Our brigade had gone into camp a short distance from the city and as we had nothing to do we went out and joined our comrades, the 20th army corps. Shortly afterwards we were ordered as guards to take our position at the rebel fort that had been firing at us so heavy the night before. The enemy, on leaving the city had taken the road to South Carolina, and their rear guard was crossing the bridge as we entered the city. Our advance hastened to the bridge hoping to catch some of the rebel stragglers and to save the bridge, but we were too late, they had crossed and destroyed the bridge. A number of our men who had been taken prisoners by the rebels' took ad-

vantage of the confusion in the rebel army on their retreat and had hidden themselves in outbuildings away from the rebel guards and remained hid until they heard the strains of music from our brass bands marching through the city. Quite a number of rebel soldiers who did not want to go with the retreating army fell into our hands and were placed under guard or taken to the guard house. Many of the inhabitants, mostly of the poor class who had not been able to earn a livelihood for the last two or three weeks broke into several stores and helped themselves to provisions. The city was at the mercy of thieves and robbers for a few hours but before sundown, the city was under marshal law and no one could pass through the line without a pass. Provost guards were stationed at every street crossing, and public building and private house where loyal people lived.

Dec. 22—The days were cool and windy and as our boys had nothing to do they went to town, mostly to see what the rebels had left in their hasty retreat. Some were interested in talking to the citizens over the political situation and to learn the feeling of the southern people in regard to continuing the war and if they still cherished a hope of victory for their army. In many instances, the boys were invited to eat dinner and continue the discussion of the political situation of the country at that time. Our boys would speak of our next march that would take us through South Carolina and if the rebels did not surrender before that march got under way the state would feel the heavy hand of war as no other state had felt, for that state was the principle cause of all murder and bloodshed and destruction of property and whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. Sow to destruction and reap destruction. The only hope for South Carolina to escape death was to sue for peace and that before this march got under way. We are not aware of the fact that this kind of talk ever reached the rebel army or not but this we do know from this on to the close of the war the rebels in our front showed but little anxiety to fight; our march through South Carolina was but feebly resisted.

Dec. 23—Still we had nothing to do and the weather was cool. The boys was becoming accustomed to going to town to spend their leisure time so they were off again today, some to continue their political talk with their southern friends as many of the boys pleased to call them, who were hospitable to us, and showed a disposition to be friendly. Many of the people who lived in Savannah blamed the northerners for bringing the cold weather with them from the north, saying it was the coldest weather they had ever experienced in Savannah and many had been living there all their lives. Some of the boys went to town on more urgent business than to discuss the political question. On their return to camp they could be seen bringing sacks full of something good to eat; some with arms full of long green tobacco. Once and a while one would come with nothing in his hands but the neck of a bottle could be seen sticking out of his pocket. What was in the bottle I do not know, but there must have been something for he wouldn't have brought the bottle empty to camp with him, for he would have no use for a empty bottle. I will leave it to you to say what was in the bottle.

Dec. 24—A special order from Gen. Gery commanding the city and commander of the second division of the 20th army corps that no soldiers should visit the city unless they had a pass from their regiment commander and signed by their brigade commander. This order put a damper on soldiers spending their Christmas Eve in the city as many of them expected to do. Only those who were on duty in the city were allowed to go and then the order came that no soldier was allowed to enter a private house. Some difficulties had arisen between the soldiers and the guards at private houses that caused this last order to be issued. The guards at these houses had to obey orders or be punished for disobeying. The first and third divisions of the 20th army corps had a hard feeling against the second division caused by some mistreatment the second division had given them at Atlanta and this last order not only increased that hatred between the two, but the whole army. The boys expected more of a Christmas Eve than they got, but they were thankful that we had Savannah without wading that horrible swamp. Most of the boys spent the day very pleasantly at their own camp grounds making speeches and singing songs and partaking of as good dinner as they could prepare from what they had in camp. But this did not delay the bitter feeling they had against the second division. As time passed by the more intense grew the hatred until it became quite evident that something must be done to give the volunteer soldier more liberty than he was getting. While the question was being discussed and some of the soldiers' hatred was growing to fever heat, shots were fired in the direction of the road we had come over a few days ago. The officers thought we were being attacked by the rebels in our rear and placed their men in line of battle. Some of the men laughed at the idea of the rebels returning to the fight so soon after suffering defeat but we were kept in line of battle for more than an hour. Soon we learned that the 14th army corps was having a Christmas Eve all of its own, by firing from behind the rebel breastworks at they breastworks they occupied before the fall of Savannah. Being satisfied that there would be no attack on us from the rebels all returned to their tents to enjoy the Christmas Eve the best they could, but their Christmas program could not be carried out now. We were now ordered to be ready for inspection with a prospect of marching soon, which gave the boys something new to talk about. Where would our next march end, would be the talk of the camp waiting patiently for the day to start on that next march losing all thought of the plans they had made to get even with the second division.

Dec. 25—Christmas morning, the day was fine and warm, never in all my life had I seen such a Christmas day so warm and pleasant. I said to Mason my mess mate that I was going to the city and buy some good things for our dinner and supper. He said you will have to get a pass and he thought it doubtful about me getting one. I had the pass that I had used at Nashville that passed me day or night and I proposed to use that pass as it did not designate the city it was to be used in or the camp. I could only be arrested by the guard and taken to provost marshal headquarters where I felt sure I would be

water high in the air, which made it impossible to continue the work on the bridge. As we could not cross the river today, it became evident that we would remain on the island for the night. The ground was low and swampy and the wind blew the tents down as fast as they could be put up. No camp fires would be built and the cold wind seemed like it would freeze the life blood out of you. Many a night we had spent before the enemy and after the battle, but never in all of our experience of soldier life did we spend such a horrible night as this one. Half starved and almost frozen, we were glad to see the morning sun cast its rays of heat across the island and warm us up. There was no fuel on the island to make a fire to cook our breakfast, so our breakfast consisted of raw meat and hard tack.

Jan. 1, 1865—This morning the pontoons made another effort to lay the bridge but the wind was too strong and they had to quit for a time at 10 o'clock. We returned to the city where we went onto a steamer, took the fastest course across the Saver and landed in South Carolina south of Hardee plantation. We went around a sand bar to the mouth of the St. Johns river and close to the sand bar we landed the sand and almost captured the men all went

into camp for the night. From all appearances along our line of march up to the Hardee residence, the enemy was not far ahead of us, as some of the bridges were burning. As we were the first and the only brigade in the state of South Carolina and not knowing the enemy's force that was in front of us all of our moves must be with caution and well protected by picket guards. This first day's march in South Carolina gave us to understand that our march through the state would be no easy task. While we felt sure we could not be stopped from going through they could make our advance slow and tiresome.

Jan. 2—We remained on the plantation. The second and third brigades of our division were on the other side of the river waiting for the bridge to be completed so they could cross. Some of our men who were not on duty went out in the country in search of provisions. There was a feeling against the state and the boys wanted the state of South Carolina to feel the heavy hand of war, and now that we were in state, the work of destruction must commence. The state thus far, had escaped the ravages of war and especially the interior of the state and they should be punished for their leading part they had taken in the rebellion, and now we were in a position to make them feel and taste the bitter end of war. The boys were now out on this mission. Sighting some of the rebel scouts who disappeared as soon as they caught sight of the boys in blue, the boys followed them for some distance, but gave up the chase to return to camp, when the rebels pursued them in great numbers. Our boys halted to give them battle but the rebels kept back out of range of our bullets and when a stronger force went out against the rebels they fled. At other places on our picket lines the rebels showed themselves, but when fired upon they ran away. The bridge across the river was finished and Gen. Ward with the third brigade of our division reached us in the evening.

Jan. 3—During the night the enemy had been reinforced in our front, so that they could resist our small parties sent out. Something like about two miles from our front a rebel fort

had been built several years ago and was now without a garrison and the rebels in our front sought shelter in that fort when pursued by our men. It was difficult sometimes to drive them out of the fort. The enemy made their appearance, quite frequent and some times in large numbers. Capt. Burch, with his Co. D., was sent to take possession of the fort on Gen. Hardee's plantation and soon found the rebels and began to exchange shots. The rebels answered promptly for awhile, then retreated. Capt. Burch and his company reached the fort without any loss but was fired at continually. Soon several companies were sent to reinforce Co. D., making the fort securely held by our troops. In the mansion that Gen Hardee had occupied but a few days ago were some pictures of some of our northern generals with the inscription under it that they would bet a thousand dollars to one, that the Yankees would be driven back to Atlanta the same way they came to Savannah and that double quick would be their retreat and that the time was not far away, when all would be dead and in hell. That might have been possible if our ammunition gave out, but so long as we had plenty of ammunition their chances of regaining one foot of lost ground was very poor.

Jan. 4—We received orders this morning that the 129th and two companies of the 102nd Illinois and all of their pickets on duty make an expedition to Hardeesville that was in the hands of the enemy. We moved slowly along the road for some distance behind pickets, advancing on both sides of the road in the bushes, halting several times then advancing cautiously. No appearance of the enemy could be seen. Several horses shot at by our pickets were found dead, lying in the road. We marched some distance, but did not come near the enemy. At a swamp the bridge had been destroyed and the road blocked on our side of the swamp. We could hear the enemy talking on the other side of the swamp and felling trees but we could not see them. We had no tools with us to cut away the trees in our front and to build a bridge. The water was too deep to wade and so full of elbow brush that it was impossible for one to get through especially in such deep water. We gave the enemy pleasure of supposing they had kept us back. We returned to camp about one o'clock and pitched our tents. The day was very warm and we suffered with the heat on our return march. Heavy cannonading was heard in the direction of Charleston, late in the afternoon and as the 15th and 17th corps had been sent to Beaufort, S. C., by water we supposed they had met the enemy.

Jan. 5—Quite a large foraging party went out today and met the enemy. Firing began at once, and the enemy soon retreated. No one was hurt on our side. A few men of our division went foraging on their own hook and went too far into the enemy's country and were captured by rebel scouts who layed in wait for them. Just what became of these men we never heard. As the rebels were in the habit of killing foragers, we supposed they met the fate of a forager.

Jan. 6—A rainy day. We drew rations for several days, but no sugar or coffee. The rumor was spread that our corps would remain in or near Savannah as garrison troops but the rumor was generally disbelieved. Our wagons on the other side of the river arrived today which put an end to the report that we would remain at Savannah.

Jan. 7—Today twelve men were detailed under command of a sergeant to go to the river to confiscate all skiffs and bring them to camp for the purpose of bringing our provision to camp by the way of the canal as the wagon road was so bad that the teams could not get through the swampy road with more than a half of a load. The skiffs that were so plentiful when we crossed the river were all gone and their hunt for skiffs were useless.

Jan. 8—This morning all talk was about marching orders. Some of the men were in need of clothing and several attempts had been made to draw clothing but all in vain, as other corps men had to be clothed first. This began to strengthen our belief that we were going to remain here for some time as our men needed clothing as bad as the men of other corps. Some of our men were barefooted and their clothes were tattered and torn so badly, that to commence another campaign looked out of the question. To ask men in such a condition for clothing to start on a long drawnout campaign as we had before us was thought to be unfair to the men of our corps.

Jan. 9—A detail of men, under command of a lieutenant was sent to catch fresh oysters. They had to pass down the Savannah river that was full of torpedos, which made it a dangerous trip as far down as Fort Pulaski, where the oysters were left laying on the beach by the tide that washed them ashore. All wished the expedition the best of success.

Jan. 10—Our camp was moved today, notwithstanding the talk of our staying here. From what was taking place an early march was more favorable than a stay and nearly all of us would prefer marching than staying here in this low swampy ground, fit only for the frogs and mosquitoes to live in. The weather was cool and rainy.

Jan. 11—New clothing had arrived but not enough to supply half of the needy. Some prisoners the rebels had taken from us escaped from the enemy and approached our pickets without making themselves known and a picket shot and killed one of them. The others were quick to make themselves known. Mistakes like this could easily happen and no one would be to blame as none of our men were outside the picket lines at that time. The picket of course, believed the new comers were rebels and he did not want to take any chances. We are now having some cold chilly weather, which is very disagreeable in the south. It seems to chill one through and through.

Jan. 12—Today was more pleasant than yesterday, no wind, and the sun was shining bright and warm. Some of our men was beating the hull of rice. Some of the boys had found a wooden mortar and they were trying it out. The party that left on the ninth to get oysters returned today with 60 bushels. I need not tell you we had a feast of oysters but we did just the same. In the city the preparations for a move began in a hurry. The troops were clothed and the wagons were loaded with provisions and ammunition. Killpatrick's cavalry had a parade before Gen. Sherman. Some of the boys got passes and went to the city to see the parade. It was the first and only one I had the pleasure of seeing, and it was worth walking three miles to see. By the time we got back to camp we had walked six miles.

Jan. 13—The forenoon was spent in company drill. In the afternoon our haversacks, canteens and shelter tents were inspected by the brigade inspector and the old ones condemned. A ship load of women whose husbands were in the rebel army were sent to Charleston as they considered it the safest place for them to go as they did not like the Yankee boys and wanted to be where they would not see a Yankee. They were permitted to leave for Charleston. A detail was sent after oysters today. The weather was clear and beautiful, just as fine as one could wish for. In going down the canal or Straight river we ran into a bunch of porpoises that were having a play. For a quarter of a mile or more they were making the water boil with their rolling and tumbling and some times would jump up out of the water and turn over before they would light back. We stopped for a while thinking the play would soon be over and we could go on our journey. Instead of decreasing in numbers they seemed to increase, rolling and tumbling, making the waves roll high where we had stopped, making our little boat rock and toss about until we began to be afraid of being capsized. Then we took a few shots at the ones near us as they would take a leap out of the water. After we began shooting at them, they soon quit their playing and we went on our way. We don't know if any of them were killed but we were quite sure some of them were hit. At the crack of the gun they would tumble back in the water, while those that were not disturbed would turn a somersault out of the water and when they struck the water they would be going in the opposite direction. As soon as they quieted down we continued our journey down the river and passed Fort Pulaski about one mile which we thought would be a good place to grabble for oysters. The water was shallow and it took two men to operate the grabble hooks easy. Making our boat fast by anchors we went to work. The first grabble told us we were over a fine oyster bed and from the amount of oysters we got, it would not take us long to load our boat, so all hands were ready to do their best for we knew we must hurry back to camp as there was talk of moving and we did not want to be left and have to hunt our command. Before the sun went down we had all the oysters that we dare put in our boat. As the tide had began to come out, we wanted to take advantage of its help in rowing the boat, starting on our return trip with the intention of reaching camp in two hours. The tide going with us, we speeded along at a rapid rate. Soon after we reached the canal, a fog began to settle down that threatened to stop our mad rush for camp. Passing through a very low swampy place it grew lighter so we could see the banks of the canal. About 8:00 o'clock we reached our camp with about 100 bushels of oysters.

Jan. 14—Some of the boys went out to an old house to get kindling. They saw some rebels but paid no attention to them and loaded their wagon and returned to camp without being molested. Rumors of a move was going the rounds in camp. Some went so far as to say the 17th was the date set to move but nothing definite could be found out so we contented ourselves to watch and wait for what may happen.

Jan. 15—The day was fine. We received more clothing today, but not near enough to go around. Inspection of all our things took place in the afternoon, but few of the soldiers believed now, that we would remain here; most all were of the opinion that we would move about the 17th.

Jan. 16—Today was rainy and disagreeable, not much moving about in camp. We received marching orders, and to have everything ready to march at eight o'clock tomorrow morning, the cavalry had crossed the river and moved with the 2nd division, of our corps to the right of our brigade on the river. In the evening we drew rations and clothing for the march, to Hardeesville, about ten or twelve miles from our camp.

Jan. 17—When the hour came for us to march all were ready to leave the Hardees plantation, to take a look at some of South Carolina, and see how far the enemy's scouts were from us, as no word of them had come to us for several days. Our road was clear and dry, although it ran through a swampy country. We reached Hardeesville about four p.m. The men were all tired, as they had been caring a heavy load, bringing all of their cooking utensils with them, which did us good service when we were in camp. The inhabitants had all left the town but one poor family and they were not harmed. The building that the officers occupied were not molested but the rest of the building were destroyed. The church where treason had been preached from its pulpit, was the first to suffer the ravages of war. No fire was needed to destroy this town, as all the buildings were frame and we could use the lumber for wood easier than we could go to the timber for fuel to burn. The noise of hammering, beating and falling boards was almost deafening, and continued until late at night.

Jan. 18—The Savannah and Charleston railroad had been destroyed by the rebels saving us the trouble of this work. In the afternoon the inspection of arms and accouterments took place and many of the cartridge boxes and belts were condemned. In the afternoon another camp ground was shown us, and we soon got busy making our new camp a comfortable place to stay. Our foraging party that went out early in the morning returned with but little provisions, the rebels having taken everything or destroyed it.

Jan. 19—The news came to us today that Fort Fisher, near Wilmington, N. C., had been captured and salutes were being fired in Savannah. Gen Butler had considered that Fort Fisher could not be captured by land forces, and the news of taking of Fort Fisher gave encouragement to our men. They said if the enemy was not able to hold such places as Fort Fisher, we would be able to take Charleston or Augusta, and it seemed like from their talk they were ready to start on the job in the morning. However, it was only camp talk, and did not amount to very much. As the German said, "talk was cheap, but it takes money to buy bread," and here let me say it takes blood to capture a fort. A party went out foraging about five miles from camp, where they found plenty of rice and sweet potatoes and several head of cattle. All were brought to camp. One of the men who was in the party told me that a colored man and his wife and two children were on the place, and the children were crying for bread, and the mother told him

that they had not tasted a bite of bread for ten days. He divided his hard tack with her and said it was amusing to see the little shavers eat hard tack, and the mother, so overjoyed to think her little children had been saved from starvation. She began to express her thanks, but her voice was choked, and all she could do was to weep. By this time several of the boys had come up where she was and asked the cause of her crying, and he told them what she had said about not having bread to eat for ten days, and they gave her hard tack, coffee and sugar to do her for several days. Late in the evening it began to rain and lasted through the night.

Jan. 20—The rain continued most of the day. The third brigade of our division was camped on low ground, and the camp was covered with water. The ground became so soft on the roads that all the loaded wagons were stuck in the mud and had to pried up and rails put under them, then the road corduroyed with rails and a number of small trees, so the wagons could get to camp with their load of provisions or ammunition, as the case might be. Under these unfavorable conditions there was much talk of an early move from this place. Such days were trying on men, having to stay in their tents all day long to keep dry, and at night the water raise in their tents so much as to drive them out. Who would not want to leave such a place? Preparations must be made to have a place to sleep. Men in every direction could be seen carrying brush and rails to make beds in their tents, piling chunks and brush sufficiently high to keep them out of the water, then pull some grass or leaves and place on top of the brush to make it a little smooth and then spread a blanket on top of it so one had a very good bed for a soldier.

Jan. 21—The rain had slackened a little, the men then ventured out in the open air. Most every foot of ground in our camp was covered with water and some of the tents that were on low ground was standing in water shoe-top deep. To relieve the situation ditches were dug to drain the water away. The report was going the rounds in camp that we were to move tomorrow or the next day. Late in the evening we drew rations for five days which confirmed the report that we were going to move, as we usually drew rations for only three days. The report in camp was that Lee had evacuated Richmond, and was going north to counteract Sherman's raid through the south, but few believed such a report, but hoped it was so, for such a move would have been a hard blow to the rebel cause, then to, his troops away from fortifications, was no match for Grant's troops, and the chances were he would not get very far north.

Jan. 22—Today was rainy and cold. Quite a number of the sick who were left in the hospital at Chattanooga had recovered and returned to our brigade. There was some rejoicing in camp today, although it was rainy and disagreeable. Quite a large mail came today and as usual on such days we got quite a bit of news from our neighbors at home about camp life. Yes, it was quite amusing sometimes, to read the camp news coming from folks at home.

Jan. 23—Still the rain continued to fall and our advance had become impossible on account of the condition of the roads. Most all the roads leading out from our camp had the appearance of water. In order to get the roads passable, ditches were dug on each side of the road to drain the water away, but the country was so level and no fall to carry the water away, the ditches soon filled with water and stood motionless. We soon found that the ditches only helped to keep the road soaked with water and made it more difficult to travel over. It began to appear like the days of Noah, when dry land disappeared and there was no place to set your foot on dry land. We received some clothing today, but not near enough to clothe all for a long march. The night was cold.

Jan. 24—The rain had ceased, but the wind was high and cold. A foraging party was sent out on horseback with two days rations, not knowing where they would find provisions, but the main object was to find it, and return to camp as soon as possible. They also were to find where the rebels had gone to, and their strength if possible. The men who were sent out foraging belonged to all the companies of the brigade, and they had taken the mules and horses to carry the cooking utensils of the companies. The animals were so thin from the lack of something to eat that the riders were fearful that they would have to return to camp on foot, and leave their mules to starve. We received mail today and orders to make ourselves as comfortable as we possibly could under the present conditions of our camp, which was covered with water and mud. Feeling quite sure we would be here for several days, the men began to build cabins out of small pine trees, filling the floor with logs, and laying planks on top of the logs to make it level and smooth, and a good place to sleep. By night the camp had quite a different appearance to what it had in the morning, and we had the assurance of having one good night's sleep, which some of us were beginning to feel we needed.

Jan. 25—Today was a beautiful day overhead, and the rattle of the hammer and saw was heard in the camp, making improvements on their cabins, while the sound of the axe in the timber would make one think of the old shopping bees that were frequent in the early days, when timber was cut from the land, so the land could be cultivated. The foraging party sent out yesterday returned with but little provisions. A short distance from our camp they met the enemy and exchanged shots with them, and quite often the enemy would show themselves and exchange shots with the foragers. It was rumored in camp that the rebels were excavating Charleston, and fortifying Columbia and the road to Augusta. This seemed to be the road we would travel if we went to Richmond, however, it was only a camp rumor.

Jan. 26—Cold and windy today. As a number of our men were in the habit of leaving camp in the morning and not returning until late in the evening, roll call was ordered to be called five times a day, and men who were absent from any of these roll calls were to be punished. By this order being given we supposed we were likely to be on the march soon, and the men were kept in camp, ready to march at a few moment's notice.

Jan. 27—Marching orders were given for tomorrow. Our pioneer corps started today to clear away the obstructions that were in the road, that

had been placed there by the rebels. Toward evening we received an order that somewhat changed our expectations of an early tramp on the road. Instead of marching orders, it was orders to drill by companies, and to have our guns ready for inspection at noon, our pioneers had all left with their tools, and we were sure we would soon follow them, as they were not sufficiently guarded to advance very far ahead of us, and the postponement of our advance had happened unexpectedly. Many things happen to change orders that can not be seen until they are right at hand, and must be met.

Jan. 28—More mail came to camp today, consisting mostly of letters that had been on the road for a long time. The wind was blowing cold, and our warm cabins were splendid places to spend the day, and we sure did improve the time by setting in them, out of the cold wind. At 12 o'clock inspection of arms and roll call; in the evening company drill. Late in the evening orders came to be ready at 8 o'clock a. m., tomorrow to march. We had been looking for this order, and we packed everything after supper ready for the march. We were now satisfied that this breaking of camp meant a long continuous march through the enemy's country, and by no means a pleasant one. Our army was marching in about the same order we marched to Savannah. Each corps was marching on different roads, but all in the same direction with the same purpose in view, to break the backbone of the rebellion, and give the arch traitor South Carolina, the feeling of the heavy hand of war. Our columns extended 60 miles of territory in width, eweeping every thing before it, mills, factories houses, barns, fences, cattle, hogs, sheep, chickens, turkeys, horses and mules, were all taken or destroyed. In some few instances where the people remained at home, and seemed to rejoice at our coming, their property was not molested but such places were but few and far between.

Jan. 29—By seven o'clock we were in line and ready to march, on that often talked of South Carolina march, before we started, Gen Sherman's orders were read to us, informing us that the march would be a long and dangerous one, but we would be successful, and the victory we would achieve would be a crushing blow to the enemy, from which they could never recover. We marched rapidly all day, through a swampy and sparsely settled country, finally reaching Robertsville. All the houses along our line of march were burned.

Jan. 30—Early in the morning we left our camp at Robertsville and a wet swampy camp it was. Robertsville was mostly deserted, but we did not destroy the buildings, leaving that work for those detailed for that purpose. The neighborhood of the town was higher and dryer, than we had been use too. In the afternoon we went foraging and soon came to where the water was all over the ground ankle deep. We had the pleasure of finding nothing but water. After returning to camp our last letters were sent out by the way of the Savannah river.

Jan. 31—Remaining near Robertsville, we made all necessary preparations for the march. Some men not satisfied with the report we gave of the country containing nothing but water, went out foraging and found some half-starved cattle, of which they brought several pounds of meat to camp and tried boiling it, to make soup, but the meat was so destitute of fat that the water was not even

colored. You may judge how fine the soup was. Soldiers often became restless when there was nothing to do in camp, and such had become the case today, most of the men were idling about the camp, wishing for something to do.

Feb. 1, 1865—The day was a quiet one for us. No marching orders had been received and no orders to remain here. We began to suspicion we would get marching orders late in the evening as it had happened many times before. This supposition kept our men together and when the provision wagons were unloaded and we drew three days' rations we knew when company drill was announced for the evening that we would remain in camp for the night. The camp ground was cleared of brush in order to keep the men busy. Late in the evening we heard cannonading in the direction of Charleston though it seemed to be much nearer us.

Feb. 2—Early in the morning we broke camp near Robertsville and marched through the town in a northern direction. About noon we halted at a cross road where we took dinner. Up to this time our road had been good, the country being high. The road ahead of us seemed to be running into a low swampy land and pioneers went ahead of us building corduroy roads over the low swampy places in the road so our wagons could pass over them. As we advanced the road became obstructed by the rebels which made our advance more difficult. Soon we came to where it seemed that the enemy had just left as fires were still burning where they had been cooking and the constant passing of our orderlies and the frequent looking through spy glasses told us that danger was near. The road the pioneers had repaired for us ran in a northerly direction and led to the town of Lordensville. As we advanced the obstructions became harder to remove making our advance very slow and it became more apparent that our advance must be with caution.

Feb. 2—There were more cultivated land between the swamps than there were near Robertsville and Hardeesville. The male inhabitants had all fled leaving only the women and the children at home. Possibly it was for the purpose of saving their property from being destroyed. In this way they were right for no houses were disturbed where they were thus occupied. Occasionally one was burned where the women showed a disposition to harm the soldiers or talked too freely about their holy cause. Some of the so-called South Carolina ladies used the worst language and more obscene words to our boys than the roughest and most brutal soldier ever used. On asking some of these South Carolina ladies what they thought about the war, they would say that they would never give up and if necessary they would shoulder a gun and fall into line to help fight the Yankees, and especially Sherman's army that was going through the country destroying everything. On asking them how strong the army was in they would would say they were strong enough for "you'uns." If one could have believed what these fair ladies of the south would tell you we were only going into a death trap every step we advanced. At such talk as this the boys would laugh and make light of the assertions. The women said they would never return to Yankee allegiance; they would die first. We could somewhat pardon them under the circumstances, thinking the southern ladies would have a different idea of Sherman and his men before

the summer was over and they would learn to use better language; especially when talking to men. Our road was now ready for us to advance to Lordensville. The country was higher and the roads were in better condition to march on, but from some cause our march continued to be slow. Soon we learned the cause of our slow advance when we came to the deserted rebel camps where the fires were still burning was proof that the rebels were not far ahead of us. On looking ahead of us and to our right, the regiments ahead of us was forming into line of battle. The advance skirmishers were beginning to fire on the enemy, our regiment taking a position at the left of the road and remained quiet until the position of the enemy

had been found out. After we learned the position of the enemy we advanced in the direction of the town and as we advanced the firing became more lively. As the firing increased in volume at every step of our advance we now believed the enemy was in great numbers and was making a stand to check our advance and possibly defeat us. We now halted again and waited until plans for driving the enemy from their position could be made. The enemy was posted at the edge of a heavy underbrush and swamp and a field in the front. Our artillery was brought into position and opened fire on the enemy. The 105th Illinois regiment in our front advanced to join the pickets on our right that was already engaged with the enemy and the firing had become very rapid. Our regiment advanced as support of the 105th Ill., after we had taken our position behind them, while the brigade was posted a short distance back of us. We were given the order to advance, going some distance when the enemy opened a lively fire on us. Our artillery continued to fire as we advanced and the enemy supposing we were at the proper distance gave us a general salute and disappeared in the thicket of the brush. We were now ready to pursue them, over ditches and swamps often wading in water knee deep following the fire of an invisible enemy, until we found the lodge behind a barricade of logs and rails. Our pickets advanced and received the fire of the enemy which we answered and was soon in possession of the barricade. One rebel was shot in the leg and not able to follow his comrades and was taken prisoner. He was spunky, said he had a Yankee bullet in his leg. He was asked if he was tired of the war to which he replied, "no, they would never give it up until the northern government had been defeated." The firing ceased here as the rebels had retreated beyond the town that was in our possession, and so stopped the pursuit of the enemy. Near dusk the enemy made their appearance when we retreated to draw him on after us. When we reached our brigade camped at the swamp we stopped retreating but the rebels were not to be drawn into the trap. During the night the rebels retreated to a place of safety to dream of the day that had just passed. We were informed by rebel prisoners that the troops in front of us was Clayborns cavalry, 8,000 strong. Our losses in the day's engagement were 10 killed and wounded, one from the 129th Illinois; four from the 105th Illinois and five from the 102nd Illinois regiments. The night was spent very quiet and we were all ready to enjoy a good night's sleep.

Feb. 3—Leaving camp about 10 o'clock a. m., while the rain was coming down heavily upon us and lasted throughout the day. Being only a short distance from Lordensville we soon came to the town that had the appearance of being a wrecked place even before the war. There were but few houses most all deserted. All of the white population had left and some half-starved negroes, were all the inhabitants to be seen. Some of the houses had traces of blood in them but no wounded rebels were found. Our first division was leaders today. The country through which we were passing was high but the rain had made it unpleasant to march through. The roads were muddy and slippery. Most of the houses were inhabited by women and negroes, the men being either in the army or hiding in the swamps. Some of the houses that were deserted were beautiful mansions containing all the fine furniture one could desire to have. Cotton mills and out buildings were all burned. Provisions for man and beast were all taken of which there were large quantities. Here we got everything we wanted to eat. Crackers were no longer our bread, for a few meals biscuits, ham and gravy, taking the place of pickle pork and hard tack. Instead of sleeping on rocks, logs and brush that often made our limbs ache we had the soft downy cotton for our beds. On account of the continued rain we only marched ten miles and went into camp on an arch traitor's plantation where we slept soundly on our new mattresses of cotton.

Feb. 4—The rain continued to fall most of the night and our tents got soaked with water. The day began bright and clear and after breakfast we started on our march about seven o'clock a. m., and a long march was expected to be made. Our wet tents were a little heavy to carry but there were no way to dry them. Our division took a side road to prevent the enemy from making an attack on the balance of our corps and trains of wagons. The enemy tried yesterday to get to our rear but was not successful for they came in contact with the 17th corps losing ten dead and wounded and ninety prisoners. We thought possibly they would renew the attempt today, but as the 14th corps was marching in a straight line with us, and could not be seen by us, the enemy kept in our front and made no attempt to side-step. We came to the conclusion that the enemy wanted the first pick of the chickens and turkeys for they were sure if they got to our rear the picking would be very slim and to follow us they would have to build new bridges as all the bridges were burned as soon as our rear guard passed over them, making it very difficult for an army of men to follow us and keep in touch with our rear guard. We passed many houses where provisions were scarce and the women and children were poorly clad and lamenting over their misfortune. By evening we had reached country more wealthy, large two and three story buildings, and modern built but mostly all deserted. They were burned after all the provisions were taken from them. This seemed to be the most flourishing section of the state in which we had passed through. It had never felt the effect of the war. After the foragers had gathered all the provisions that could be found both for man and beast and the incendiary corps had passed over that section of the arch

rebel state it had the appearance of being swept by an unruly fire that knew no stopping place as long as there was anything to burn. Late in the evening we met the 17th corps and went into camp near a place called Symrna. This was one of the evenings that we had a splendid supper from provisions we had secured from this fine country we had passed through on our day's march. What was a beautiful and prosperous country in the morning was now a trail of wreckage and ruin. After eating our splendid supper, as the evening was little cool, we built large fires of rails in front of our tents and soon we were off to dreamland.

Feb. 5—The first division was in advance today and by the time they and their train of wagons were stretched out on the road so we could start it taking nearly two hours. We had no shortage of provisions and the best the country could afford, so the boys were feeling fine. The day was cloudy which made it pleasant to march. Our foragers had started early most all of them now on mounted horses or mules and could carry a good supply of provisions to camp. The houses where the people remained at home and showed a disposition to be friendly with our foragers were not touched, but all deserted houses were burned. About 4 p. m., after marching nearly 15 miles we reached the rebel works. The enemy had been driven out by the 15th corps. We passed on by the works and went into camp near Randebee near the Rumby river. Here we reached our foragers who were loaded down with provisions of almost every kind. They brought some horses and cattle to camp that were in fine condition. It is needless for me to tell you we were living in clover in the heart of the rebellion, South Carolina.

Feb. 6—Early in the morning we started on our days march, going through a swamp that was more than a mile across, before we came to the river. The road through the swamp was high and dry and had been leveed years ago and there were no trees across the levee that could be fallen to obstruct our progress to the river. Here we found a shell of a bridge that had been prepared for us to cross the river. Here we found what was once the flourishing village called Rushfordbridge, almost destroyed by fire which must have been the work of the enemy as none of our troops had crossed the river in time to burn the town before we got across the bridge. We found two lines of breastworks that could have easily been held against a front attack, as the levee was the only approach to the town. Just what caused the enemy to give up this town without resistance could only have been that they were fearful of a flank movement that would entrap them and they would all be taken prisoners. We saw nothing of the enemy. The 15th army corps had a skirmish with them in the evening. Soon after the firing ceased it began to rain which made it cold and disagreeable as we went into camp about seven o'clock p. m.

Feb. 7—Our march began at seven with the expectation of reaching the Charleston and Augusta railroad. Meeting the enemy after our march began, the skirmish line drove them checked in the least. When we came to a swamp we halted for a few minutes, seemingly to take in the situation, whether to wade the swamp or wait for the pioneer corps to come and build a road for us to cross on. Our skirmish line had now gotten on the other side of the swamp, and was

driving them briskly at the rebels. Some of the officers said we could go where the skirmish line could, and from the crack of the musketry on the other side, our skirmish line needed our support. At that word all were ready to wade the swamp. Mud and water was almost knee deep, and to add to the difficult situation, it began to pour down rain. When our wagon train came to the swamp the soldiers had to go back into the swamp, and when a team would get stuck the soldiers would take hold of the wagon and raise it out of the mud, then the team would draw it ahead for twenty or thirty feet. This was kept up until the last wagon had gotten across the swamp. Toward evening we came to the line of breastworks built by the 15th army corps. From looks of the bullet marks on the trees, the resistance of the enemy here must have been a determined one to hold the road, and not let us pass. Here we crossed another swamp. The road had been repaired by troops in front of us. Some two hours after sunset we reached the railroad from which the enemy had been driven, over which the last rebel train had left Charleston. Today we went into camp here after making one of the most strenuous day's march we had made in South Carolina. Some of the rebel prisoners that had been captured here had not learned yet that their cause was a lost one, and they were still eager to fight it out, believing they would eventually win out.

Feb. 8—We left camp early, expecting to do work today destroying the railroad property, feeling that every step we took through the rebel country brought the end of the rebellion nearer to an end. We were ordered to leave our equipments in camp, each company piling their things together and standing guard over them. We had not gone far when an order came countermanding the first order, and we were ordered to take everything along. After returning to camp and gathering up the articles we had left we again went forward with picks and axes to destroy the railroad. After removing the rails from the ties, ten or twelve ties were piled in a pile and set fire, then the rails were piled on the pile of ties and when they became hot they were twisted or bent around a small tree. All of our corps were at work destroying the railroad and destroying about two miles, we then came to a station called Graham, where we camped for dinner. The day was as fine as we could ask, and we started out at one o'clock, leaving everything behind us, but our trusty gun. Some of us had thirty-eight calibre Smith and Weston revolvers that we preferred to take with us. We marched about four miles in the direction of Augusta, and no opening for us to work. We then received orders to return to our camp. On reaching the camp we received orders to pack up and march back over the same road we had returned to camp. That kind of work got on the boys' nerves a little and quite a bit of grumbling was heard, but all the grumbling one could do was useless, it all went in the soldier's life. What was the difference, marching was no harder than work, and if we could have found a place to work we would have been at work. We finally went into camp about nine o'clock several miles nearer Augusta. It began to rain on us a few miles before we reached camp. The night was black as ink, and one could not see a mudhole or brush that was hanging over the road, which made the marching very unpleasant after dark. Many of the boys went to bed without supper, being so tired they preferred to rest.

To make it still more unpleasant, it was too dark to get anything for which to make a bed and we used the cold damp ground for there was no other way out of the deplorable condition we were up against.

Feb. 9th—About half past seven o'clock we were ready to begin our work of destruction of the railroad. On arriving at the railroad we found the work had already been done by Killpatrick's cavalry, or some of the infantry troops. We then took a near road to Blackville, on the same road, which we reached at 1:00 o'clock a. m. Killpatrick's cavalry left the place a short time before we arrived. They had destroyed several miles of the railroad running to Augusta. The inhabitants of the town had been told by the rebels the Yanks were coming to destroy their town. Our first brigade had been away from the division since yesterday and we were the first infantry to reach Blackville, where we went into camp, to await the arrival of the balance of the division. Our right wing had a fight with the rebels at Branchville and the "rebs" got the worst of the fray, losing a battery and ammunition, barely escaping being taken prisoners. A part of the Branchville and Wilmington railroad was destroyed. The only road open to the rebels now to Charleston, was the Charleston and Florence railroad, and this couldn't remain open but a short time. The rebels in Charleston would soon be surrounded if they failed to use the only road for their escape, in the next eight or ten hours. The inhabitants of Blackville were very accommodating and the town was not destroyed as were foretold them by the rebels. A few houses and the depot were burned and the inhabitants made no complaint. Patrols were around the city day and night, and arrested everyone who was found plundering or tearing down houses. Late in the evening we received a large mail that had been brought by the second division of our corps. The division had been with Killpatrick's cavalry most of the time since we left Savannah. The distance from here to Augusta was 47 miles and Branchville 12 miles and Charleston 60 miles.

Feb. 10th—We left camp early in the morning, no idea where we were going or what direction, but we soon found we were headed in the direction of Augusta. Until we reached Wills Station, where the destruction of the road commenced, and which continued throughout the day, the boys seemed to work as though they thought this was their last opportunity of getting to work on the railroad. From all appearances our campaign in South and North Carolina, would have good results. The enemy no longer seemed to be eager to try their hand in battle. Their army was smaller than ours, and they were aware of the fact that their General Johnson was not equal to Gen. Sherman, for that had been proven in every engagement, from Chattanooga to Savannah. We were not afraid of the results of the campaign as we were in the spring of 1864. The only drawback to our success would be provisions and marches that would not break us down. The men had not been able to carry all the provisions they gathered in the country and their knapsack and cooking utensils. Although they had become hardened to soldier life, yet there was danger of breaking them down by over loading them. We had now reached the place where something must be done to relieve the strain on them, carrying such a heavy load. Negroes, horses and mules were pressed into service to carry the meat, flour, chickens, tur-

keys, geese, fresh beef and corn meal. Especially the service of the negroes were needed to carry the provisions to camp. After this arrangement was made the soldiers no longer were burdened with an overload to carry and there was less complaining of being so tired and worn out. While it increased the number to feed, it also seemed to increase the supply of provisions brought to camp. The negroes were good foragers and they learned our boys how to find provisions that was hid in the swamps and buried in the gardens and fields. They had seen their masters, hiding the provisions. Men soon learned to probe the ground with the ramrod of their gun, and could locate a box that was hidden. To locate that hidden in the swamps, was easy. The swamps were full of what they called seaweed, and going through the water this weed would be torn apart and leave a clear path that could be easily trailed and lead you to the spot where the provisions were hid. In these swamps there were what the people in the south called tuskets, gathering of mass and dirt which became so hard one could get on top of it and be out of the water. In these tuskets is where they would hide their provisions, and other articles that they did not want the Yankee to get. In some instances they would hide a valuable horse or cow on these tuskets and some furniture was very often hidden on these night single shots were fired in the places, or supposed to be hid. After direction of Augusta, that continued all night long.

Feb. 11th—The morning was as fine as one could ask for, and we left camp early in the morning, leaving our former direction, and the railroad and marching in the direction of Columbia, the capital of the state. Our division took a side road and marched rapidly, not being delayed by our wagon trains. The road we were marching on was high and dry, making it easy for us to step along rather unpleasant and tiresome. Early in the morning heavy cannonading was heard on our left, mingled with musketry. At times the sound of the firing resembled a regular battle being fought. We were thinking that we would get hold of the rebels, but so far no signs of them. We had been informed yesterday that rebel cavalry had been sent from Richmond against us. Killpatrick had a fight with them yesterday about three o'clock, but we didn't learn the results of the fight, only the rebels withdrew from the field. On reaching Yellow Stone river, which had all the appearances of being a swamp, instead of a river, we found the bridge was burned and our advantages were checked. We remained in camp until a new bridge was built. The country we had passed through was more broken, but the swamps had not disappeared. Our camp was on a high hill, and one could see a long distance in every direction, so this gave us a view of war and its destructiveness, that we had never seen before. Looking to the east, clouds of black smoke were rising heavenward, looking west we could see dark clouds of smoke ascending upward and we watched for some time thinking it would all pass away, but instead of passing away it increased in intensity, until day was almost turned into night. One could

but give the words of Sherman when he was asked what was war, as he was quoted as saying it was hell, and this was the view we got off of it today. Our march through a country today, that was but little cultivated, land mostly all timber and brush. For miles not a house was to be seen, and when we came to a house, it was usually a poor dilapidated log shack, that was not worth burning, so our destruction of property today was very light. Our foragers returned to camp with but little provisions, but having plenty left over from yesterday, we were well provided and fared as well yesterday and had some left for tomorrow. The camp of our division was full of fun and music, and it continued until sleep put an end to it.

Feb. 12th—Our march today was not so pleasant, as it was on former days. The bridge had not been completed yet, and the water was too shallow for placing of pontoons. We had to wade some distance to get to the bridge, and as the water was knee deep and as cold as ice, it seemed like it would cut your legs off. Some of the boys could not stand it, and had to be helped through the water to the bridge. This was one of the bitterest pills we had to swallow during our South Carolina campaign.

After a hard struggle we reach the opposite side of the river, without any accident, where we built fires of rails to dry our clothes and warm our aching limbs. Soon after we left the river we came to a swamp and a small town. The name of the town we did not get, as all the inhabitants had left and there was no one to give us the information we wanted. We got more news of the fight on our left yesterday. Killpatrick gave the rebels a glorious whipping and captured many prisoners. His losses in killed and wounded was heavy, but the rebels was heavier. Some of our foragers had got track of some horses hidden in a swamp and they went after them. One said he would wade out in the swamp and find the horses, and return, and then all could go out to get them. When he had been gone quite awhile they heard a shot out in the swamp, and after waiting for their comrade to return and he didn't, they supposed he had been shot, and so they left and returned to camp, reporting what had happened. Arrangements were being made to send a detail of men to get the dead comrade and bring him to camp and bury him. When all were ready to start, the supposed dead comrade made his appearance in camp, telling them he had fired at a man in the swamp, and the man made his escape by going to the other side of the swamp. He had found the horses, but could not get them out of the brush and thorns by himself, and when he came to the shore for help they were all gone, and he wondered what had become of them. Now they would go and get the horses, but as it was getting rather late for such a trip it was given up. We had marched about 15 miles and went into camp in a dusty field, when we had to go about a mile for water. The night was cold, but we kept warm by keeping a good fire burning, that was made of rails. Some of these old fence rails made a splendid fire.

Feb. 13th—This morning we were a little late in getting started on our march. Some members of our regiment has been missing for several days, must have been taken prisoners or killed by the rebels. After marching a few miles we came to a river, where the rebels had prepared to

check our advance. Although it was not our turn to take the advance, we were ordered forward, while other regiments gave way for us to pass. We reached the river and found several regiments and artillery were ahead of us, but these paused and allowed us to pass. About a half mile from the river the enemy fired and retreated a short distance and halted again. A strong line of skirmishers were sent out to protect our flank and advance, with a heavy firing toward the enemy which soon compelled them to give way. We drove the enemy until noon, when we were ordered to go into camp. A number of prisoners who were captured said they belong to Early's forces with whom we had a fight in the morning.

Feb. 14th—Being in the rear today, our march commenced about two o'clock p. m., and we expected to have a night march ahead of us, but after marching about six miles we found our corps in camp. The enemy had opposed us all the day, and were still close in our front at night, but kept very quiet. Heavy firing on our right and left was heard. Several rebels were captured today. Several mounted orderlies and staff officers and body-guard of Gen. Williams went too far in advance of our skirmish line and were surrounded, but cut their way out and all but one escaped. The rebels were becoming more numerous and more determined to check our advance. Many foragers had been taken prisoners. The road we were on lead to Lexington, N. C., which town we expected to reach tomorrow, if the rebels did not check our advance. The night was rainy, and the wet ground was an unpleasant place to sleep. Here we had to fall trees to get wood to cook our supper and breakfast.

Feb. 15th—Our brigade was a little late in getting started on a march, and shortly after we started our advance met the enemy which was in no hurry to retreat. They were only driven back by a continuous fire up to two o'clock, when they made a stand behind a swamp, firing at every one of our men who showed himself. The enemy had to be driven out by assault, our advance brigade being the assaulting party. They had one killed and two wounded. The rebels retreated, their losses being quite heavy, in killed and wounded. Heavy firing was going on to our right and left, and the noise of the cannons were heard quite frequently, mingled with the rattle of musketry, that proved to us that not only the cavalry was in our front but also the infantry, but when our advance brigade fell on them with bayonet fixed they thought it was time to retreat. Our advance was slow but steady, gaining a little ground all the time. We were advancing toward

the capital of the state, where we were looking for a large rebel force with which to contend. Leaving Lexington on our left, we marched by a near route to Columbia, expecting to reach it tomorrow. We lost some time in the swamps. Toward evening the country was higher and the roads were dry. Our advance was more rapid and about six o'clock we went into camp on a high elevated piece of ground, where we had dry ground to sleep on.

Feb. 16th—Our march began early, our regiment having the advance of the whole corps. As the enemy was soon discovered in our front, we advanced as skirmishers. We were looking for hot work before we reached Columbia, but the enemy was on their guard and escaped the trap that was set for them. The 15th corps was

almost ready to cut off their retreat, and marched on our right on a near road, and crossed our road a few miles south of town. They must have crossed our road before we reached the crossing as we saw nothing of them. The enemy had found this out in time to escape being surrounded. When we reached the 15th corps it was in position and busy firing at the enemy. The river being in our immediate front an attack could not be made, and we were compelled to go into camp without firing a single shot at the enemy entrenched on the other side of the river. We camped on an elevated spot overgrown with brush, where we had full view of the city. The rebels suffered from the artillery fire of the 15th and 17th corps and had been forced back quite a distance, so our pontoon corps could begin work on the pontoon bridge. This work could not be done in day time, and the taking of the city must wait, until the bridge was completed. Our second division entrenched themselves in our rear, expecting an attack from that direction, but the night passed quietly. Foraging parties were sent out, but the men returned with tired limbs, and no provisions. The inhabitants along our line of march today had all fled and retired to a place of safety. Columbia was no longer a safe place for them, and they must now be preparing to leave the city, as tomorrow's sun may shine its rays over a Yankee army in possession of the city. The pontoon bridge building in our front was a deception to draw the rebels' attention to that part of the army, while to our right some six miles, the 14th corps could lay a pontoon bridge across the river without interference which was done.

Feb. 17th—About 10 o'clock a. m., we left camp. Foragers were sent out early, and our whole corps marched back on the same road we came in on, and took a road leading to the right, reaching the river after a march of about six miles, where a pontoon bridge had been built the night before, and crossed by the 14th army corps. Killpatrick's cavalry was just crossing as we came to the river, and we had to wait until they passed over. We crossed late at night. Killpatrick seemed to have been pressed by the enemy's cavalry under Cheatham, who was in his rear, and he got our front by forced marches. Columbia was taken in the forenoon by our right wing. A greater part of the city had been burned, and all efforts to extinguish the flames were fruitless. As fast as the flames were under control in one part of the city fresh fires would spring up in other parts, and the wind aided in the destruction. Gen Sherman was compelled several times to move his headquarters on account of flames. Many of the poor inhabitants of the city thus became victims of the rebels' hatred. It seemed like the anger of the great judge was being poured out on the arch traitors of the city, who were responsible for all the destruction of property, and the hardships and bloodshed caused by this war of rebellion, against the best government the world has ever known. It was cruel that the innocent had to suffer with the guilty, but such is war. Lexington had gone up in smoke yesterday and the night was restless. Shots were fired at intervals all night, and there could no longer be any doubt that the rebels were in our rear.

Feb. 18th—About six o'clock we left camp, our brigade taking the lead of the corps. The country was rolling and high, and the roads were in better condition to march over. The country through which we were pass-

ing was more thickly inhabited, yet there were but few provisions to be found. We were informed today that we had only four days of provisions in the wagons, to last us on our forty days' march yet ahead of us, and we must be very saving of what rations we had. After marching four or five miles we came to the 14th corps crossing a river, and we had to go into camp and wait for them to get across. As we had no orders to remain for the night, we supposed that we would follow the 14th corps, which we did, as soon as the way was clear for us to cross the river. From some cause our brigade commander misunderstood his orders and we got on the wrong road, and marching some two miles before we found it out. Then we had to retrace our steps and get on the right road. This move placed us in the rear of the corps. Making our way through brush and swamps we came to the balance of our corps, camped on the river for the night. A bridge had to be constructed over this river before we could cross.

Feb. 20th.—We received orders from Gen. Sherman, coming through the brigade commander that all the large tents of the officers and companies must be taken from the wagons, so the wagons could be loaded with provisions, when we came to a part of the country, where provisions could be found. We had foraging parties detailed, whose duty it was to go out every day in search of provisions, and they were exempt from other duties. When they came in at night they delivered all the provisions they had gathered during the day to the quartermaster of the brigade, and he to the regimental quartermaster, and he to the quartermaster sergeant of the company, and he to the men, so each man got what was allowed him, and there was no cheating him out of his share of the provisions. If there were more. The afternoon brought more events than the forenoon and seemed like we were going to pass through just such a trial as we did on the 16th. We had advanced briskly not having an hour's rest the night before. We were not in the best condition to make a forced march, never the less we must keep up with the 14th corps as they were likely to need our assistance. Soon our forced march was ordered to be a double quick and this foretold the events ahead of us. When we passed the pack mules and horses of the corps that were not allowed to follow the brigade, we were no longer in doubt of what was taking place in our front. The roar of the cannon now became furious; a brigade of the first division that reached the battlefield ahead of us was forming in line of battle, then marching forward toward the enemy like a solid phalanx with a sturdy step against the enemy who were saluting our boys with volleys of lead. Several batteries were posted to the right of this brigade and several others were galloping up, and were posted in a few minutes at this time of the engagement. Our brigade was now forming the rear of our division. Reaching the battle field we joined the second brigade left forming the extreme left of the army. A few of Killpatrick's men were on our left in the woods to give us timely notice if the enemy should attempt to attack our flank. After we had taken our place and stacked arms, we were ordered to build breastworks as an attack on our flank was expected. Pickets were sent out and we went to work in earnest. Soon we had our works sufficiently strong to have kept twice our number back. Suddenly on

our right we heard the deafening yells of the thousands of rebel soldiers and the rattle of the Yankee musketry and the booming of the cannons. At times it seemed to drown all the yells and rattle of the musketry then gradually slackening down to a single shot now and then. The enemy had made a charge on the 14th corps and our first division had been compelled to retrace their steps leaving their dead and wounded on the battle field. This first attempt did not satisfy the rebels and they rallied their forces and came again yelling like demons of hell seemingly more determined to accomplish their purpose they had in mind, break the battle line of the 14th corps. This charge was met with a rain of musketry and grape and cannister that literally mowed down their ranks. The deafening sound of the cannon and musketry was almost unbearable and at times the earth seemed to shake under our feet. Our troops could be seen plainly from our position and stood like a solid wall and compelled the rebels to make another hasty retreat as before, leaving their dead and wounded on the field of battle. These two defeats did not yet satisfy the enemy and during the afternoon six attempts were made by them to break our lines. The last four were rather feeble, compared with the first two. The rebels being defeated at every attempt, finally withdrew. Prisoners told us that Hardee swore he would break through our lines or lose his last man of the fifty thousand troops he had in our front. I did not learn the number of rebels who were killed and wounded, but it must have been up in the hundreds. This battle occurred at Bentonville, N. C. Our losses were great, but nothing to compare with the rebels. We will never forget the scene we saw there. On the north side of the road where the rebels made the charge stood a two-story frame house. Two women were in the house at the time of the battle and one could not put his hand down on the end of the house, but what it would have been on a bullet hole, yet these women almost frightened to death were not foragers brought in there was not much left for them to get. The old saying is, "tit for tat you kill my dog and I will kill your cat," as much as to say you got all the provisions yesterday and we will get them today. The country, while hilly and rocky, was settled thickly and well provided with provisions and our foragers pressed negroes into service to carry provisions to the brigade. As soon as they were relieved of the load they were hastened back to bring another one. Some of the most spry negroes brought four or five loads to our brigade that day. All of our wagons were loaded with provisions and we had plenty for supper and breakfast that could not be gotten into the wagons. The forest we were passing through today was beautiful and one was delighted to spend a few minutes under the shade of those beautiful trees for the sun was sending its rays of heat down that made one feel like it was hovering around a 100 in the sun. As we advanced the pine trees began to be scarcer and we began to feel like we would soon be out of the pinery. While the pine trees were beautiful to look at, odor and smoke from the rosen pine was something almost unbearable and we longed to be in a country where we could wash our faces and look like white men. We now began to feel like we soon would have a fairer complexion. Our road led to Rocky Mount, which place we expected to reach today. About

12 o'clock we came to a house where a member of our advance had been shot by the enemy who was hidden in the house. The country was swarming with rebel scouts and the foragers were often surprised and had to fight their way out or be taken prisoners. It had become a custom of the rebels of late to kill all the foragers they took, and the foragers knowing this decided to die fighting or get away from the rebels. One of Ben Sherman's special guards was with us most all the day and he was reported to have said that Sherman feared no danger if he could cross the Catawba river without resistance. This river could only be crossed on the main road from Rocky Mount to Lancaster. At all other points the bluffs were so high and steep that pontoons could not be laid to cross on. On the road we were on, we had learned the bridge had been burned and the enemy on

any surplus after the men had gotten their allowance it was put in the wagons. When we were passing through a country where provisions were plentiful the wagons would be filled with provisions, that would last us through a section of country where there were no provisions to be found. Our brigade was the rear guard today and we remained in camp until sundown, and when all of the other troops had crossed the river we followed and remained until the bridge had been taken up. By this time we knew what was in store for us, an unpleasant night march. The night was dark and the road for some miles was through a swampy country. The guards of the wagon trains made a little light with their lanterns, which they used to pilot the wagons around the worst mud holes. Tramping our way along the best we could in the dark, we reached camp about 3 a. m., for a few hours of rest.

Feb. 21.—Our tramp commenced early this morning but we would have much rather spent a day in camp resting, although the men were in much better condition to march, than we were when we marched through Georgia. But few of the boys had sore feet. The country that we were marching through today was hilly and rocky but seemed to be a prosperous section of the country. There were plenty of provisions for the foragers to gather today. About twelve o'clock we reached a good sized town called Winsboro and halted a short distance from it to take dinner. Roll call was held every half hour to keep the men together and not let them stray off to town and be late coming back to camp. After one hour for dinner and rest, we marched by company through the town just like we marched on dress parade and after passing through the town we marched about two miles and went into camp in a pine forest on a hill. Quite a lot of grape vine news was afloat in camp today but the boys took none of it seriously as they could not understand how it could be so. Gen. Thomas was reported as being at Charlotte, N. C., to unite with us but Lee had left Richmond to prevent this union. Of course we did not know how matters stood in the north, but we could not see how Lee could leave Richmond without Grant being close on his heels. We could not believe Lee could be so foolish as to make a move that would place his army between two great armies; Sherman on the south and Grant on the north, and then Thomas in the front. Thomas could have checked Lee's army for one day and the next day Lee would have had to fight

three armies instead of one and they on three sides of him. It would have been a terrible slaughter of his men, fighting a three cornered battle.

Feb. 22—Promptly at seven o'clock the bugle sounded for the day's march. Our division was to take the lead today and our foragers had the pick of the provisions and as far as they could they made a clean sweep of everything. The second division was in the lead yesterday and they acted a little bit hoggish. Today they were the rear guards and had to take what was left of the provisions by

the other side was strongly entrenched. To avoid or mislead the enemy, we turned to the right before coming to the river and left the enemy waiting behind their breast works for our appearance at the river. We reached the river about sundown and found no rebels there. After a strong detail had crossed the river in skiffs and were guarding the other shore, a bridge was quickly built across the river with pontoons and by midnight a brigade was in the mountains and valley of the northern shore. We marched some distance to make room for the other troops and the wagon trains. About two o'clock we went into camp for the night.

Feb. 23rd—Before daybreak we were awakened and ordered to advance without breakfast. We were assured that the march would be a short one. We advanced about five miles out, but these five miles were severe on us, having only a few hours rest and marching with empty stomach, was trying on one's physical strength. After arriving at our destination we erected tents in a large forest just before it began to rain. The enemy had been outwitted again, and did not show themselves until late in the afternoon, when they attempted to destroy our bridge, but failed. They kept up a constant fire at the guards at the bridge until driven away, with some losses. Gen. Sherman gave us encouraging news today, by saying the darkest days of our campaign had passed in crossing the river safely, and in three months we would be on our way to Washington. The rebels had been so completely outflanked at the river, and drawn out of their breastworks without getting to use them. We wondered where they would make their next stand.

Feb. 24th—The rain continued through the night and today showers were occasionally. The roads were getting in a bad condition, especially after the wagons had passed over them. We were wishing there would be no move today, as all of our corps had not crossed the river. All of Sherman's army had to cross the one bridge, and it took some time for all to cross. At ten o'clock we received marching orders, and by eleven all were ready to march. We marched about three miles to make room for all the troops to cross the river and went into camp. We were now in a straight line, 15 miles from the border of North Carolina, and 25 miles from Charlotte, C. H. Seventeen of our men were murdered by the rebels a few days ago and retaliatory measures were adopted. The night was rainy and dark.

Feb. 25th—Early in the morning our pickets were drawn, and the bugle sounded the advance. When everything was ready we received orders to remain until further orders. The pickets were again sent out to their post, when a heavy rain set in, that prevented any further movement. The rain continued all day and night, with peals of heavy thunder, that at times seemed to shake the earth.

Feb. 26th—The rain continued to come, but our time had come to advance. Although the rain had a dampening affect, it put a damper on our movement, and we knew we would have a hard day's march before us, and an unpleasant one, but the loss of a single day gave the enemy new strength, and power to impede our progress, and cause us more loss. Our advance was but a short distance in the mud and water, and the continued pour of rain, compelled our wagons to halt, until the roads were corduroyed. We had not made five miles, when every foot of the road had to be corduroyed, so the wagons could pass over the road. The road we were on lead to Lancaster, but late in the evening we took a side road to the right of the city. At a road crossing we found one of our men dead, his throat having been cut by the rebels and the body placed in the road, knowing we would find it. A slip of paper was pinned on his breast with these words written on it, "The fate of all foragers." At one o'clock we went into camp on a battle field of the revolution, Hanning Rock, near Lancaster. Close to our camp we found several bales of cotton hidden in the swamp which we used for bedding. The rain had ceased and the night was clear and bright. Having a downy bed of cotton to sleep on, we were soon off to dreamland.

Feb. 27th—No signs of advance had appeared, but as other troops were passing us we supposed we would be the rear guard, as it was the turn of our division. Many of our men left camp, some went foraging and some were washing. At noon we received orders to remain in camp, and the men could wash. We were well pleased with this last order, as we had not washed since we left Hardeesville. Our foragers returned in the evening empty handed. We remained in camp during the night, looking for an early march in the morning.

Feb. 28th—The day began with rain, and we were well aware of what we would find on the march. The time for commencing our march was passed, and we were still in camp, though ready to start at the second command. At ten o'clock the bugle sounded the advance when we left our camp at Hanging Rock, our division forming the rear of the column. To march in the rear is unpleasant in any kind of weather, and especially if the roads are wet and soft it is disagreeable. The thousands of feet tramp the road into a morass of mud, then comes the wagon-trains that ploughs it up deep, making it very tiresome work for the last soldiers to march through. Being in the rear our march was very slow today, going into camp about six o'clock, after having made a march of about eight miles, tired and worn out, more than we would have been marching 20 miles on good roads. Our foragers made use of a mill, having gathered wheat and corn, and ground it at the mill. After finishing their grinding the mill went up into smoke. The country was less inhabited, and provisions were scarce. Swamps had ceased and hills, valleys and clear running water was plentiful. We camped while it was pouring down rain on the sloping side of a hill, with the expectation of an unpleasant march tomorrow. If the rain did cease the roads would be bad.

March 1, 1865—We were leaving camp about seven o'clock a. m. Our brigade formed the rear of the division and the division formed the center of the corps. The march was more

pleasant to day than yesterday. The roads were more solid and our advance more rapid. We did not stop to repair the roads. The country was more thickly settled, but the inhabitants had all fled. A negro informed us that most of the inhabitants had fled to the thick forest, taking whatever they could with them. Our foragers soon found the trail of the fugitives and were not long in locating them. They found more provisions in the woods than they did in the houses, but on occasions the men were in danger of being trapped by the rebels who wanted to save their property. Some of our boys was wounded on these trips every day, but the foraging parties were determined to get the hidden provisions, if it did cause them wounds or death. The more the rebels tried to hide their provisions and protect them from being taken by the foragers the more the latter were determined to get them. Yesterday a party of foragers came suddenly upon a bunch of rebels and the rebels opened fire on them, wounding two with fine shot. This enraged the rest of the foragers and they sprang at the rebels like tigers, taking two of them prisoners, and what provisions they wanted and destroyed the rest. The two rebels were taken to headquarters, and held as prisoners of war. Such incidents occurred daily, but in most of the cases the rebels got the worst of the fray. The many dangers that our foragers had to encounter was increasing daily, but this seemed to only encourage them to make more dangerous trips in search of provisions. They went where they pleased, and met the enemy on even grounds, and invariably carried away the spoils.

March 2nd—Near seven o'clock we moved forward in a heavy rain. We were marching in the direction of Chesterfield some 15 miles distance from us. We marched some five miles in a hurry to where a bridge was being erected over a swamp. Here we went into camp to await the completion of the bridge. It was built of logs, and a rude concern it was, and very dangerous to cross, especially after night. If one should make a misstep his foot would go down between the logs, and he would have to be helped out of the trap he was in. We began to cross the bridge about dark, and it took several hours for our brigade to cross the bridge, some soldiers being crippled in crossing, but none seriously. With wet feet, we continued our march until eleven o'clock p. m., when we went into camp for the night, with orders to be ready to march at six in the morning.

March 3rd—We had not rested but a few hours, when we were told to get ready for the day's march. Our brigade formed the advance of the division, and very often we had to lay our guns aside and assist in building the road for our wagon train. The enemy had not shown themselves for some days. The roads were not blocked, the only obstruction to our steady advance was bad roads and burned bridges, which were soon rebuilt, so we could cross them. We expected to meet the enemy at the great Ped river tomorrow. Our neighboring columns seemed to be unmolested as neither cannon or musketry firing was heard on our right or left. We reached Chesterfield about one o'clock, and the town was entirely deserted. Our first division had reached the town yesterday. We went into camp here. One of the foragers belonging to our regiment was taken prisoner several days ago but, by wearing cavalry clothes, he passed as a cavalymen, one of Killpatrick's

men. A few days afterwards an exchange of prisoners was effected, an equal number of Wheeler's and Killpatrick's men, and our comrade was lucky to pass as a cavalry man, and returned to our regiment today. A few hours after he was captured. He was taken to Wheeler's headquarters and questioned about our strength. Of course he answered the questions in his own way. He also stated a member of Co. F., was with him, and all cries of the enemy to halt only increased his speed, until a bullet struck him in the head, and he fell dead. I am at a loss to know who this man from Co. F., was, as we had no men missing so far as I could learn. The rebel prisoners said that there were 35,000 rebels in our front, but we could not believe that, as an army of that size would not allow us to advance without resistance.

March 4.—Leaving Chesterfield at about seven o'clock, the road was fine a few miles out of town. Meeting no resistance to stop our advance, we stepped over the border line of South Carolina, and into North Carolina, at 12 o'clock and went into camp about two o'clock p. m., in a forest of young pines. Cheraw, a distance of eight miles, was taken possession by the 17th. corps, commanded by General Howard yesterday. After a slight skirmish, the enemy gave way, losing a number of prisoners and cannons and were driven into North Carolina over the great Ped river.

March 5.—As we remained in camp today, it was wash day, with most of the boys. The foragers went out to scour the country for provisions, but the last few days the provisions in our wagons had become low. Today was our bi-monthly muster, and the officers and clerks were making out the muster rolls. In the direction of Cheraw, the roar of Cannon and the bursting of shells was constantly roaring; we supposed the fortifications were being blown up and the town being laid waste.

March 6.—The explosions in the direction of Cheraw, continued, and at 10 o'clock we broke camp to go to Cheraw, having to retrace our steps to the border of South Carolina, then marching along the border until we reached our destination, when we camped for supper, receiving orders to prepare for a good night's rest and be ready to cross the great Ped river as soon as possible. At 12 o'clock we were ordered to fall in line, and we marched through the half burned town. The darkness prevented us from getting a good view of the ruins. We reached the south side of the river a short time before sunrise.

March 7.—After crossing the river we marched on the Rockingham and Fayetteville road and camped in a field to get breakfast, after which our brigade was detained as guards for the wagon train. The day was one of those hot southern days and the road was sandy, making it unpleasant to march, but we moved along at a rapid pace, and went into camp after a march of 17 miles, in the neighborhood of the Lawrenceburg and Wilmington railroad. The rebels had not molested the road. A few fugitive citizens' vehicles were found in the road, and from all appearances they had been over loaded and went down under their heavy weight.

March 8.—Leaving camp about nine o'clock, we continued our march in the direction of Fayetteville. The country was thinly settled, large groves of pine trees on both sides of the road, with here and there a turpentine factory. Considerable talk had

been going on of late about opening communications at Fayetteville by the way of Cape Fear river with Wilmington, that was now in the hands of the union troops, according to the report of the rebel prisoners. We were anxious to reach Fayetteville as we expected to stay there some time. From reports received from negroes, the place was strongly fortified, but it did not dishearten us, as we expected to take the place even if it took hard fighting to get it. Knowing that the rebels were disheartened and not anxious to give us a decisive battle, we felt almost sure that our opposing enemy would not stand a long resistance to keep possession of Fayetteville. From previous engagements with our boys, the rebels had learned that we did not rely altogether on hard fighting to capture a fortified position, it was either by a flank movement or side stepping and appearing in their rear, forcing them to evacuate, or be captured. Along our line of march today dense clouds of smoke could be seen, rising in every direction, as far east and west as one could see. Our army was passing through the turpentine orchards, and the sap from the pine trees had accumulated at the roots of the trees in large quantities. This sap or wax, was easily set on fire, with a torch or match, and occasionally a turpentine factory was fired, that added to the great columns of smoke that was spreading over the columns of Sherman's army as they were slowly advancing, on Fayetteville. At times the smoke was so dense that the sun was completely hidden, and gave the appearance of the shades of night gathering around us. If our northern friends could have seen that great army colored as they were by the smoke left in their travel, they would have exclaimed, "from whence came all of those colored people?" Not far from the road we halted that afternoon, a man was captured with a team and wagon. In a box on the wagon was found clothing with a package of love letters that gave us some merriment to read. There was also a number of hams and a barrel of molasses, which we appropriated to our own use, but the clothing was mostly female apparel, which we left. The horses were also taken as we were in need of some good horses that were not galled or run down. The afternoon and night was rainy. We camped about 40 miles from Fayetteville, feeling sure that tomorrow would bring us near that city.

March 9.—Moving out of camp about six o'clock a. m., on our march to Fayetteville, the country was more thinly settled than what we passed through yesterday. The turpentine orchards were plentiful and the turpentine distilleries were more plentiful. The same procedure of destruction was carried on today as yesterday. As soon as the columns began to move, dense clouds of smoke could be seen rising to our right and left. The location of each corps could be easily told by the clouds of smoke that followed them. No doubt but the rebels could see the position of our army and could tell how far away they were, but possibly they did not know our strength or where the main strength was located whether on the right, left or center and to put their strength against our strength they were guessing at random and as likely be wrong as right. We were marching rapidly although the rain made it unpleasant to march. We did not go into camp until late in the evening when we came upon a swamp. We did not have a dry thread of clothing on us. Wood to build a fire had to be

gotten out of the water that was sometimes knee-deep. Those who were with us that night will never forget what a horrible night we spent trying to keep out of the water and to get a few hours of sleep. Thomas Mason and I were messmates and we carried a hatchet that served as a good purpose this night. We cut three poles about 15 feet long laying the large end of the poles on a log and the other end on the ground. Then cutting notches in the log so the poles could not slip we cut fine brush and placed it across the logs, then rolling in our old blankets, laid down on our bed above the water and rested fairly well while many a poor comrade was floundering in the water trying to sleep.

March 10.—Beginning our march at six o'clock our trials and difficulties began at once that tested the constitution of every soldier and his ability to endure them. We were at a swamp that bordered both sides of Lumber river, a river that was in keeping with all Carolina rivers with low shores and swamp approaches. A bridge had been built over the river but to get to the bridge we had to wade through ice water knee deep in the first swamp and many of the boys had to be helped through the cold water. It seemed to cramp their limbs so they could not stand up and would sink down in the water unless supported by some comrade who could stand more endurance. After crossing this swamp to our dismay, we had six more smaller swamps to cross and the farther we advanced the more difficulty it was to bring our wagon trains and the pioneers could no longer repair the roads fast enough. Men were detailed from the brigade to assist in repairing the road. Our company furnished its quota of men to assist in the work of corduroying the roads so our wagon trains could be brought up. This was one of the most trying days for hardships and endurance we had experienced in our soldier's life. The day was cloudy. We went into camp some 25 miles from Fayetteville, wet hungry and tired out.

March 11.—About six o'clock we were ready to march but by no means in good marching condition. Men all through our columns were complaining of tired legs and sore feet. The ambulances were filled with men whose legs and feet did not allow them to march and this number increased every day and especially in the morning. Men would say they could not march a mile and carry their load but after marching awhile they seemed to get limbered up and could do much better than they expected. It began to appear like our march today would be a hasty one. After breaking camp we moved rapidly forward, past the first division, and took the lead. The day was fine and the roads were drying rapidly, though frequently we had to stop and repair the road; we were marching on a side road. The 14th corps was marching on the main road, which was much better than the road we were on. In the afternoon we reached the main road, about eight miles from the city. As this road was high and dry, the 14th corps had gotten ahead of us, and the advance of their column must have reached the city by this time, but no firing had been heard in that direction. It was our desire to reach the city today, as it was the desire of our commanding officers, we should so increase our speed a little, and arrived at Fayetteville about 7 o'clock p. m., after a march of 25 miles. The city was strongly fortified, but the main force of rebels had fled, and our

foragers had found a small force of cavalry that they soon drove out of the city. A division of the 14th army corps camped in the city for the night.

March 12th—We remained quiet in our camp, though not a comfortable one by any means. Shade trees and fire wood was lacking, but we hoped to get a better camping place if we remained here long. A boat came up the Cape Fear river from Wilmington, that brought the first news we had received since we left Robertsville, S. C., the same boat taking a large mail from here north. A great many of the inhabitants of the city rejoiced at our coming, and soon the stars and stripes could be seen floating from the house tops all over the city. They gave up the confederate cause as lost, and believed the war could last but a short time, and especially if Sherman should advance in the direction of Richmond. They said Sherman had gone during the last year wherever he pleased, which would do the most harm to the rebel cause, and no power of the rebels could now stop him. The children, boys and girls alike, went around the streets shouting, hurrah for Sherman, and his boys. Such were treated kindly by our men, but these union inhabitants, were in the minority, compared to the arch traitors, of the city, these faces gave proof of the rebel spirit they possessed. They kept their houses closed from our boys, but would have divided their last morsel of bread with a rebel soldier.

March 13—Remaining quite in camp two miles from Cape Fear river and Fayetteville, our foragers had taken possession of a mill, and was grinding corn fit for us. A number of prisoners and cannons had fallen into our hands today. The weather was beautiful in the forenoon but rainy in the afternoon. The main force of the rebels had retreated a short distance, but the country was full of rebel foragers who were compelled to return to camp for reinforcements, go to a plantation, that was reported to be well supplied with provisions. Our 2nd brigade went out and drove the rebels away, but nearly all of the provisions had been removed. We were now looking for some hot work between here and Goldsborough, as it was quite evident that the rebels were more numerous than they had been. They now consisted of all those driven from Savannah, Augusta, and Charleston. Early had sent a part of his men here.

March 15—We began to march at six o'clock a. m., sharp, the first and third divisions of our corps taking a side road, the second division with the wagon train went to our right on a better road for the wagon trains that had to be well guarded now as danger was ahead. On our road we found many barricades that was held yesterday by the enemy but evacuated today. About noon we came to a line of entrenchments that was also evacuated. From all appearance we judged the enemy was close in our front and did not feel like giving away. We advanced until three o'clock and went into camp. The country was now lower and more of a swampy appearance. It was threatening to rain and we had only gotten rid of our guns and knapsacks when the rain began to come and continued until night. Here for the first time we saw Killpatrick and his staff officers and two divisions of cavalry galloped past us as we were going into camp. Soon after the cavalry had passed we heard shots in our front that grew in volume until it sounded like a regular battle. Toward night the firing ceased.

Our foragers were the first to suffer at the hands of the rebels and many of them were taken prisoners. Others escaped with the loss of their horse and gun. Quite a number of our regiment were captured. Pat O'Loughlin, of Co. F., was captured. G. C. Peak of Co. F., made his escape by dismounting and throwing away his gun and cartridge box and plunging into a swamp where he remained all night. At the break of day he got his bearings and before we had moved he reached our camp wet, muddy and hungry but happy at having evaded a rebel prison.

March 16—Our marching began early. About six o'clock we left our camp 10 miles from Averysboro marching in the direction of the town. We had a bad road to travel; low and wet. The rains had made it very soft and hard to travel over and our advance was very slow, never stopping to repair the road as we had but a light wagon train with us. Our cavalry was on the enemy's heels again today. Shots were heard, increasing in volume with the bass sound of cannons which told us that something more than a skirmish was taking place. We were aware of what was ahead of us. Killpatrick seeing his danger we were ordered forward in double quick, reaching a place close to the scene of the conflict. Leaving our wagons and mules we prepared for the work ahead of us. The enemy was entrenched in a low place, well provided with water and mud. A front attack was almost out of the question with any hope of dislodging the enemy who had based their hopes on a frontal attack and had forgot to guard their flank. To our left the brush along the edge of the swamp was very thick and impossible for a line of battle to get through and stay in line. Frank Springer and I were detailed to go to the left and see if there was an opening in the brush where a line of battle could pass through and how far the rebel right wing extended to our left. We were not long in getting the information desired, when our orders for the brigade was to march to the left until they came to an opening in the brush along the edge of the swamp, then to advance in line of battle across the swamp and strike the enemy's right flank. This move was made in very quick time. The water in the swamp where we crossed was shallow and did not impede our progress of march. When we reached the opposite shore of the swamp we had some trouble in getting through the brush and keep in line. This move must have surprised the enemy as we were on his flank before he knew it and soon we had them on the run but not without some losses to our brigade and some of our regiment, but a number of the enemy was left on the battle field. The enemy must not have seen our movement as not a shot was fired at us and we were not far away from them. The firing on our right was very rapid and the enemy became more bold as the hours went by. Our move brought us to where we faced our own pickets and in the rear of the enemy. We went after the enemy with a terrific yell and fire. The enemy were lodged behind their works, but fled in every direction panic stricken without firing a shot, leaving cannons, knapsacks, guns and horses and their dead and wounded behind them. The balls of our boys sent after the fleeing rebels halted many a one forever. We must admit on this occasion the rebels could beat us running for they had reached their second line of works and

rallied opening, on us with cannon and musketry fire, compelling us to halt in the mad rush. We had lost communications with our left and right but our regiment had not lost a man thus far in the fight. The cannons captured from the enemy were turned on them and the rebels gunners who were captured with the guns were compelled to load and fire them but not allowed to sight their own guns. One of our sergeants sighted the guns. Our line had been re-established and the enemy attempted to give us a flank fire. The bullets and balls went as thick as hail over our heads, wounding several of our men. In a moment our front was changed and the enemy driven back. When arrangements were made to prevent a flank attack and the 14th corps had joined our left we received orders to advance but no orders to attack. We scarcely began to advance when the enemy opened a terrific fire on us, causing our regiment to lose twenty men, among them several were killed. The bugle sounded the advance several times, but not to attack. As soon as we showed ourselves a rain of bullets and balls came whizzing at us, compelling us to remain on the ground. Soon the firing became a continuous stream of balls and shells. The enemy knew they were doing us harm. In all the hot places we had been and the song of the grape and cannister, the whizzing of balls and shell Averysboro had them all eclipsed. The grape balls seemed to strike everywhere and they came thick and fast. The only way we could account for passing through such a rain of bullets and shell without receiving a scratch was by laying quiet on the ground. After dark we erected breastworks under a brisk fire from the enemy's guns. A heavy firing was going on at our right during the afternoon as well as in our front. Some of the rebel soldiers had fled into the swamp between the two lines of works, and after we had captured the first line and sent a shower of bullets after them, the rebels in the swamp begged our boys to take them out. It was, sometime before we could relieve them from their horrible pit of mud and water and place them under guard with other prisoners. The rebels in our front were artillery men from Charleston, but they were given a musket here. Our wounded were brought to a neighboring house to be taken care of the best we could. After supper it began to rain and we spent most of the night awake. The rebels fled during the night, pursued by our cavalry.

March 17—Going to the rebel works before sunrise where we prepared our breakfast, scouts were sent out to locate the enemy. They did not go very far when they were fired upon by the rebels who demanded to know what they wanted. The rebels retreated at the same time. Our advance began about 8:00 o'clock a. m. Small squads of the enemy were in our front but they did not hinder our advance very much. Most all of these small squads of rebels kept beyond the range of our guns. We were now on our way to Averysboro, only a few miles away from the battlefield in a southerly direction. The road was strewn with the rebels dead. Ambulances had not been able to get away fast enough. The horses had been unhitched and the wagons left. We found the greater part of the rebels wounded in farm houses along the road all alone and without attendants, medicine or provisions. They had been left to their fate until our surgeons took pity on them and attended to their wounds.

in one of the ambulances we found a man almost dead, who had been shot in the head and a few faint utterances was all the poor man could make. We don't know what the rebels thought were about this poor fellow but this we do know, if they would treat one of their messmates and comrades in such a manner what would be their treatment of a Yankee prisoner? I will leave this with you to decide. We arrived at Averysboro about eleven o'clock a. m., where we found more wounded soldiers in the deserted houses. There were under the treatment of surgeons; many of them were but slightly wounded and they would curse their cause and blame the continuance of the war to the officers of their army. Some of them placed the whole blame on Jefferson Davis and his cabinet. A few would say they were in a fight to a finish, let it be long or short duration, claiming it could never be settled permanently any other way and when thus settled they would be loyal citizens of which ever side gained the victory. We camped near the town. Our foragers had a pitch battle with the enemy's scouts today and took a number of rebel prisoners and ammunition wagon which they destroyed.

March 18—About six o'clock we left camp marching on the same road we came into town on, returning part of the way back to the battlefield. Here we took a road to our left and marched in an easterly direction to get to the bridge across Black river. We had to wade through deep water before we reached the bridge. The day was clear and warm and our clothes soon dried. As we continued our march through a swampy country they became wet again. Very few inhabitants in this swampy country but it was full of rebel cavalry, which Killpatrick kept moving on ahead of us, so we were not delayed in our advance. We spent a sleepless night and but one hour for supper, continuing our march until five o'clock the next morning.

March 19—We left camp at eight o'clock marching but a short distance when the roar of artillery was in our front. The shots gradually became less until it ceased. The whole 14th corps was in our front and had to do the bloody work of the day if such work became necessary. The roads were gradually getting better and the country more improved and thicklier settled and better cultivated. Our foragers gathered a good supply of provisions, so we had plenty for a few days. Our provisions that we brought from Savannah were still in the wagons, but a regiment of hungry Yankees reduces a large quantity of provisions in a day. Our foragers had not been able to replenish our decreasing supply of rations the past few days, but today's receipts of provisions somewhat relieved our anxiety about provisions and turned our thoughts to our clothing which was so ragged and dirty that it seemed almost impossible for one to remain healthy and wear such filthy clothes. Lots of the boys were in a manner barefooted. My shoes were soleless. I had been using a piece of tenting cloth to make soles for my shoes for the last three days, and now the tenting cloth was used up. I was at a loss to know what to get for the next pair of soles and quite a number of the boys that could not draw shoes at Savannah on account of their shoes being less than half worn were in the same condition I was in, so we were very anxious to reach Goldsboro, where we hoped to be clothed once

touched by a bullet that passed through the walls of that house. Hundreds of men were seen looking at the house and talking to the women and wondering how they escaped death, but such is war; the seemingly impossible happens.

March 20—Our officers were looking for a renewal of rebel attacks today and very often they were made early in the morning, so to be on our guard and ready for the enemy, we were awakened at four o'clock in the morning and remained behind our breastworks until daylight but the enemy did not come. After sunrise we saw the enemy had retreated quite a distance from his former position. Our picket line was pushed forward and a company of the 79th Ohio and one company of the 102nd Illinois, were ordered forward as support. After they had advanced, we saw the enemy in a field and the two companies and the picket line retreated to draw the enemy after them but the rebels remained where they were. The enemy then fell back and we advanced and drove them about forty rods, killing one rebel and taking two prisoners. We retreated again, to see if we could coax the enemy to advance against us but they remained in their position. We had scarcely retreated the second time when the whole brigade moved up to our line and we erected breastworks. The rebels' cannons opened on us occasionally while ours remained quiet. At our right wing a heavy cannonading was going on and we supposed that an advance was being made on Goldsboro. We drew rations to empty some wagons so as to make room for some wounded that were to be taken to Kingston that night, but from some cause the wagons with the wounded did not get away as they had expected.

March 21—At five o'clock we were ordered to march in one-half hour and received fresh cartridges. Our brigade was the only ones that had received marching orders and at the appointed time we were ready. No bugle was sounded for the advance. At first it was believed the enemy had fled but we soon found them in their old position. At three o'clock we fell back behind our old entrenchments built on the 19th. A heavy rain began to fall. The rebel cavalry was in our rear, but Killpatrick was watching, to keep them from making an attack on our wagon train, but little firing was going on in our front. We received the news that Gen. Terry had taken Goldsboro on the 19th. Our wagons with the wounded were sent to Goldsboro and on their return we expected provisions. This was one of the most trying days on me of my whole army experience. My shoes had entirely given out marching over the rocks and the sandy ground had worn the bottom of my feet to the quick, so every step I took was marked with blood. My feet were swollen, hot and feverish and it seemed like every step I took would be the last one. I had not rode a step of the way from Chattanooga to this place and I hoped to stick it out until I could get a pair of shoes.

March 22—At one o'clock a. m., we were ordered to be ready, all pack horses and mules to be brought to the rear and to be in line of battle at daybreak. We now believed that an advance was to be made on the enemy and to drive them out of their position. We had been fortunate to get hold of an old pair of shoes and some old cotton cloths to wrap our feet in. Although our feet were swol-

len badly, with these shoes we could manage to get along by being allowed to march at will we could keep up with the company. We had been in line of battle but a short time when some rebel prisoners informed us that the main army of the enemy had retreated yesterday and there were but a small line of pickets left in the breastworks. The sun had just began to send its rays of light across the supposed field of battle where we felt that many a poor comrade would meet his doom today, for on this battle seemed to depend our loss or victory of the campaign. We had pushed through the Carolinas and to our great surprise we there stood in line of battle, the victors without the loss of blood. The boys were all well pleased with the enemy's decision, as they wanted to be in better condition to fight a decisive battle which most of us thought would have to be fought before the war would be over. We now marched in the direction of Goldsboro with smiles on our faces, feeling assured that we would get the desired rest that we so much needed. After a march of some ten or twelve miles we went into camp on the Neuse river. This day's march was trying on many of the soldiers, especially those who had sore feet and sore limbs. Nothing was seen or heard of the enemy.

March 23—We renewed our march today in the direction of Goldsboro. The day was as fine as one could ask for and our marching was slow. We had a river to cross but the bridge that was over the river had been burned by the rebels and we had to cross on a pontoon bridge which usually takes some time for an army to cross. In the afternoon we reached General Schofield's headquarters, and the old 23rd army corps that had taken part in the campaign from Chattanooga to Atlanta. They had returned to Nashville when Hood made his famous raid on the city and met his defeat at the hands of the 4th and 23rd army corps. We have not words to tell the joy that the comrades had on a meeting under such circumstances as this. When our brave companions, who bore marks of hardship that was well known to us, sprang into ranks and grabbed us by the hand there were no words to express the joy that was running through every heart. They had not heard from each other since we left Savannah and now we were standing face to face unexpectedly. Can one imagine a more joyful meeting than on this occasion? Such feelings can only be felt by soldiers who have gone through hardships and trials together on the march and battle field. It seemed that our days' marching was no longer tiresome and we went into camp at 6:00 p. m.

March 24th—As we were very anxious to reach Goldsboro, we began our march at 2 a. m., knowing we would have to march slow on account of some of the boys being lame and having sore feet, that we must have our own time to make this, our last day's march, for some time. About noon we entered the city, our route taking us past Sherman's headquarters, and we paraded past with all bands playing. Our gallant leader stood bareheaded as we passed, thanking us for our co-operation in the march that had just ended so victorious. We marched four miles in a northerly direction and went into camp, feeling we would now have a few days rest, and draw some new clothing. Foragers were sent out but found the rebels more plentiful than

provisions. Firing was heard in every direction and quite often our foragers would find one of our men killed and occasionally one that was wounded, crying for help. Our foragers returned to camp empty handed. We were assured today that we would remain here until the whole army was clothed.

March 25—Thanks were rendered us by General Sherman for our long and wearisome marches through Georgia, South and North Carolina, through swamps and morasses, forest and valleys by day and by night and sometimes without food. He also thanked us for the bravery shown in the fights, and now we might have some rest after our march of five hundred miles having the assurance of quite a stay here. We began to erect cabins and clear the company grounds so it would be a respectable place for the passers-by to look at. Some of our foragers were shot and hung up in the trees and our foragers swore vengeance on the rebels, no more prisoners were to be taken from this on.

March 26—The work on the cabins was progressing rapidly and preparations were made to draw clothing and cooking utensils. We received the first mail since we left Blackville, S. C. Joel Claywell came to our regiment as a recruit.

March 27—The work on the cabins continued to go on. We received mail today and letters were written and sent off. Some new clothing was distributed today. Camp rumor had it that General Sherman was not going to stay here long and that he was making preparations now to leave soon. Many of the boys were pleased with this kind of talk as they had much rather be on the march than lying idle in camp complaining of being tired and used up. So far as I was personally concerned as soon as my feet got in normal condition so I could wear my new shoes marching would suit me as well as living in camp. But I believed what Sherman had said to us that we would remain here for a good long rest.

March 28—Most all of the work on the cabins was done and our camp began to look respectable. A number of our men went out to the city where settlers and traders had come and our boys was in need of paper, envelopes, combs and handkerchiefs which they could purchase at these places.

March 29—The officers and clerks were busy making out pay rolls and other papers. The day was fine. There were rumors of an early advance going the rounds, but no credit was given the report.

March 30—More mail came to our brigade today, and from the letters we learned that Lee had left Richmond. This news was believed, and the boys were jubilant over such news. The bands played half the night.

March 31—Our camp was full of peace rumors. Lee had been driven out of Richmond and lost 2500 men. As we had nothing definite about this news, it went as a grapevine report.

April 1, 1865—The topics so much talked about yesterday was discussed today, and many thought that Grant was fighting hard to take the city of Richmond. This the papers told us, but did not tell us that Lee had been whipped and Richmond taken.

April 2—Our camp had become very quiet on camp news, and all were eagerly waiting for definite news to come from the north. In the afternoon we had dress parade.

April 3—Our whole regiment was ordered out to get food for the mules and horses. We did not know where to find it and supposed the enemy had taken all there was in the country for miles around. We left camp early in the morning, in a westerly direction from camp, having traveled about two miles. We found plenty of corn and foods to load our wagons, and returned to camp by noon. Gen. Mower took command of the 20th army corps, and we expected a parade. Our corps and the 14th army corps commanded by Gen. Slocum, formed the army of Georgia. We received heavy mail, but could not get any definite news from Grant and Lee. All talk so far, and failed to satisfy the anxious ones for something definite from Grant and Lee.

April 4th—Nothing taken place but inspection today.

April 5—Most every one was on his good behavior today, as the cheering of the troops in town was frequently heard. We were waiting anxiously to hear what all of the cheering was about, but our wait was all in vain, as no word came to us regarding it.

April 6—Today was inspection and parade day before Gen. Mower, our corps commander. Everything being ready by ten o'clock, we marched to the parade grounds where the columns consisted only of our division, moving by regiments. Gen. Mower soon appeared and the parade commenced. All the movements of the regiments seemed to be smooth, and according to the rules, although everybody was excited, and not paying much attention to the movements. The cheering and yelling that was heard from the camp attracted their attention. About one o'clock the parade was over, and we were informed it was true that Lee had left Richmond, with most of his men, and that Grant was close on his heels, and would soon compel him to surrender with all of his equipment. This news was received with three rousing cheers, and an early peace was all the talk. All conceded that Johnson could not fight if Lee had surrendered, but if the two armies should unite they could give us one of the bloodiest fights that had taken place in the whole war, but we had no doubt as to the outcome of such a struggle. Grant and Sherman would be the victors. The majority of Sherman's army wished that two armies would unite and make the one battle decide the war. There was a feeling of revenge in the hearts of Sherman's army, that they wanted a chance to pay the rebels back in the same kind of medicine they gave our foragers on our march through the Carolinas, and they felt that this last battle would give them the chance. All was pandemonium, the firing of guns, tossing of hats in the air, cheering Grant and Sherman, dancing and jumping around, until all were tired out, and sat down by the fire to meditate. Music was heard on every side of you until late in the night, mingled with occasional loud explosions that fairly made the earth tremble. One would think from what was taking place that the war was ended, and nothing to do but to clean up the little odds and ends.

April 7—Not much talk about yesterday's news was heard today. The camp was in a rather quiet mood, and one would have supposed that the question so much discussed yesterday was settled, and no renewal of the question would be brought up again today. As the noon hour approached, the camp became more lively, and once in awhile a shot was fired. Then

the bands began to play and the troops began to cheer. To add to all this excitement we heard that the rebels had left all their siege guns behind them, and Grant had taken 2500 prisoners; the city of Richmond was on fire, and our men had hard work to extinguish the flames. From our enemy in front we heard but little, and what news we did get was only rumors, and not reliable. Johnson was in possession of Raleigh, but had not fortified it. One would judge from that, that Johnson had no intentions of defending the place. Our last grapevine news was about an early move from Goldsboro, to prevent Lee's and Johnson's armies from uniting and making their last and final fight for their cause. Many had the impression that Lee would lose a number of his men by desertion, and being captured by Grant's army before they could reach Johnson. Lee's army would not be of great service to Johnson's fading ranks. Men in the army must have some kind of employment to keep them active and a little grapevine news once in awhile is at least a stimulant to the men, in thrashing it out, and forming an idea of what may take place. Though the idea may be wrong, it has taken their mind up in thought.

April 8—More exciting news came to camp this morning, the news of Jefferson Davis' capture at Irvington, Georgia, trying to make his escape in his wife's petticoat, to disguise his sex. From some cause his petticoat was not the fit it should have been; perhaps made to order but time was too precious for him to wait for the making of a garment. The petticoat was probably the only available garment handy in his hurry to evade his pursuers. Let this be as it may, there was something in the petticoat that gave him away. It was too short to cover his boot tops or hide his spurs; by these he was recognized and taken prisoner. This news caused some merriment and also anger. Anger because he was allowed to escape the punishment he deserved, and to be taken in his wife's garments alive. Many believed this arch traitor would now escape the bullets or rope. The \$100,000 reward was now uselessly spent, was the opinion of a majority of the boys in camp, and they had already expressed the opinion that their service given the country was not recognized as it should have been, and if this feeling was allowed to grow there was no telling what the results of such a feeling would bring about; that the liency shown Jeff Davis and other leaders of the rebellion would only expose the government or the union to new dangers, that yet may be hard to overcome and cost the lives of many a patriotic union man. These opinions had taken a deep hold on the minds of the soldiers, and at times there seemed to be no way out of the perplexity except the immediate execution of Jeff. Davis and his leaders in the rebellion.

April 9—Rumors were current today that we would leave our position in a few days to advance against Johnson at Raleigh. In camp everything was quiet and men was writing letters home to their families and friends. They were possibly telling them they would soon be on the road home. This is only imaginary with me as I do not know what they wrote.

April 10—The somewhat talked of order to move had at last come and we were ordered to be ready to advance at daybreak. We drew three days' rations that seemed to confirm the order for an advance. It was also

reported that the rebels were in strong force in a position six miles from Goldsboro on the road to Smithfield and as this was the road the 20th corps was to travel, we perhaps would get another opportunity to fight or frighten the enemy. This advance of ours seemed to be for the purpose of holding Johnson and not allow him to unite his forces with Lee against Grant. Johnson seemed to be at the mercy of Sherman and his moves must be to protect his one army.

April 11—As the drum gave the signal at 4:30 a. m., to get ready soon, in every direction blazing fires could be seen and men preparing a hasty breakfast. After breakfast, new leather equipments were issued to men that needed them and at six o'clock the signal was given to fall in line of march. Knapsacks were buckled on and guns shouldered and we were ready to advance, going to Goldsboro. We learned that nearly all of the rebels had left Raleigh and moved to Goldsboro. Leaving the city, we marched in a southwesterly direction until we came to the Nuse river. Moving westward along the river over swampy wet roads our first division had the lead of the 20th army corps. At a creek where the bridge had been burned our advance had a skirmish with the enemy but soon dislodged them but a bridge had to be erected before our troops could cross the creek. This delay made it late for us getting into camp. Between Smithfield and Goldsboro it rained on us, and the rain continued to fall during the night. About eleven o'clock we went into camp dripping wet and the darkness of the night and the rain coming almost in torrent, made it hard for us to get firewood to cook a bite of supper. Many went to bed without supper. This kind of marching fairly tries the ability of the best of soldiers to stand under such a strain and some murmur was heard in camp regarding such treatment but there were no one to blame but the Johnny rebels.

April 12—Promptly at three o'clock we were awakened and advanced at daybreak. The enemy consisting of cavalry had retreated and we met no resistance. Burned bridges and bad roads prevented our rapid advance. The day was growing disagreeably warm and many of our men were compelled to leave the ranks and rest for awhile and then follow. We reached Smithfield about sundown and went into camp.

April 13—Beginning our march about six o'clock a. m., we marched through Smithfield and across the Nuse river on a pontoon bridge. While marching through the town we got the news that Lee had surrendered to Grant at or near Appomattox court house. This news created the greatest excitement and joy in our army. Halting a few miles west of Smithfield to rest and await the following troops and train to cross the bridge, the boys could not resist their feelings any longer when a three times three was given with a hurrah for Grant and Sherman. Hats went up in the air and the cheering was carried along the whole line of march. In our rear we heard continuous shouting and bands began to play. Joy seemed to reign everywhere and now what would be the next stop for the rebels to take. A rumor was started that Johnson would soon follow Lee's example and avoid useless blood being shed. This was the only

sensible thing to do but we had no definite word that such would be the final decision of the rebel, Gen Johnson. While it was the general opinion that Johnson would follow Lee's example we left the field in the best of humor. The day was intensely hot but there was but little murmuring heard even by those who were hardly able to remain in the ranks. The country which we were passing through was beautiful, although low and sandy. Occasional spots of sand would retard our progress in marching. The forest consisted mostly of pine trees that seemed to be giants of the forest, tall and caring their size well to the first limb that often was a hundred feet from the ground. In one instant one tree was cut that measured two feet and six inches at the stump in diameter and eighteen inches in diameter at the first limb. It was one hundred and eight feet from the ground to the first limb and to halt under the shade of the pine trees of that magnitude and enjoy the breeze was refreshing to a weary comrade those terrible warm days. We went into camp the middle of the afternoon, some eight or ten miles from Raleigh. The rebel cavalry was on our front and left all day but did not in the least prevent our marching. Killpatrick's men were continually skirmishing with the rebels, who were at no time given a chance to get a position they could hold to stop our advance. After we had gone into camp our brigade had to assist our cavalry to drive the enemy back. As soon as the enemy saw the infantry and cavalry advancing they were soon on the retreat. Our cavalry advanced as far as it wanted to and the infantry returned to camp. Killpatrick captured sixty ammunition wagons from the enemy. The night was quiet.

April 14—Leaving camp at six o'clock a. m., somehow the feeling in the camp was that we were going to have a bloody day's work ahead of us and still there were hopes the enemy would have some feeling for their men left and would sacrifice as few of their lives as they possibly could. They undoubtedly knew that Lee had surrendered and all the lives they sacrificed from this on was useless and uncalled for and with this feeling in our ranks we believed the enemy would not dispute our entrance into Raleigh. Just what the enemy thought we had no way of finding out but we were hoping they would consider prudence the mother of wisdom and we advanced rapidly without meeting resistance until we could see the church steeples of the city when two shots from a cannon on our right seemed to say, "we propose to defend the city." Then the firing ceased just as suddenly as it had begun and as we neared the city without any resistance we became convinced that the city had already been taken. At 2:00 o'clock p. m., we camped near the city, Raleigh, N. C., and learned that the city had been surrendered by the mayor to Killpatrick. Nevertheless a few rebels had dared to fire on our men. These were pursued, and captured and punished for their daring deed as they deserved. Later in the day the city was garrisoned by infantry while the cavalry cleared the country round the city of the enemy. But a few miles out they met a stubborn resistance, the fire being brisk and continuous. Raleigh was not injured in the least and we had to leave to go to town without a pass but found a guard at every house to prevent our entrance and that nothing was taken without permission of the proprietor. The inhabitants of the city was mostly all rebels and would

have given their all to have placed us in the position of their friends. Some were friendly and kind to us but they had given up their city to us without a struggle and we should show our appreciation, of the kind of treatment at their hands but there were rebels who lived in the city who would not talk about the present situation of their army and sought seclusion. When we told them how we had driven the rebels before us, and Lee had been compelled to surrender and Johnson, Kirby Smith and others would soon have to follow Lee's example, they at last, after four years of struggle to overcome the hated Yanks and at last they must abide by the decision of the Yankee power which we predicted would not be as severe as they had pictured it. There were a number of the inhabitants of Raleigh who were glad that the union troops had been victorious, and they showed it by their actions. They were free to talk to you and were eager to get the chance to spend a few leisure hours in discussing the problems of the war; the cause and effect, the war would have on the people both north and south.

April 14—Our division remained in camp while other troops moved their camps to the north of Raleigh. Quite a number of our sick and wounded were kept at the lunatic asylum which was guarded and nobody was admitted. Rumors began to come thick and fast about Johnson's surrender. Some said that Johnson had surrendered and others said he had refused and intended to continue the war. It was impossible to get information that was reliable. It seemed as though everybody was excited and eager to grab at any news that was started. In fact, no one knew what was going on but the generals and probably some of the staff officers.

April 15—We had received marching orders, packed up and marched, through the streets, but a rain prevented our move and we remained in camp north of Raleigh. In our front a heavy cannonading was heard and we supposed that Killpatrick had again found the enemy. Johnson was reported to come to Raleigh today and many of the boys went to the depot to see the arch traitor, but their wait was in vain. Burning or demolishing of houses were forbidden by order of General Sherman until further orders. This order sounded like there was a prospect of Johnson's surrender. The news was pleasing to soldiers and citizens and it had the earmark of being more than grapevine news, but nothing authentic could be learned.

April 16—Not much talking was going on but all were eager to catch all the news he could but now they wanted to know the truth and would not accept any news unless it came from Sherman. Grapevine news no longer satisfied or relieved the anxious mind. They wanted news that came from Sherman. A train arrived from the front with a number of rebel officers and a short time afterward the camp was full of life. The rumor was that Johnson had surrendered. Joy increased as time went by, cheer after cheer was heard in all parts of the city and camp. Bands played and shots were fired. At times the roar of musketry had the sound of a regular battle being fought. The air was filled with all kinds of noise. Wishing to know the facts we went to General Case's headquarters, but he knew no more about it than we did. Being satisfied that whether the report was true or false, we would not be long in finding out the facts. Our brigade band was ordered to play if the report was confirmed. We now began

our anxious waiting for the first notes of the band that never come. All the reports were false and without foundation, so the camp settled back to normal.

April 17—As the men had become restless something had to be done to quiet them down. After breakfast the camp ground was cleaned and put in the best of condition. Some of the men not busy at work, went to town to learn the truth about Johnson's surrender. They returned with conflicting reports. General Sherman and some of his staff officers had gone to Johnson's headquarters and their return was anxiously looked for. About seven o'clock p. m., the party returned but nothing became public, as to what had been accomplished. But we were aware of the fact that something was going on that eventually would bring about a surrender of Johnson's army. The rumor of President Lincoln's assassination was now confirmed but it seemed too awful for belief. Deserters of Johnson's army and paroled men of Lee's army continued to arrive. They knew nothing about the surrender of Johnson's army but they only hoped that Johnson and Kirby Smith would do the sensible thing that Lee had done and cease the useless waste of lives.

April 18—The news of today was that General Sherman had gone to Johnson's headquarters again. The particulars of Lincoln's assassination was published in the Raleigh Progress giving the account of the assassination in the theatre at Washington on the night of the 14th. Though unbelievable yesterday, was now confirmed. The effect of the news of the beloved president's assassination had on Sherman's army is not in my power to express in words. Officers and men alike now hoped that Johnson would not surrender as they wanted one more chance to get a partial revenge for the death of the man that had guided the ship of state for four years over the troubled water of the rebellion and was now being re-elected, was prevented from seeing the dawn of peace. The rebels who expressed satisfaction of this horrible deed was killed instantly by our men. The news of the assassination had brought blood in the eyes of Sherman's army and they were hoping to get a chance to wreak their vengeance out on Johnson's army that had murdered so many of our boys in cold blood. As time wore away and the first thought of hatred became dull things settled down quietly in camp.

April 19—Today's papers published more particulars about the assassination and no longer could one doubt the truth of the horrible deed, much as we disliked to believe it. General Harrison who had returned from his furlough in the evening, made a speech expressing his doubts of us getting a chance as an armed force to get revenge of the enemy for the loss they had given the northern people. The enemy knew too well, from hence forward they could not expect clemency. Dostox, formerly commander of the 105th Ill. regiment and now the second brigade commander, in his address encouraged the men and bewailed the death of the president who would remain in grateful remembrance as long as the nation lived. The assembly did not disperse until late at night.

April 20—Everything and everybody wore an aspect of mourning. Joy and merriment had fled. Gloom and hatred was pictured on every face. Nothing else but the murder of

the president in Ford's theatre was talked about. No one was making any inquiries about Johnson's surrender. Everybody wanted to advance and release our suffering prisoners and avenge our fallen comrades. All wanted peace but not until the enemy was subdued and was begging for mercy. General Sherman issued an order that we would be on our way to Washington in a few days. We were now confident that Johnson had surrendered or was about to surrender. It was rumored that a grand parade would take place before we left Raleigh.

April 21—A grand parade was ordered to take place before General Sherman and the order further stated that the regiments must appear on the ground in heavy fighting order in expectation this would be the last time. A heavy rain in the afternoon time. A heavy rain in the afternoon. The main talk in camp now was about the route we would take to go to Washington. Most of the men were of the opinion we would have to march to Washington as Sherman's army was used to marching and was destined to march through the whole confederacy. Others thought different and said we would return to Newberry and thence by ship to Washington. Such was the chat in camp while the men cleaned and brushed their clothes and shined their belt buckles for the parade tomorrow. All wanted to make the best possible appearance as this was to be the last parade of the army before disbanding but there seemed to be several days of hard marching for us yet.

April 22—Early in the morning we fell in line for the parade which was to take place in the city in front of the court house in the streets of Raleigh where there were a large number of onlookers from other corps. Our corps alone was in the parade today. Citizens of both sexes and paroled soldiers who had come to be eye witnesses to the scene. The streets were kept clear by the guards so one regiment after the other could advance by company in front to the court house where General Sherman, Slocum, and others were viewing the movement of the troops. The streets were rough for parade but our loads were light. Everything passed off satisfactorily and by noon the whole regiment was back at camp. On our arrival at camp a rumor was going around we would leave next Tuesday for Richmond and Washington. This report seemed to be of first-class grapevine origin as no confirmation of Johnson's surrender had been received and we could not leave until the rebel army had surrendered and been paroled. Paroled soldiers of Lee's army were arriving daily on their road home and we began to feel like we would like to be on our road home, but from all appearances it would be some time before we could start.

April 23—Nothing to do in camp and no grapevine news to hash over. Nothing positive had reached camp of Johnson's surrender and we began to feel a little surprised at everything being so quiet. Not the least news of any kind was given out today. We could not believe Johnson would continue the war on his own hook and Sherman had been to the rebel camp several times. It was hard for us to understand what was the cause of Johnson's delay in surrendering but we still relied on Sherman's word that we soon would be on the road to Washington. The day was rather cold.

April 24—Our regiment received orders to go foraging. After breakfast the wagons were packed for the trip. As we knew we would have to go a long way from the city to get provisions and possibly would be out for several days. Our regiment was on the foraging trip by turns and was making a fast march so as to reach a part of the country by night, before it had been stripped of everything. Soon after our regiment departed from camp, came order from Sherman to be ready to start on an advance on the enemy tomorrow morning early. Couriers had to be sent after the regiment to bring them back to camp. They were a good half-day's march from camp when the courier caught up with them, then the march back to camp must be done in a hurry if the men got any sleep before starting on the advance. The regiment arrived at camp about twelve o'clock and had hardly got rid of their guns when they declared they would not take a rebel prisoner. Rumors were current that the government and General Grant had refused to sanction Sherman's terms of surrender he had offered Johnson and Sherman would be superseded by Meed. As we knew nothing about the terms we could not say anything about the justice of this step but we knew that the disposition of Sherman would have been a heavy if not a final blow to our army. As a general thing the army considered the report untrue, that a man like Sherman who hated rebellion from the bottom of his heart could not be guilty of a crime to justify such a step after having led his army victoriously through Georgia, Alabama, South Carolina and North Carolina. Nobody cared for sleep but all prepared for the bloody conflict of tomorrow.

April 25—We usually were awakened early when there is an advance to be made and soon we were ready for the hostilities but for some cause we did not get started until about eight o'clock marching in a southwesterly direction toward Pittsboro. We were in the rear of the first and second divisions and after they had gotten in motion we marched rapidly. Neither enemy or obstruction prevented us heretofore in North and South Carolina but the rays of the sun were coming down with force and man after man left the ranks to sit down and rest for a while and continue their steps after their regiment as soon as their limbs would permit of their continuing their march. Our advance continued until sundown having made about thirteen miles. We camped by the road side in the brush. We met Lee's paroled soldiers on their way to Raleigh. They spread the news that Johnson had been shot by one of his men for ordering every one of the stragglers to be shot. Others said Johnson had left the army and was seeking safety in flight. These reports were not believed, and proved to be untrue. The night was very noisy and the booming of the cannon kept us from sleep which was something we needed very much and something that is hard to get in a noisy camp.

April 26—Remaining in camp from some reason unknown to us foragers were detailed to scour the country for provisions and feed for the mules and they commenced their work today but nearly all of them returned empty handed. The enemy had secured all the provisions for themselves and it looked as though the country was on the verge of starvation for both man and beast. Deserters from Johnson's army contradicted all the re-

ports we received yesterday in regard to his army that was at Greensboro 85 miles from here. They doubted if Johnson would ever be able to get his men to go into another fight as they were deserting by the hundreds and leaving for their homes.

April 27—We remained quiet with no prospect of moving. Everything in and around camp pointed to the surrender of Johnson and now it became almost a settled fact that he had surrendered. This seemed to be confirmed by the 105th Ill. regiment being ordered to pack up and return to Raleigh. This regiment belonged to our brigade and they resumed their old camping ground. The other regiments of the brigade had not received orders to return. The return of the provision and ammunition train seemed to indicate that Johnson had surrendered and we were expecting the particulars about the surrender soon.

April 28—Our turn had come for orders and at six o'clock we left camp for Raleigh. The weather was warm and almost sweltering, yet the return trip was performed more rapidly than the advance. By twelve o'clock we were at our former camping ground. When we reached camp many of the boys were so completely worn out that they went to bed without getting dinner, preferring to rest than eating. Soon after our arrival at Raleigh we learned that we would have to foot it to Washington and perhaps the march would begin in a few days. All the corps commanders had received orders to make out the descriptive rolls of all the sick and disabled men and hand them to the regimental surgeon so that arrangements could be made to send the men north with their descriptive roll. They did not have to wait for us at New York or Washington but could be mustered out soon as they arrived at the above named places and leave for their homes as soon as they were mustered out. In the afternoon the pay roll was made out and the 30th of April was fixed as the day of our departure for Washington. Our route was by Richmond, Alexandria, thence to Washington. About the surrender of Johnson we could not get the particulars and we came to the conclusion that Sherman had made a mistake as his army had never been notified of Johnson's surrender. We began to think there must have been something wrong with the terms of peace with the enemy we had driven through the state of Georgia to Savannah and compelled him to evacuate that city and make a hasty retreat through the Carolina's, why should the surrender of that army be withheld from us was somewhat a surprise to us.

April 29—Orders was issued for the regimental inspection of arms and clothes. The pay roll was completed but we did not expect pay until we reached Washington. We had to give up fifteen of the forty cartridges we had to carry with us all the time. Some of the men were anxious to get rid of as much to carry as they could and give up more than fifteen cartridges. The sick and lame left Raleigh this evening for Newborn from where they would be transported by water. Our departure was ordered to begin in the morning. The 23rd corps and Killpatrick's cavalry was to remain a while as garrison and to keep the returning rebel soldiers quiet and orderly. This was perhaps a very prudent step to take as the rebels had been permitted to retain their side arms and if there were not some restraint put on them in a state of ex-

citement they may have committed some horrible deeds on those people who were in sympathy with the northern troops.

WHEN JOHNEY COMES MARCH HOME

When Johnney comes marching home again, Hurrah, hurrah,
We'll give him a hearty welcome then, hurrah, hurrah,
The men will cheer and the boys will shout
The ladies they will all turn out,
And we'll all feel gay when Johnney comes march home.

The old church bell will peal with joy, hurrah, hurrah,
To welcome home our darling boy' hurrah hurrah;
The village lads and lassies say
With roses they will strew the way
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home.

Get ready for the jubilee, hurrah, hurrah,
We'll give the hero three times three, hurrah, hurrah,
The laurel wreath is ready now
To place upon his royal brow
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home.

TENTING TO NIGHT.

We are tenting tonight on the old Camp ground,
Give us a song to cheer,
Our weary hearts a song of home,
And Friends we love so dear.

We've been tenting tonight on the old camp ground
Thinking of days gone by
Of loved one at home that gave us the hand
And the tears that said good-bye.

We are tired of war on the old camp ground,
Many are dead and gone,
Of the brave and true wh'v'e left their homes,
Others been wounded long.

We've been fighting to day on the old Camp ground
Many are lying near,
Some are dead and some are dying,,
Many are in tears.

Many are the hearts that are weary tonight
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts that are looking for the right
To see the dawn of peace.
Tenting tonight, tenting to night
Tenting on the old camp ground.

S. W. PEAK'S EXPERIENCE IN THE CIVIL WAR.

April 2.—This was the morning we were to start on our journey, and to our homes we had left some three years ago. Before our leaving an order of Gen. Sherman's was read to us. Roll was to be called three times a day, and all absentees were to be punished. Plundering or destroying rebel property was forbidden. The divisions should march at a distance of three to five miles apart, and to march slowly, so that every soldier could get along without being tired out. We were assured we would be mustered out at Washington and would soon be at home with our friends. Leaving the city of Raleigh at seven o'clock we paraded through the streets with bands of music playing. Stopping at the edge of the city for a short rest, we reached the Nuse river at 8 o'clock p. m. The bridge had been broken down and we were compelled to halt and eat supper. Two men were killed when the bridge gave away. The night was rainy, but we slept soundly, after a march of 15 miles. All the houses along our line of march were deserted.

May 1.—Beginning our second day's march about seven o'clock a. m., we crossed the bridge that had been erected in the night, and then moved ahead rapidly to get closer to the divisions ahead of us. The weather was warm, but the marching was pleasant. The country was more thickly settled and the most of the people were at home, as they no longer were shy of us, and treated us very kindly. They seemed to be delighted when our bands played while passing their houses. The colored people could not constrain themselves with grins, but with an expression of joy, by shouting hurrah for Sherman and his army. Some of them would follow us for miles, and occasional shouts would go up, "hurrah for Sherman and his army."

May 2.—Our division was to be in the rear, and we did not begin to march until eight o'clock a. m. It was cool and pleasant, and marching was not so tiresome as it had been on former days, when the heat was almost suffocating. The country we were marching through was thickly settled and the inhabitants were mostly at home, especially the women. They showed a friendly disposition to our troops as they passed by. Many of them came from their houses to see the Yankee army that had caused them so much trouble and were victors over the rebel army, from the time they left Chattanooga to the time they arrived at Raleigh, and now were on their victorious march to Washington. Many of the poorer class of people, thought to do us a favor by bringing articles to the roadside to sell to us, but in most cases they were compelled to take their articles back home with them as the boys had no money to buy them; greenbacks were scarce with our boys. In the morning we marched in the direction of Oxford, but left the place on our left without touching it, and went into camp after making fifteen miles. We were now 117 miles from Richmond. This turned our thoughts to a year back, when we left our commodious camp at Lookout Valley, and commenced our first day's march against the enemy behind his works at Dalton and Resaca. Then every one's life was in jeopardy, not knowing whether he would be permitted to take part in this victorious march, we were on to Washington. How vastly different was our march today and one year

ago, when our ranks were full, but now, after the rebel's bullets disease and death had thinned our ranks until our regiment had become much smaller. In taking a look at our muster roll, where names had once appeared, there was no answer. They were sleeping beneath the sod of some southern battlefield, or had been discharged for disability. In those days a year ago, the rebels and Jeff Davis thought themselves unconquerable. All offers of peace were treated as scraps of paper, only fit for the waste basket, but how different must be the feeling today, of the people who once thought it impossible to conquer that vast hoard of rebels, now seeing their ranks returning to their homes, to become loyal to the government they had so bitterly opposed for almost four years, and the victorious army marching through their country, that at one time they thought Yankee feet could never tread. It would be hard to manage the thoughts of such people, as they stood by the roadside viewing that vast host of Yankee soldiers who passed through their country at this time.

May 3.—About three o'clock a. m., we started on our march, as we wanted to reach the Roanoke river, 20 miles from our camp, and if possible, cross it about seven o'clock. We got up with the first and second divisions, who were a few miles ahead of us, but they got on the wrong road and had to retrace their steps. We were compelled to halt until the divisions had gotten out of our way. About nine o'clock a. m., we marched through Williamsboro, a small town, through which we passed with music. The negroes came flocking to us, being attracted by the music. When they saw one regiment after another pass them without saying any harsh words to them, they showed the God bless you spirit. But four white folks showed themselves. About 3:00 o'clock we stepped over the border line of North Carolina into the state of Virginia, when we took the lead and reached the river about 7:00 o'clock p. m., seven miles from the border line, going into camp one mile beyond the river, having completed a tramp of 25 miles. The distance from here to Richmond is 92 miles. Very few murmurs were heard about this day's march, for all seemed to be anxious to reach Washington. The only complaint was about the provisions, as we had received but half rations since we left Raleigh, and tonight's bread was about all that the soldiers had to eat. We were told that but a small quantity was left in the wagons, and with it we would have to be as saving as possible. Then the men began to groan and grumble, saying they could not march 25 miles a day on nothing but coffee and crackers, and they intended to go foraging on their own hook if they did not receive proper rations.

May 4th.—We were on our march early, about half past four a. m. Our brigade had the lead and we marched in the direction of Boydston, but left it to our right, and took the road leading to Saffold's bridge, on the Newbern river. The country through which we were marching was but thinly settled, and most of the people were poor, but they treated us kindly and told us they were treated no better than the slaves. The roads were rocky and narrow, and at times our men had to pass through the brush and be very careful about getting sore feet. Nevertheless our advance was very rapid, and at noon we reached the Newbern river. One mile north of the river we went into camp, after

marching twenty-one miles. The men complained considerable about having sore feet, many became disabled from walking while others stepped from the ranks and got along the best they could. The country north of the river had been visited by troops that had assisted in penning Johnson, after the surrender of Lee, and they had left their traces everywhere. The day was very warm, but a rain at night cooled the air and made it pleasant.

May 5.—At five o'clock we left camp amid a heavy thunder and rain storm, which made the road muddy, and had to be repaired in places so our wagon could pass over them. This impeded our progress. Several hours later the rain ceased and the day became sweltering and hot. The roads dried gradually, which enabled us to travel faster. At noon we took a main road to Petersburg and made ten miles in three hours, having in mind to reach Black and White station, on the Petersburg and Lynchburg railroad and camp there, but eight miles from the station the 14th corps got on our road and we were compelled to go into camp, after a march of 20 miles. The hot weather and the rapid marching had disqualified many of our men, and they had to leave the column. The ambulances were crowded with sick. Many had been allowed to move along at their own pleasure with nothing but their muskets to carry, and from two o'clock until dark, the poor fellows kept coming into camp with blistered feet, hardly able to walk. It now became apparent that something must be done to stop this rush and hurry. Our officers were blamed for disobeying Sherman's orders, as Sherman was not with us, but had left us at Raleigh, going to Charleston. The men grumbled at Gen. Mower, who was the cause of this senseless hurrying, and said as there was no longer any danger of being killed with rebel bullets, they were not going to kill themselves marching, and hereafter they were going to take their time. Such marching, day after day, was enough to wear out the toughest of men, and they didn't propose that the half-starved mules should be dragging them over the road. It now became apparent that the men were getting in earnest, and were laying the blame on the officers, going so far as to say that the officers cared but little for their men, and the war was over and soon we would be on equal footing with them. If they wanted their men to respect them as citizens they must treat their men as human beings.

May 7.—The signal awakened us at two o'clock a. m., and at four we left camp, making several miles before sun up, while it was cool.

As the day became warmer, the march was slower. As the road became lower, leading to the river, perhaps the thought had struck our leaders that by slow and steady marching we could get along better than by rapid marching. Wise thoughts some time come to men after it is too late, which seemed to be the case at this particular time. If slow marching, had been the thought of our officers at the beginning of this march, our men would now all be in line, marching with us, but many of them are resting by the roadside or being hauled in the wagons and ambulances. So far as I was personally concerned, I had never missed a march from the time we left Chattanooga to the present time, and my feet and limbs were in the best of condition, and I had no fears of giving out. Let me say here, the officers were not to blame for the failure of all the men not being able to stand the hard marching. The men

leisure hours, and the city was a better place to find a cool shade than our camp. The boys were apt scholars to learn, where the better places were.

May 29—Still it continued to be an idle camp, and mostly every day it was deserted from morning until night, and not much taking place worth mentioning.

May 30—Having some writing to do, I spent the day in camp, paying but little attention to what was going on in camp, as most of the men had paid their regular visit to the city.

May 31—Today the last of the discharge papers were made out, and we were now ready to start for Pontiac, to be mustered out, as we supposed there was where we would be mustered out, being sworn into service there.

June 1—There seemed to be a false report about the parole being fully made out yesterday. It looked now that they would not be completed until about the third of the month. Gen. Sherman issued his farewell order to his troops today, thanking them for their love for the union, for their fidelity to him, for enduring so bravely the privations and hardships, for their bravery in the fights, and he desired earnestly that no soldier would disgrace his hard earned name, by unlawful and degrading actions when at home, but that he would resume his peaceful vocation in life, to support the country in every respect, as he had assisted in suppressing the rebellion and thereby gain honor at home as he had gained laurels on the battle field. He told his men to not spend their hard earned money for luxuries, but they could appear in their old blouses and torn shirts that had covered them on many a bloody field, before every good union man and woman, and would be received with as high honors as he who was dressed in the finest of clothes, and was not acting the man as becomes a soldier. For this truly worth while order three rousing cheers were given for our beloved Gen. Billy Sherman.

June 2—The mustering out papers, or discharge list was completed, and we began to feel that we would soon be on the road home, and most of the boys were eager to get started. We had now stayed in Washington as long as we wanted too, and had seen the most of the big sights, so they were growing old to us, and we wished to move on to see some new ones.

June 3—The muster out roll had not been examined, and it was all guess work to say when our turn would come to be mustered out, as there were thousands of soldiers in the same fix who were ready and waiting for the muster out day to come, and it seemed like the mustering officers were doing their best to hasten the time when every soldier could be on his way home.

June 4—This was Sunday, and no work was to be done, but the 102nd Ill. regiment was mustered out today, and expected to get transportation to Chicago tomorrow. As this regiment belonged to our division, we now expected to follow them to Chicago, when mustered out.

June 5—This was one of the tire-some days, as there was nothing to do in camp, but sit down and chew the rag all day, which became stale, and in fact the rag was about chewed up, but as the day seemed to be a leisure day, our division commander Gen. Ward, intended to take his leave of his troops on a speech this evening, but he had imbibed too much strong drink. Words as well as sense was lacking, and but half understood. The listeners compelled him to hush, shook hands with him, and turned

their backs to him. Brig. Gen. Harrison came next. He made no mention of Ward, but dwelt on the hardships and privation and fights, that we had gone through, and now was returning to citizenship. Let it be said of us, that we were as good citizens as we were soldiers. In his short speech he was interrupted several times with applause. Col. Dohn of the 79th Ohio, made a short address, principally on the same line as Harrison, and as he concluded his address, the camp rang with cheers.

June 6—The 102nd. Illinois regiment commenced their march to Washington this morning, as they had secured transportation to Chicago. Our pay roll was examined today, and the officer supposed that we would be mustered out today or tomorrow. The 105th. Illinois was mustered out today, and expected to leave for the west tomorrow.

June 7—At two o'clock p. m., our regiment was mustered out of the United States service by Capt. Beecher, mustering officer of our division, after a service of two years and nine months, lacking one day, of having entered the service on the eighth day of September, 1862. All were rejoicing that the long happy hour had come, when we would be free citizens again. Preparations were made immediately for our departure for home. Col. Case interceded for us to get our transportation tomorrow at five o'clock. We received orders to be ready to march to Washington at six o'clock in the morning. We had taken our arms with us, and possibly we would take them to Chicago.

June 8—Leaving camp at 6 o'clock and bidding our comrades of the 79th Ohio, and the 70th Indiana, the only regiments left of our brigade, farewell for the last time, it was a trying time. Boys we had been with for so long a time, and had shared hardships and almost starvation, with us, it was hard to say goodbye, never expecting to meet them again. No one but a soldier can tell the feeling that comes to one at such a time. After the good-byes and hand shaking was over we started on our march to the depot, arriving at the Baltimore railroad station at 8 o'clock a. m. Our regiment was not alone here, but all the available grounds at the depot was crowded with troops, that had been left here on account of not getting transportation, and other regiments were arriving, continually. Empty trains were coming from Baltimore and being filled as fast as possible, and leaving the station, filled with soldiers, homeward bound, when cheer after cheer would be given the departing soldiers. We now received orders to be ready to board our train in the afternoon, and as the hour was not fixed we dare not leave the depot, so we spent our time in chatting with the girls who had come to sell, eatables to the soldiers. But I don't think they sold very much as most of the boys had no money to buy with. Some of the women had whiskey to sell, and in some cases where a soldier had no money, they would give them a drink, and several of the women who treated the boys, as they called it, were arrested by the police. About three o'clock the train began to pull into the station and the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, by both soldiers and citizens, began. As all the troops who left before us were in freight cars, benches had been provided in them for the men to set on. Uncomfortable as they were we felt that we were not one bit better than those other soldiers who had gone before the same way, and in fact we were glad to even get a box car to

ride in. My last ride was in a box car, going to Stevenson, Tenn., from Nashville, Tenn., and why not ride in a box car from Washington to Chicago. After ten o'clock the train got in good motion and speeded toward Pittsburg, stopping but a few times.

June 10—At 6 o'clock a. m., we arrived at Pittsburg. It seemed that everything was ready to give us a hearty welcome and a splendid breakfast. We were told after our arrival the table had been set at the city hall. Before going to our breakfast we took possession of another train, leaving our baggage and guns under guard. We passed through the main part of the city to the city hall, where we got our breakfast, prepared by the sanitary commission, and such a one as hungry men like us could relish. It had the ear marks of having been prepared by true Union men for Union soldiers. After the meal we returned to our train and were soon on our way to the border of Pennsylvania. The train passed through a great part of the city slowly,

and from every house cheers were heard and flags waving, bidding us welcome and goodbye. Let it be said to the honor of Pittsburg that they treated us as their own sons. We began to think we had at last arrived where men and women, boys and girls were in full sympathy with us, and wished to show it by their kind treatment. At some of the school houses we passed, the teacher would take the scholars to the road to wave their flags and handkerchiefs. At some of those places it was a pathetic scene. While some were joyous and merry, others had their faces buried in their handkerchiefs and could not look up, for the one they loved so dearly, a father or brother or perhaps a sweetheart was not with that happy throng returning home from the battlefield where possibly their loved ones were sleeping beneath the sod in a southern clime. It seemed to us that joy and sorrow was mingled in every step of our journey from Washington to Chicago. After crossing the Allegheny river the train moved rapidly along the Ohio river, the scenery along this part of our journey was beautiful and one was almost compelled to gaze at its beauty, although it was very trying on one's eyes. At ten o'clock we crossed the border line of Pennsylvania and entered Ohio. Here the spirit of patriotism was as greatly manifested as it was in Pennsylvania. We only stopped when water or coal gave out. The country was beautiful and seemed to be in the heights of prosperity. Occasionally we saw the farmers in the fields and gardens, while waving fields of wheat and rye could be seen for miles. Here was peace and plenty, and men could go where they pleased without being molested. Only a few months had passed since we saw nothing but war and destruction. No matter where one looked his eye would see nothing but ruin devastation. We reached Mansfield about six o'clock and stopped for a little while, then making a run for Crestline, Ohio, where we intended to stop for some time. Being a half hour late in reaching the town our stay was shortened some. The inhabitants of the city must have been notified of our coming, as they gave us a hearty greeting, and were ready to supply us with plenty of fine water to drink and to fill our canteens. Our next stop was at Forest City, and on arriving here a number of young ladies were waiting our coming. Each one had a bouquet of flowers in her hand to which was attached a card or paper with the

came of the donor and some sympathetic words for a soldier. They also gave us expressions in word that made us feel happy in meeting them. No one can appreciate such welcome as he who has just returned from the battlefields, where private and hardships and grim death stared him in the face, at every step of his journey through the war, and to be welcomed as these young ladies did us, it almost made one feel like he would like to remain there for a while, but the shrill whistle sounded all aboard, and we were bidding the fair ladies goodbye. At the next town the inhabitants had gathered at the depot, and at every town we passed the ladies were in the majority, so it was at this town they came with refreshments for the sick. Here we stopped but a few minutes, and the ladies gave their refreshments to those standing near them. Our train was running rapidly and we were all kept awake, as the road was rough and it was not safe for one to go to sleep on the seat. About midnight we crossed from Ohio into Indiana. We passed Ft. Wayne and Plymouth at night and at sunrise we were about 80 or 90 miles from Chicago.

June 11—As the hours passed we were nearing our destination, and was now speeding along our own beloved state, with expectation of a hearty welcome when we landed at Chicago, and a substantial breakfast, which we began to feel the need of. Men cared less for cheers now than they did for something to eat. Cheers had greeted them at every town through which they had passed, and often citizens had gathered at the roadside to greet us as we swiftly passed by. Cheers do not satisfy the craving of an empty stomach. We now were gliding swiftly along over the prairie state on the Pittsburg, Ft. Wayne & Chicago railroad. Every hour brought us near our destination. As we moved on the country became more level and beautiful. Occasionally we looked in the direction of Chicago, to see if we could catch a glimpse of the church steeples or some object that would tell us that we were nearing there. In a few minutes our train came to an elevated piece of ground that gave us a splendid view of the city, and we began to feel like we were nearing home, and could relish a good breakfast. At ten o'clock a. m., we arrived at the depot, but no one there to greet us or give any information as to where we were to go. We left the cars, taking our knapsack and gun along, formed and stacked arms, to await orders to march to our camp ground. Before Col. Case had found out our camp ground several hours had passed, as we were compelled to remain near the depot. We began to think our expectations of a fine breakfast in Chicago was all a fabrication of our own getting up, and Chicago was not on the map with love for the soldiers, for so far, not a flag was seen waving, nor a handkerchief whirling. From all appearances the people of Chicago seemed to hardly realize we were soldiers that had spent two nights on the train, with but little sleep, and for the last twelve hours but little to eat. Possibly they were not aware, that they were at that time at the mercy of the soldiers, which they were going to learn before many hours would pass. Not a single cheer greeted us as we passed through the streets, once in awhile some old bloated fellow would ask what regiment is that. The boys becoming disgusted at such questions being asked and they would reply to the inquisitor, you will find out soon enough. As we continued our march

through the city, not a cheer or bouquet or drink of water was given us. Possibly if we had been treated the same way by the people of Pennsylvania and Ohio as the part of Indiana we passed through we would of not felt so bad about our reception at Chicago but being as it was, with sad and angry hearts we reached Camp Fry, where we were received by our old comrades, 102nd and 105th Illinois, with hearty cheers, which we sure answered with the loudest cheers we could possibly give. We stacked our arms and threw down our knapsacks and was immediately asked by our comrades how we were received in Chicago. We related everything that had taken place on our trip from Washington to Chicago, and how we expected a hearty reception, when we arrived at Chicago, and how sadly we were disappointed. The comrades of the 102nd and 105th told us they had been treated in the same way. The 105th which had been raised near Chicago, was even more bitter against the city than we could possibly be. They said the police had ordered the men off the side walks, saying it had been laid for the citizens, and not for soldiers. The excitement of those two regiments were great and our story of our reception only inflamed them more, and now the word was passed around that the city must be punished for their coolness toward the men who had fought the battles of this country. The city that had given its vote for McClelland, showed plainly they had no love for a Union soldier. We now were in Camp Fry, hungry, no wood to make fire to cook a bite to eat and the camp was filthy, and had to be cleaned before we could think of staying in it. Mason and I decided to go to town and get something to eat. The street cars ran on the east side of our camp ground, and we went to the street car line, where it stopped to take on passengers, but they refused to let us ride, saying their orders was not to let soldiers ride. Mason asked them who owned the road, and they said it belonged to a syndicate. He said, "tell the syndicate, they will be glad to get a ride on the street cars themselves before tomorrow night, and to make it stronger, tell them this is no joke." He then told him we could walk to town, and he said if you cross the bridge the police will arrest you. On looking back to our camp we saw quite a crowd had gathered around a stand where all kinds of drinks were sold, but the proprietor had refused to sell to soldiers. We don't know just what words were passed between the proprietor and Lieutenant Smith, but we was quite sure Smith was justifiable in slapping the proprietor in the face, which seemed to be a signal for free for all fight. In less time than I can tell it the stand was demolished, and the last article he had to sell had disappeared, and the proprietor was on his way to town, possibly to notify the authorities of what had happened. Not long afterward, the provost marshal sent what troops he had at his command, and two pieces of artillery to quell the riot that had already quieted down. Sherman was in the city, and happened to learn of the move the provost marshal was making. He secured a carriage and overtook the marshal before he got to the Chicago river bridge, and plead with him to take his men back and not cross the river, telling the marshal that there were three regiments and they were all armed with muskets and revolvers, and had plenty of ammunition, and if he wanted all of his men killed, go on and bring on the fight,

and he would get what he wanted. Sherman came and rode through our camp and told the men it was an oversight or misunderstanding about our arrival in Chicago, and from this on we would receive the best of treatment. This somewhat quieted the men for a time, but later in the evening, some of the boys thought they would go down to the street car line and take a ride on the cars. There was a little dummy engine that pulled a train of three cars that ran out to Lincoln park every half hour. When it pulled up to the station they wanted to ride, but was told they were not allowed to carry soldiers. The boys said alright, we will carry you, and they told the engineer to get out of the cab. He hesitated a little, when some of the boys said, "be in a hurry," at the same time showing their revolvers. As he left the cab the boys said to him, you can ride in the car back of the engine. A soldier engineer and a soldier fireman and conductor, ran the train out to Lincoln park and back to camp, then turned the train over to the men who were on the train ready to take their places. The next day hand bills were scattered through the camp, telling the soldiers they could ride on the street cars wherever they wished to go, but many of the boys had no money to pay their fare, and of course they had no show of getting a ride on them. Chicago was just awakening to its sense of duty toward the soldiers, and began to feel like they were in danger of feeling the effect of war themselves. Some had began to think an attack would be made on the city and through their influence armed troops had been brought to the city for protection. This was all uncalled for. Harsh treatment of the soldier at this time would have been the destruction of the city. What the soldier wanted and desired above everything was kind treatment at the hands of the citizens of Chicago. This we think, the Chicago people began to see, and wanted to change the feeling of the soldier toward them if they possibly could. The papers were full of excuses for the treatment of the soldiers, claiming they did not know of their coming, and it was the sanitary commission's place to have looked after the welfare of the soldiers, and now from this on soldiers were free to go where they pleased, and at the new England kitchen they could get a free dinner every day while in the city. This was all good for the soldiers, and they appreciated it, and we believe the majority of the soldiers tried to overlook the reception they got at Chicago and enjoy themselves the best they could what time we had to stay in that city.

June 12—Our regiment delivered its guns to the government today and now was waiting for their pay, so they could leave this, by no means agreeable place for a soldier. Many will long remember the few days spent in Chicago, not by the hospitality shown them, on their arrival at the city, but for the cold reception given them. Many a patriotic citizen of Chicago was grieved at the treatment that the soldiers received at the hands of the city, but they were in the minority and could not help what had taken place. Many of the boys went to the city, to the Sanitary Fair building, where soldiers had free admission, and we were assured there that no one had known anything about the arrival of the regiment, and as the fair occupied the attention of every one, it was impossible to pay attention to anything else. But all of this did not appease the anger of the men. They thought it impossible for the government to sent troops to Chicago or any other place and not noti-

fy that city at their coming, it sounded as idle tales to a soldier.

June 13—The day was cloudy and occasional showers of rain came to make the day a little more disagreeable. The men were staying close to their quarters, as the showers of rain made it unpleasant to be in the city. Gen. Sheridan arrived in the city when several shots were fired that apprised us of his coming. Gov. Oglesby appeared in camp and made a speech in the afternoon. He begged the boys to forget their hatred against Chicago, and become peaceable citizens. A Chi-deavoring to defend the city in regard to our reception—saying that no cagoan spoke after the governor, enone knew anything about any arrival of Illinois troops. The soldiers were quick to grasp what the Chicagoan was after, and cries arose from the soldiers, and the speaker had to retire amid hisses and groans, and was fully assured he did not cure the wound the insulting reception had made, when they were told by the people of Chicago, that they did not know of our coming. How was it that everybody else knew that the Illinois troops were being sent to Springfield, and Chicago to be mustered out of service or receive their pay? The papers were full of it, and even gave the number of the regiments that were sent to either place. Did everybody read the papers but the people of Chicago? It was impossible for the people of Chicago to make the soldiers believe they were ignorant of the movements of the troops, but it was for the lack of patriotism for the union, that caused them to not give the union soldiers the reception they deserved.

June 14—The 102nd Illinois regiment, our comrades on the march through Georgia, the Carolinas and Virginia received their pay today, and most of the regiment left the city immediately, not wishing to stay longer in so unpatriotic a city as Chicago. Our regiment was at liberty today to go where they pleased, and many of the boys went to the city to meet the 96th Illinois regiment that was to arrive in the city today. From reports that came to me by soldiers that were at the depot at the time of the 96th arrival, they were received some better than the former regiments were, but their reception was nothing to compare with the reception that Pennsylvania and Ohio gave the soldiers. The 96th. was given a meal at the Christian Commission, and was shown the Sanitary Fair building. While a number of the boys were in the city seeing the sights, a lot more of us were at the lake bathing and washing some of our clothes. In going to the lake, one could go through a meadow and save about a mile walk. There was a path, so we decided to go through the meadow. When we were about half way through, a woman came running after us with a pole eight or ten feet long, making all kinds of motions, and jabbering some kind of threats in a language that was foreign to us. We let her get within about thirty feet of us, and all turned facing her. When she saw we were soldiers, she dropped her pole and turned and went back the way she came, not even looking back to see what had become of us, as we went on toward the lake. We soon found what had made the path through the meadow. There was a pen of hogs at the east side of the meadow and the path led to that pen, and it was not a public path. We decided that the woman was right in defending her property, and on our return to camp we walked around

the road, reaching camp about one o'clock p. m. Mason and I went to town to get our dinner. The fare on the street car was 20 cents, but at the new England kitchen the dinner was free. After dinner we spent the evening at the Sanitary Fair. The evening was rainy and disagreeable. We were told that day after tomorrow we would be paid off.

June 15—A part of the 105th Illinois regiment was paid off and went home. One of their men that had not stayed with the company, and possibly had taken a little too much to drink, was found dead at the depot, and robbed of his money. It was very unsafe for a soldier to be on the streets alone even day or night. Many were robbed in the day time, some were found on the streets insensible, and robbed of their money. If a soldier drank he was sure to get a strong drink that had been drugged. Our troops were paid off very slow, two or three companies a day. It now began to look like we were doomed to stay here for several days yet. A scene occurred that seemed to prolong our stay. The paymaster was driven out of camp by troops he had paid money that merchants did not accept. It was said he had exchanged the money he had received to pay the troops for old ragged bills and bills that were on banks that were broke, and gone out of business. The day was rainy.

June 16—We signed the payroll today, wishing we may be paid tomorrow. The balance of the 105th. Illinois was paid today, but not in camp, but in town. The fuss in camp about the bad money had its effect today. It brought the soldiers good new money, and the merchants no longer refused to take our money for clothes, and they wanted to sell us all the clothes they possibly could, but not many soldiers bought more than one suit of clothes, for they preferred to come home and purchase their clothing from men that they knew were strictly Union men, for they had their doubts about the men in Chicago.

June 17—Company A. of our regiment was paid today and most of the members left for home immediately. Other regiments continued to arrive, and some of them complained of the reception given them, but most all troops coming to the city now were taken to the Sanitary Fair building and given a meal, but from some cause troops had to stand around the depot for two or three hours before they could find out where to go, but at last Chicago tried hard to make amends for their past conduct toward the soldiers, and when troops arrived at the depot they were immediately taken to the Sanitary Fair building and given a meal, and then taken to Camp Douglas Fry, where they had splendid quarters, but most of the soldiers could not be convinced that Chicago was doing this kind treatment to the soldiers for the love they had for them, but for fear of what might happen if they continued to treat the soldiers so coldly. Sherman, in his speech at the Sanitary Fair building, spoke of the feeling of the soldiers, and it would not do to add fuel to the fire, and from this on, speeches were made every day trying to convince the soldiers that Chicago was all right, and they wished to make the soldiers'

stay in Chicago as pleasant as they could possibly make it. The day was rainy and unpleasant for one to be out.

June 18—Was Sunday, and as there was no paying of the troops today, we were compelled to stay one more day for our pay, and from all appearances it may be several days before we received our pay. The paying of two or three companies a day is slow work. We knew now, that we possibly would have to stay in Chicago, two if not three nights. Many of the boys had bought their suits of clothing, but left them at the store, until they got their pay, and they would not be delayed in picking out a suit of clothes. Mason and I had money to pay for our suits, and we decided to go to the city Monday morning and get them and bring them get them into our knapsacks without to camp with us, and if possible to any of the boys knowing we had them. That was going to be a hard thing to do, and we had not yet studied out a plan that we thought would be a success. It was getting near bed time and we went to bed on our hard board for a mattress and slept as sound as if we were on a feather bed, not even dreaming of what the morrow would bring forth.

June 19—Co. D and C. were paid off, and left for home as soon as they possibly could. They seemed as though they did not want to tarry in Chicago one minute longer than they could help, and in their fit of nervousness hardly took time to bid their comrades good bye. Companies E. and F. of our regiment came next in alphabetical form, and we supposed they will be paid next. With the expectation of being paid tomorrow, Mason and I went to town to purchase our suit of clothing, and bring them to camp. After the suits were wrapped we asked the clerk to give us two sacks to put the suits in. He soon found two light weight sacks, and we put the suits in them, and were off for camp. When we arrived and left the street car, some of the boys said you must have made a good haul this time. We replied we did not intend to starve as long as there were eatables in Chicago that we could get. These remarks lead the boys to believe that we had eatables in our sacks. We hurried to our quarters and in a few minutes had the suits in our knapsacks, ready to spring a surprise on the boys as soon as we were paid off, which we hoped would be some time tomorrow.

June 20—The day was fine and at an early hour no word had come to us of being paid today, but as the paymaster did not usually go to work until about ten o'clock a. m., we thought there was plenty of time for us to get some word of his coming. Just as we were getting ready to go to the city for our dinner, we got the word that the paymaster would be at our camp at eleven o'clock a. m., and for all the men to be in camp to answer as their names were called, to receive their pay which pleased us very much, as we could get our dinner by one o'clock, and instead of coming back to the camp we could spend our time in the city until train time. As company E. and F. ranks had been reduced to such a small number of men it would not take long to pay them. The paymaster arrived at camp on time, and soon the payment of Co. E. began. As the town clock was striking

twelve, Company F, was called and by half-past twelve we had received our pay and were putting on our citizen's uniform. At one o'clock we were ready to leave the camp. As we came out of our barracks dressed in citizen's clothes here and there the boys were asking us "where did you get your suit of clothes." After passing several jokes about the suit of clothes, and how we looked in citizen's clothing some would say Mason looked like Murphy, and I looked like Griffen, who were two noted players in the theatre at Nashville, Tenn. We then bid the boys good bye, and we hoped to meet them at the depot in time to take the evening train to Jacksonville. We then left for the city to get our dinner, going to the Sanitary Fair building. We had hard work to get admittance to the building, being dressed in citizen's clothes, but happened to know a lady who drew lemonade at Jacob's well that was in the center of the building. We called for her, and as she recognized us we were admitted. After we were admitted to the Sanitary building, and had eaten our dinner, we went to Jacob's well and spent a few hours with the lady who attended to the well. While there we met several ladies who were very anxious to hear us relate our war experience and to such inquiries we would tell them the war was over, and that the history of the war would all probabilities tell them more than we could tell. We were soldiers no more now, and we wanted to forget the cruelties of war as soon as we possibly could, and the best way to get the thoughts of war off our minds was to not talk about it, but this much we will say to you, "the horrors of war was unbelievable to those who were not engaged in it, and on account of this unbelief of persons not engaged in war we have decided to not talk about it any more than we could help, and we ask your pardon for not complying with your request." At this time it was drawing near for us to make our way to the depot, and as we wanted to be there on time, we told the lady at the well, that we must be going now, thanking her for her assistance in getting us into the Sanitary building and the splendid dinner we were given, bidding them good bye, we began to crowd our way to the entrance of the building. The crowd had become immense, and the isles of the building were packed with people, soldiers and citizens, shoving and pushing their way through that mass of people. Never in my life had I witnessed such a jam of human being, and it seemed as though we would never reach the main entrance of the building. The people were all going the opposite direction to the way we were going, which made it harder for us to get along, so we stopped for a few minutes to get our breath, as the heat was something fierce we began to feel like we must shed our coats. While we were standing there the crowd became jammed and as they had to stop for awhile, we asked a man who stood next to us if there was more than one entrance to the building, and he told us that the next isle we came too, to turn to the left and it would take us out of the building much quicker, and probably would not be so crowded. We crowded our way to the next isle, and turning to our left, after going a short distance we got out of the jam, and soon made our way out of the building. Then we were afraid to take a street car for the depot and being so warm we were afraid of taking cold, so we decided to walk to the depot to keep from cooling off too fast. Before we reached the depot we stopped for

supper, and to get a lunch for the night, arriving at the depot in good time to get our tickets to Jacksonville, and meeting most of the boys of our company, and by chance we met James Beadles, the first citizen we had met in Chicago that we were acquainted with. We had a pleasant hour's wait talking to Beadles. As the train came into the station a rush was made for it, as everybody seemed to be afraid they would be left, or at least would not be able to get a seat. When we got on the car most all of the seats were occupied, and as Mason and I wanted to stay together we got a seat for one man and decided to take turn about in sitting and standing. I felt satisfied that a large majority of the passengers were people living in the suburbs of Chicago, and would soon leave the car, which soon proved to be the case. After we got out of Chicago some thirty miles Mason and I had two seats, which made us a very nice place to sleep, and we sure improved the time. We arrived at Jacksonville about eleven o'clock a. m., and from there we secured passage on a freight train to Bluffs. There were plenty of wagons to take us to Exeter, and from Exeter I walked out to my uncle's, Absalom Peak, and stayed all night. Let me say here, when Mason and I parted at Exeter, on the 20th of June, I had no recollection of ever seeing him again for forty years. When the National Encampment was held at Denver I went, and the next morning I was talking a walk to the court house, and while standing there, looking at the building, Mason came up. Both of us were happily surprised, for we never thought of meeting in Denver. While we were talking my old friend Comerford came to us. He and I were the men that built the store house for Baxter in Nashville, Tenn. On the morning of June 21st, I came to Winchester, and the first man I met that I knew was brother Jacob, and after a few minutes talk with him I went to see my father. ✕ ✕

There is a state whose resources have so increased and multiplied that at the close of the century it has attracted the attention of the world: The southern boundary of this state rest in the foothills of the Ozark mountains, and its boundaries are the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, with a climate that all the beauty and gentleness of the Carolinas—That is Illinois.

There is a state where the iron pathway of commerce stretches out more miles than any of her sister states, and this pathway speaks for its industry and civilization—That is Illinois.

There is a state that in less time has developed and dug out from the bowels of mother earth more heat and electricity than any of her sister states, but one—That is Illinois.

There is a state that is the war for the Union men in every battle, from Belmont and Donelson to the wildernesses, at Vicksburg, at Shiloh and at Gettysburg, in the fierce fighting in the bush and swamps, and when Old Glory lead her columns in battle above the clouds, her sons were there—That is Illinois.

There is a state that gave the greatest volunteer general the world has ever known. He gave up a seat in congress to carry a gun at Bull Run as a private soldier. He was promoted for personal bravery until he commanded a victorious army in one of the greatest battles of the war. History has not written the name of a greater volunteer soldier than John A. Logan, the black eagle of Illinois.

There is a state that gave to the nation, and to the world, the greatest soldier of all history. Educated in the arts of the war, he pursued the advocations of peace, but when danger came, he gave to his country the full measure of his service. Alexander wept that there were no more worlds to conquer. Napoleon, in the hour of his victories, demanded territory and tribute from those he had conquered, in all of the so-called glory of the past, the jingle of gold was heard within the sacred precincts of military honor. This man of whom I speak, and conquered a greater army and solved more difficult military questions than any man in all the past. In the hour of his victory he gave back the sword which was tendered him as a token of surrender; fed the starving army of his enemy, and sent them back upon their own horses to the cultivation of their fields.—That was Ulysses S. Grant of Illinois.

One greater name than all, a rail splitter and a commoner of humble parentage, a lover of his kind. Hannibal boasted that he had made a thousand slaves in a hundred days. This man never boasted, but history writes that he made a million free men by a single stroke of his pen—That was Lincoln of Illinois.

There is a state, a part of whose people are here to day, that was here in the sixties, that can say they were proud to be a citizen of the state of Illinois, but still prouder of being an American, residing in the state of Illinois, where every woman is a queen, and every man a king, where royal blood courses through every vein, that proud empire, where our greatest pride is our homes, rich and poor alike.

The end of my war experience as I saw it. S. W. Peak.

ILLINOIS.

By thy river gently
flowing, Illinois, Illinois,
O'er thy prairies verdant
growing, Illinois, Illinois,
Comes an echo on the breeze
Rustling thru the leafy trees
And the mellow tones are these
Illinois, Illinois.
From a wilderness of
Prairie, Illinois, Illinois
Streight thy way and never
varies, Illinois, Illinois;
'Till upon the inland sea,
Stands Chicago great & free
Turning all the world to thee
Illinois Illinois.
When you heard your country
calling, Illinois, Illinois,
When the shot and shell were
falling, Illinois, Illinois,
When the Southern host withdrew
Pitting Gray against the Blue
There were none more brave
than you, Illinois, Illinois.
Not without thy wonderous
Story, Illinois, Illinois
Can be writ the nations glory
Illinois, Illinois,
On the record of the years
A'bra'm Lincoln's name appears
Grant & Logan and our tears
Illinois, Illinois.

SHERMAN IN FRONT OF ATLANTA.

Possibly few are living at this time knew the condition Sherman was in when he reached Atlanta, Ga., to flank the city and cause the enemy to evacuate. Sherman's army was not large enough to flank the city and hold his front lines. To charge the enemy's fortifications meant death or wounding of half of his men. With such a loss, defeat stared him in the face, and defeat meant disaster to his army. What was he to do? At this critical moment, to avoid destruction of his army and capture Atlanta, possibly caused him many a sleepless night. If Atlanta could be taken, the backbone of the rebellion was broken. Once we had command of the city, we could hold it against all the force the rebels could throw against us, but how was he to get possession of the coveted spot without a heavy toll on his army, and leave him so crippled that it would be hard work for him to save his shattered army. Of course Thomas was north of Atlanta, sixty miles, with an army of 30,000 men. They could have united their armies and flanked the city and saved a hard summer campaign, but that would have left our cracked line open for the bushwhacker to take possession of, and that meant starvation to us. Finally Sherman decided to divide the rebel army, the same as ours was divided. So far in the campaign, all of Sherman's plans had worked well, and after much thought and study, he decided to retreat to the river, where we had ample fortifications for our protection, knowing the rebels would think we had retreated, and by them going to our left flank they could beat us to the railroad, some sixty miles north of us, whip Thomas and be ready to meet us when we arrived at that point, knowing we would keep, to the railroad to get our supplies. But they failed to whip Thomas, who routed them, and then was the time the race started for Nashville, Tenn. Thomas beat them to the goal, the reception Thomas gave them at Nashville was not a pleasant one for Hood and his army. Sherman remained one day and a night at the river, then retracing our steps back to Atlanta, finding the city poorly guarded. By this move Sherman saved his men and defeated the rebels. It was a great strategy movement to accomplish a great victory by the capture of Atlanta without the loss of life, was something new in the annals of war at that time. It gave Sherman and his army an opportunity to go where he pleased. There were not sufficient force in the south to check his advance in any direction he chose to go, an army that had never been defeated up to that time. With confidence in their leader, they were prepared to move in any direction. Not long after the capture of Atlanta, Sherman planned to make that wonderful march to Savannah, Ga., and I presume most of the readers of the Winchester Times are familiar with the success of that campaign, its hardships on even the most hardened soldiers. No soldier gets so hardened to soldier life but what he meets with some things on a campaign like that was, that tries his ability and nerve to meet the demand that comes upon him. You have heard it said, where there's a will, there is a way, but often times the way looks dark and dreary, but when one is placed in a

position to know we must reach Savannah, or die in the wilderness, he is ready to meet the most hardships that may come to him on a campaign of that kind.

By request I am writing Sherman's campaign against Atlanta, Georgia. Some have said Sherman was defeated when he reached Atlanta and was in doubt as to his next move, but I am of the opinion Sherman saw his real danger of being defeated, and losing a large part of his army, but with Thomas so close at hand, and a railroad to come to his assistance he never doubted but what he would be victorious in the end, and he would be master of the situation. That wise strategy movement he made, was a bloodless victory for his army, and a crown of glory for Sherman, with military men everywhere, when the name of Atlanta was mentioned.

S. W. Peak.

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

Bring the good old bugle, boys
We'll have another song,
Sing it as we used to sing it
Fifty thousand strong,
Sing it with a spirit that
Will start the world along,
While we were marching thru Georgia.

How the darkies shouted when
They heard the joyful sound,
How the turkeys gobbled
Which our commissary found,
How the sweet potatoes
Started from the ground,
While we were marching thru Georgia.

Yes, and there were Union men
Who wept with joyful tears,
When they saw the honored flag
They had'n't seen in years,
Hardly could they be restrained
From breaking forth in cheers,
While we were marching thru Georgia.

"Sherman's dashing Yankee boys
Will never reach the coast!"
So the saucy rebels said,
It was a handsome boast,
Had they not forgot, alas,
To reckon with the host;
While we were marching thru Georgia.

So, we made a thoroughfare
For freedom and her train
Sixty miles in latitude,
Three hundred to the main,
Reason fled before us,
Resistance was in vain,
While we were marching thru Georgia.

Hurrah, hurrah, we bring the jubilee
Hurrah, Hurrah, the
Flag that makes us free
And so we sang the chorus
From Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching thru Georgia.